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The Reader's Digest

"An article a day" from leading magazines, in condensed, permanent booklet form

Fifteenth Year | JANUARY 1937 | Vol. 30, No. 177

19 Jan 37

Unfinished Business

Condensed from

"Lincoln Steffens Speaking"

This collection of provocative essays by the author of "The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens," "The Shame of the Cities," "Out of the Muck," etc., is his last book. He finished correcting the proofs the day before he died on August 9, 1936.

A FAUCET leaks. I cannot close it tight. Good. I call my seven-year-old son to take another lesson in one of the most important courses I have to teach him. He seizes the faucet, tries to turn it off, can't. He grins.

"What's the matter, Pete?" I ask.

He looks up happily, and gives the answer. "Grownups, Daddy."

Propaganda, of course. I have taught him that we, his elders, cannot make a fit faucet. And he may. There's a job for him and his generation in the plumbing business. And in every business.

I teach my child and I tell other children of all ages — pre-school, in school, in college, and out:

That nothing is done, finally and right.

That nothing is known, positively and completely.

That the world is theirs, all of it. It is full of all sorts of things for them to find out and do, or do over and do right. And they eat up the good news. They are glad, as I am, that there is something left for them to discover and say and think and do. Something? There is *everything* for youth to take over, and it is an inspiration for them to learn:

That we have not now and never have had in the history of the world a good government.

That there is not now and never has been a perfectly run railroad, school, newspaper, bank, theater, factory, grocery store; that no business is or ever has been built, managed, financed, as it should

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be, must be and will be, some day — possibly in their day.

That what is true of business and politics is gloriously true of the professions, the arts and crafts, the sciences, the sports. That the best picture has not yet been painted; the greatest poem is still unsung; the mightiest novel remains to be written; the divinest music has not been conceived even by Bach. In science, probably 99 percent of the knowable has to be discovered. We know only a few streaks about astronomy. Chemistry and physics are little more than a sparkling mass of questions. As for the sports, young men and women are beating our old records every year.

When my little boy was an infant his body was inclined to stoop and his mind could easily have developed an inferiority complex. As I began to show him that I and the other big people about him were not so big as we looked, and that in the failures of men and women are opportunities open to boys and girls for a full life, his spine straightened and his shoulders braced back with confident poise.

"Pete'll fix it," he would say. And not offensively, either. It was a matter of course that he and the oncoming generation would do things better. And some of them will. Why not my boy? It's my job as a parent to make my boy feel that there is lots of room for him. So I tell him I don't know what we don't know.

One evening I took him to hear me address an audience and afterwards answer questions. On the way home he whispered a question that had evidently been in his mind all evening.

"Daddy," he said, "why do people listen to you and ask you questions? Don't they know you don't know anything?"

"No," I answered. "You and I are the only ones who know that and, more, we are about the only people on earth who really know that we don't really know anything. Almost everybody else is sure he knows — what is not so."

And I went on to tell him again how un-grown-up grownups are; that *Homo sapiens* forgets most of the time that he is only recently developed out of the animal mass; that his so-called mind is probably the latest organ born on earth, and that he has several millions of years ahead of him to get himself and his works right.

When I was a boy I got, somehow, a picture of a grown-up world in which there was little left for me to do. I might, if I was a good boy and learned faithfully as much as I could of all that my teachers and parents knew and told me — I might find a small place somewhere in the organization of society where I could make

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a humble living; if I was as virtuous as some of the heroes of political or business history, I might become great or rich, as they were.

There was nothing new and big to do. In the arts and sciences there was a lot to learn, from older masters; scholarship was the aim, not discovery. Duty, not adventure; work, not play, in a dull world, all done. And it was all a lie.

I shall never forget the thrill I had when I happened to read several historians on one episode, and saw that they differed on the facts of the episode. On all great events they did not all agree; so I saw, with elation, that there was a job for us boys in history. And not to learn but to make history, to write history. Every chapter had, and has, to be worked over and written over again.

The discovery opened my eyes to the other branches of "learning." I was alert, curious again, as I was at birth. And when I heard some college teachers — great men, greater than I could ever hope to be — expose the startling fact that they did not know or could not agree on what knowledge is, in science, and on what was right, in ethics, I went off — a student, at last — to some European universities where, like my little boy at the faucet, happily I learned that the great grownups of Europe also did not know plumbing or anything, positively.

Then, at home again, came a sense of elation with the realization that here were opportunities, millions of jobs, big jobs and small jobs for all us kids, young kids and old kids, if only we could be saved from the old illusions and fairy tales and taught to see things as they are, straight, as solvable unsolved problems and opportunities. Life became worth living. Life *is* worth living.

Now, let me repeat that this, my acquired view of the world as all unknown and undone, or half done or wrongly done, was good for me; it is good for my boy, and I think it will be good for all boys and girls. It gives purpose to their studies, to their play, to their work.

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Illustrative Anecdotes—VII—

ALMOST EVERYBODY thought that Marshal Joffre had won the first battle of the Marne, but some refused to agree. One day a newspaper man appealed to Joffre: "Will you tell me who did win the battle of the Marne?" "I can't answer that," said the Marshal. "But I can tell you that if the battle of the Marne had been lost the blame would have been on me." — Quoted in *News-Week*

Health from the Ground Up

Condensed from Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan

Rex Beach

DO YOU KNOW that most of us suffer from dangerous diet deficiencies which cannot be remedied until the depleted soils from which our foods come are brought into proper mineral balance? No man today can eat enough fruits and vegetables to supply his system with the mineral salts he requires for perfect health, because his stomach isn't big enough to hold them!

One carrot may look and taste like another and yet lack the particular mineral element carrots are supposed to contain. Vegetation grown in one part of the country may assay 1100 parts, per billion, of iodine, as against 20 in that grown elsewhere.

Any considerable lack of essential mineral elements, and we sicken, suffer, shorten our lives. And the alarming fact is that our fruits, vegetables, grains and meats are now being raised on millions of acres of land that no longer contains enough of these minerals.

The first man to demonstrate this was Dr. Charles Northen, an Alabama physician who had specialized in nutritional disorders. He became convinced that we must make soil building the basis of food building if we are to use foods intelligently in the treatment of disease.

"We know that vitamins are indispensable to nutrition," says Dr. Northen, "but it is not commonly realized that vitamins control the body's appropriation of minerals, and in the absence of minerals they have no function. Lacking vitamins, the system can make some use of minerals, but lacking minerals, vitamins are useless! We have been systematically robbing soils of the very substances necessary to growth and resistance to disease. Up to the time I began experimenting, almost nothing had been done to make good the theft."

Dr. Northen retired from medical practice to devote himself to this subject. By putting back into soils the stuff that foods are made of, he raised better seed potatoes in Maine, better grapes in California, better oranges in Florida, and better field crops in other states — better not only in improved food value but also in increased quality and quantity. He doubled and redoubled the natural mineral content of fruits and vegetables. He improved the quality of milk by increasing the iron

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(Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan, June, '36)

and iodine in it. He caused hens to lay eggs richer in the vital elements.

At least 16 mineral elements are indispensable for normal nutrition. Of these, calcium, phosphorus and iron are perhaps the most important. Calcium affects the cell formation and regulates nerve action. It coördinates the other mineral elements and corrects disturbances made by them. Among the actual diseases that may result from calcium deficiency are rickets, bony deformities, bad teeth and nervous disorders. Phosphorus is also exceedingly important. Dr. McCollum of Johns Hopkins says that when there are enough phosphates in the blood there can be no dental decay! Iron is an essential constituent of the oxygen-carrying pigment of the blood; but iron cannot be assimilated unless some copper is contained in the diet. And if iodine is not present, goiter afflicts us.

So each mineral element plays a definite rôle. The human system cannot appropriate those elements to the best advantage in any but the food form. So we must rebuild our soils: put back the minerals we have taken out. It isn't difficult or expensive. By re-establishing a proper soil balance Dr. Northen has shown he could grow crops that contained enough desired minerals.

I met him because I was harassed by soil problems on my Florida farm which had baffled the best experts. "A healthy plant," he told me, "grown in soil properly balanced, can and will resist most insect pests. You have germs in your system but you're strong enough to throw them off. Similarly, a really healthy plant will take care of itself against insects and blights — and will also give the human system what it requires."

When Dr. Northen restored the mineral balance to part of the soil in an orange grove infested with scale, the trees in that part became clean while the rest remained diseased. By the same means he had grown healthy rosebushes between rows that were riddled by insects. He had grown tomato and cucumber plants, both healthy and diseased, where the vines intertwined. The bugs ate the diseased plants and refused to touch the healthy ones! He showed me analyses of citrus fruit, the chemistry and the food value of which accurately reflected the soil treatment the trees had received.

I took his advice and fed minerals into land where I was growing a large acreage of celery. When the plants from this soil were mature I had them analyzed, along with celery from other parts of the state. My celery had more than twice the mineral content of the best grown elsewhere; and it kept much better, proving that the cell structure was sounder.

In 1927, W. W. Kincaid, a "gentleman farmer" of Niagara Falls, heard an address by Dr. Northen and was so impressed that he began extensive experiments. He has succeeded in adding both iodine and iron to soil so liberally that one glass of milk from his cows contains all of the minerals that an adult requires for a day.

"It is neither a complicated nor an expensive undertaking to restore our soils to balance," says Dr. Northen. "Any competent soil chemist can tell you how to proceed. First determine by analysis the precise chemistry of any given soil, then correct the deficiencies by putting down the missing elements. The same care should be used as in prescribing for a sick patient, for proportions are of vital importance.

"A nutrition authority recently said, 'One sure way to end the American people's susceptibility to infection is to supply through food a balanced ration of iron, copper and other metals. An organism supplied with a diet adequate to, or preferably in excess of, all mineral requirements may so utilize these elements as to produce immunity from infection quite beyond anything we are at present able to produce artificially. You can't make up the deficiency by using patent medicine.'

"Happily, we're on our way to better health by returning to the soil the things we have stolen from it. The public can hasten the change by demanding quality in its food, insisting that health departments establish scientific standards of nutritional value. The growers will quickly respond. They can put back those minerals almost overnight.

"It is simpler to cure sick soils than to cure sick people. Which shall we choose?"

Radicals into Conservatives

A LABOR GOVERNMENT in England started a wave for greater social security, for the abolition of slums, and a Conservative government carried the policies further. It carried them, indeed, so far that it rebuilt England, and rehoused the nation; and the result is that on November 2nd the British county elections turned in an overwhelmingly Conservative majority. For men and women who have security in their jobs and in their old age, who fear no humiliation of public charity if they are unemployed, who live in decent houses, and have gardens, become conservatives, having something to conserve.

— Dorothy Thompson in N. Y. *Herald Tribune*

Elizabeth Fry Goes to Newgate

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly

Janet Whitney

"One man or woman raises a banner and thousands follow; little movements, started locally, become world-wide." This was never more true than of the movement in behalf of women prisoners initiated in the early 19th century by Elizabeth Fry, the Quaker wife of a prosperous London merchant, whose success at Newgate Prison is described in this article. Later she visited prisons throughout the British Isles, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland, devoting a quarter of a century to the work, effecting many improvements, and becoming the chief exponent of prison reform in all Europe.

ON A COLD January day in 1817, in the gloomy vestibule outside the women's yard at Newgate Prison, two turnkeys were arguing with a lady. The row inside the yard was as great as usual. Even while they talked, a woman rushed wildly out of a doorway and, with shrieks of furious laughter, snatched off the headgear of every woman that she could reach.

"And she wouldn't stop at doing that to you, ma'am. Tear off your things — scratch and claw you — that's what they'd do, ma'am." The turnkeys themselves knew better than to go in alone. But the lady was obstinate. She smiled and said, "Thank you, but I am going in — and alone." At least, then, she must leave her watch behind. They could see the glittering chain on the quiet richness of her Quaker dress. But the unreasonable lady would not even do that.

Reluctantly the turnkeys pressed open the gate against the begging, scuffling crowd, and Elizabeth Fry went in. The gate clanged and locked behind her. There was an instantaneous silence of complete astonishment. Then every woman in the yard surged forward. The lady was surrounded; the turnkeys could see only the tip of her white cap. But no one was snatching. The Quaker dress was not provocative. Yet Elizabeth was in great danger. If she should now show fear, or say or do the wrong thing — but she had never been less afraid in her life. She picked up a filthy little child and it could be seen fingering her bright chain. Then she lifted her hand for attention.

"Friends, many of you are mothers. I too am a mother. I am distressed for your children. Is there not something we can do for these innocent little ones? Do you want

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(The Atlantic Monthly, November, '36)

them to grow up to become real prisoners themselves? Are they to learn to be thieves and worse?"

Thus she pierced their armor. They gave her a chair and brought their children to her. What tales she heard of wickedness, remorse, injustice, and despair! She remained with them for hours, and made plans with them. And when at last she bade them farewell, she left behind her an inhabitant very strange at Newgate — revivifying Hope.

What, then, was Elizabeth Fry's remarkable project? It was nothing more nor less than to start a school, in Newgate, for the children of prisoners and for juvenile criminals. By invoking the aid of the women themselves, she put herself more than a hundred years ahead of the most advanced thinkers of her time.

On her next visit Mrs. Fry was welcomed as an already familiar friend. Remnants of lost manners returned to the women in response to her serene courtesy. They proudly presented to her the schoolmistress they had chosen from among themselves, a young woman named Mary Connor, recently committed for stealing a watch, but in other respects well qualified to instruct the young.

Mrs. Fry praised their progress, and talked over with them in detail rules for the school. Assured of their complete coöperation, she then approached the authorities — the two Sheriffs of London, the Governor of Newgate himself. Only a lady of wealth and standing could have commanded the ear of these important men. As it was, they gave her every attention, but displayed the usual official attitude. Her plan was a very nice plan and it did her heart and mind credit, but, alas! Mrs. Fry did not know Newgate as they did. These women were incorrigible, irretrievable. Besides — this was at the second interview — there was not a single room that could be spared.

Astutely Mrs. Fry committed them to the statement that the absence of a room was now their only objection. She then went to her allies, the women prisoners. To state her problem to them was to solve it. One small room was found to be, by common consent, unneeded for any other purpose. Then the Sheriffs gave their permission: she might try her "benevolent, but almost hopeless, experiment."

The very next day, Mrs. Fry, as impatient to begin as the prisoners themselves, brought old schoolbooks, installed Mary Connor as teacher, and formally opened the school. Thirty pupils, mostly children of seven and under, were enrolled; the "narrowness of the room" would hold no more. But the door was besieged with girls in their teens and women in their twenties and older, imploring, with tears, to be taught.

Elizabeth promised she would try to do something for them, if they would be patient. Daily she passed through the appalling life of the yard. She saw and heard and was aware of all kinds of filth, drunkenness and degradation. She knew that men prisoners were let into the women's quarters at night. She knew of abuses "too bad to tell," so that she never dared take any "young person" into the place. Yet she neither despised nor despaired. She perceived that the enforced idleness, the dreadful ennui of prison, was itself a direct incentive to vicious behavior.

The more intelligent prisoners had told her the very first day that they wanted to be taught to read and sew. One third of the 70 women at Newgate were unable to read at all; another third could read "only a little." As for sewing, it would enable the women to make clothes for themselves and their children. And after that, what? Elizabeth concluded that they should sew things to sell. But to whom? And where was the money for materials to come from?

She consulted others interested in prison reform. All threw cold water on her ideas. The materials given out to prisoners would be stolen. The women would soon tire of it. Most of them were the very scum of the city, prostitutes and thieves from their youth up, and any desire for betterment or novelty would be temporary. She would only waste her time and money, and get her feelings hurt, besides.

Nonetheless she persevered. She got together ten of her friends, all but one Quakers like herself, and they formed the Ladies' Newgate Committee. They bound themselves to take turns in going daily to Newgate to instruct the women, to provide funds for materials, to arrange for the sale of the work, and to pay the salary of a matron to be on the spot day and night.

At this point, Elizabeth Fry's husband came to her rescue. He knew that beneath the stately air of the handsome matron of 37, there beat a heart still subject to girlish tremors, and that she dreaded making another appeal to the Governor and the Sheriffs. So he invited them to meet his wife in the wealthy atmosphere of his own home and under the dignity of his protection. They came, they argued, they discouraged — and they consented. They had, in fact, handicapped themselves by the admission of the school for the children. That indeed had been the little end of the wedge which, driven now farther in, was to split the rotten timbers of prison administration clean asunder.

The Governor had the prison laundry cleaned, whitewashed, and fitted up as a workroom. There Elizabeth started what she

still called a "school." Monitors from among the prisoners themselves were placed over every 12 women, but not a monitor was appointed, or a rule made, without unanimous consent. Later Elizabeth Fry instituted a system of rewards for good behavior, but never any punishments, other than the losing of the rewards.

Within a month of the start of the experiment, the Lord Mayor of London, the Sheriffs, and several of the Aldermen came down to Newgate. "Many of those," says one commentator, "knew Newgate, had visited it a few months before. They now saw what, without exaggeration, may be called a transformation. They saw no more an assemblage of abandoned and shameless creatures, half naked and half drunk. This 'hell on earth' exhibited the appearance of an industrious manufactory or a well-regulated family. The magistrates immediately adopted the whole plan as a part of the system at Newgate, undertook part of the expense of the matron," and of course said very flattering and enthusiastic things to Mrs. Fry and her helpers.

Thus began a work that within a year was to grow to a dimension which would carry Elizabeth Fry's name all over the country, within three years was to place her in correspondence, as prison adviser, with most of the crowned heads of Europe, and which since her death has given her a niche among the great women of history.

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The Gracious Touch

WALKING down St. James's Street one day Disraeli met Lady Sebright in her brougham. Lady Sebright congratulated him on his earldom, on which Dizzy, with gracious gravity and a flourish of his hat, replied: "Of what avail or value are dignities to me, so long as Sir John Sebright continues to exist?"

— Margot Oxford, *More or Less About Myself* (Dutton)

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IT WAS an Englishman, met in a train somewhere in Europe, who startled Mark Twain by saying abruptly, "Mr. Clemens, I would give ten pounds not to have read your 'Huckleberry Finn'!" And when Mark looked up, awaiting an explanation of this extraordinary remark, the Englishman smiled and added: "So that I could have again the great pleasure of reading it for the first time."

— Brander Matthews, *The Tocsin of Revolt* (Scribners)

The Betrayal of Peace

Condensed from Delineator

Helen Washburn

NEVER HAS the plain purpose of the American people to keep out of war been more manifest or articulate than today. Anti-war organizations command important news space. Youth by the thousand rises militantly to subscribe to anti-war pledges. To the enthusiastic approval of every plain citizen, radios blare forth the national determination to keep clear of what looks like a European impulse towards mass suicide.

But don't be too sure that war is licked. Experience has shown that the ballyhoo and organization for peace can be effectively turned, by a twist of the wrist, into propaganda for war.

Perhaps only once before in our national life was the sentiment for peace so effectively voiced as it is today. That was on the eve of the Great War. The American Peace Society was riding high. The tenets of its pacific faith were accepted as axiomatic: war was sheer economic futility, even if you won; war had grown too horrible for men to face.

Here and abroad important people identified themselves with the peace movement. The first Nobel Peace Prize was awarded in 1901. Giving the appearance of official coöperation of all nations, the Palace of Peace, sweetened by Andrew Carnegie's $1,500,000 contribution, was rising at The Hague, after agreement by Europe in two conferences to abjure poison gas, among other modern war horrors.

After the Second Hague Conference in 1907, a third (scheduled for 1915) was heralded by three gigantic peace demonstrations in this country in as many years. In 1910, newspapers announced that Carnegie had transferred to a board of trustees $10,000,000, the income to be used "to hasten the abolition of international war."

This magnificent fund, administered by men of such caliber as Elihu Root, President Taft, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, and Cleveland H. Dodge, not only gave peace propaganda a firm financial footing; it spelled to popular imagination the end of war. Carnegie himself shared this complete assurance and provided that when the abolition of international war was attained, the trustees were to "consider what is the next most degrading remaining evil whose banishment would most advance the happiness of man." In Febru-

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(Delineator, December, '36)

ary, 1914, just 13 weeks before Sarajevo, Carnegie gave a further $2,000,000 to the Church Peace Union, thus equipping 29 representatives of various denominations to promote the cause of universal peace.

These were the piping times of peace, indeed. In this country the American Peace Society, under the go-getter directorship of Arthur Deerin Call, counted its recruits by the thousands. In Europe the propaganda for peace was being carried on with increasing energy.

Then, like a bombshell, came the war. Horrifying as was the knowledge that America might be drawn into it, there nevertheless began to grow an undercurrent of pleasurable excitement. In 1916 we elected a President on the slogan, "He kept us out of war," and then —

I wish everyone, particularly the young people who in those days were in perambulators, would go to the nearest library and read over a file of newspapers for the early months of 1917. Whatever other conclusions may be drawn, there can be no question that the permanent organizations for peace not only did not try to stem the rising tide of war, but acted effectively to herd their members into it. An honorable exception was the Women's Peace Party led by that unreconstructed individualist who was never afraid to stand alone against excoriation, Jane Addams.

But what of the other peace groups? The war sentiment of the American nation was growing — fostered by propaganda. And the American Peace Society, as soon as it was clear which way the cat would jump, ranged itself behind President Wilson in turning peace propaganda inside out into war propaganda.

It issued this dictum: "The American Peace Society stands for international peace, [but] the world has reached a situation where the judicial settlement of international disputes is for the time impracticable. We must now end this war by winning it."

It would be fruitless to trace the formulas by which prominent peace leaders made the switch and began whooping up a national campaign on the moral aims of the war.

The important thing is to see what was happening to the people at large. So dynamic had been the swing in sentiment that President Wilson, thwarted temporarily in his war plans in March by six Senators who still adhered to the slogan on which he had been reelected the previous November, announced that "a little group of willful men, representing no opinion but their own, have rendered the great Government of the United States helpless and contemptible."

In the newspapers of those days you will find a nostalgic hopefulness that we were in the war that would end wars. It is heartbreaking — but go and read for yourself. The innocence of that time may steel us against days that may come. We swallowed organized propaganda then as readily as we had swallowed the peace propaganda of the previous decade.

Now sober people feel that we were tricked into war in 1917. So bilious is the hangover, so universal the sentiment against a next war, that proposed preventive legislation before Congress last spring found no single voice raised against its purpose. The only conflict was how to keep us out of war and on that question the proposed legislation foundered.

But we must realize that there can be no secure foundation in peace organizations and legislation alone. Most wars — from the time of the Romans — have been fought "in the interests of peace." That is the twist that makes it so easy for peace organizations to give their support to war, to issue statements like this one, which was carried by New York newspapers April 19, 1917:

"Trustees of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace today recorded their belief that the most effectual means for promoting durable peace is to prosecute the war against Germany to a final victory for democracy. There was no difference of opinion among the 16 trustees present."

Here is the key to the whole ineffectiveness of the organized movement for peace: "There was no difference of opinion —" Organization cannot rise above the competence of its individual members. Refusal of our people to fight except in case of direct attack, must rest with the people themselves, individually.

There was a time in the 1920's when war between England and the United States was being mooted as a possibility among those who believed themselves in the know. A kind of secret, smug horror of satisfaction overcame those who discussed it. I once saw a man stand up and tell off a group of those chattering people for the scandalmongers that they were. He pointed out to them that they were only enjoying their own fright; that this was exactly the stuff that made wars possible. He wasn't pleasant; he wasn't polite. But he stopped that talk.

The person who would work effectively for peace must at every opportunity puncture the bubble of enjoyment of hysteria. It isn't hopeless, for we are a better informed people today than we were in 1917. It isn't easy, either, for it means that when the crisis comes, one must stand alone. National organizations can never take the place of individual resistance to hysteria.

Rational Defense

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post

General Johnson Hagood
Author of "The Services of Supply — A Memoir of the Great War," "General Wood as I Knew Him," etc.

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IF YOUR NEIGHBOR owned a hog and you had a patch of potatoes, you would build a fence around the potatoes. You would not hire a man to watch the potatoes and to drive off the hog after he had begun to root.

The system under which the Army has been built up in America is upon the latter plan. It has been assumed that the Navy would be destroyed, that the enemy would effect a landing, and the idea would be to stop him from rooting potatoes. Now, it would not be very difficult or very costly to build a hogproof fence around America that would give our people effective insurance against any foreign soldier ever putting foot upon our shores.

Let's turn the problem around and examine the difficulties that we would encounter in sending a large force overseas. We need not consider training the troops, but simply the physical difficulties of taking them across the ocean and supplying them in an enemy's country.

British experience in the World War indicated that about 40 pounds of general cargo per soldier per day was required to supply an army from an overseas base. In the A. E. F. we started out with that figure. We attempted to build up a 90-day reserve for an army of 2,000,000 men, but we did not get very far with it. On that basis we would have had to unload 40,000 tons of cargo per day. Loaded on Army trucks that would have required a daily truck train more than 150 miles long.

This cargo consisted not only of food, clothing, guns, ammunition and all that sort of thing, but of such little odds and ends as 35,000 motor trucks, 1500 standard locomotives, 20,000 freight cars, 5000 miles of standard steel rails and 3,500,000 crossties. We had all the French ports at our disposal. Our line of communication across the ocean was never seriously threatened. All we had to do was to run ships back and forth like ferryboats. But even so we had to shorten our objective to 30,000 tons per day and, as a matter of fact, we never reached 25,000. Our shortage was met by the Allies. Our own war experience illustrates why no foreign power could invade America provided we take ordinary common-sense precautions to prevent it.

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In many minds there is uneasiness as to the part that aircraft will play in future wars. The most advanced military thought upon this subject is expressed in the doctrine of an Italian officer, the late General Guilio Douhet: that airplanes jump over the enemy navy and army and strike at airdromes, factories, centers of industry, lines of communication and concentrations of military supplies.

Douhet's doctrine may be sound in Europe, where every country lies within striking distance of the heart of every other country. But how many planes are there in Europe that could fly across the Atlantic and make an attack upon our great airplane factories in Wichita, Kansas, or even upon our financiers in New York? Conceivably some foreign power might develop a plane that could cross the Atlantic and drop a bomb. But that time has not come yet, and until it does, we can give our attention to more practical problems.

The sore thumb of our system of national defense stands out in the Philippines, with a little finger sticking up in China. It is a matter of public information that the American forces in the Philippines during the last 30 years could not have held the islands against a first-class Oriental power. The time has now arrived for them to come back home. We should let the Filipinos work out their own destiny, which they are well qualified to do in a manner that might not be pleasing to us, but which is quite satisfactory to them.

After the Boxer Rebellion in 1900, the Allied forces — Americans, British, French, Germans, and Japanese — left some troops in Tientsin for the purpose of guarding the railroad from that city to Peking, 150 miles to the north, and thus, in case of another such uprising, insuring a safe exit for the foreign ambassadors. Since that time, the Chinese have developed modern armies, and the Japanese have expanded their garrison at Tientsin until it takes a lieutenant general to command it. But our two little battalions still hold on. Since America would not take any slice of the International Settlement — we even gave back the Boxer indemnity — our soldiers are billeted in rented apartments.

No known military reason exists for keeping this little handful of soldiers in China. It is said that they are there for diplomatic reasons. If that be so, then the reasons are bad.

If America is going to get its mind upon its own military situation, if it wants to remove all possible causes of irritation to others, if it wants to make America safe for Americans and let the rest of the world make itself safe for it-

self, a good beginning would be to take these troops out of China.

Coming back to the United States, we might see what kind of protection we would need against invasion.

Navy. First of all, we need a high-seas fleet second to none, and furnished with submarines. This fleet could prevent the approach of transports or the establishment of air bases and rendezvous at sea within striking distance of our shores.

Coast Defenses. Our coast defenses have been sadly neglected for the past 20 years. Our fortifications are little more than a pile of junk, and the coast artillery has made no advance for 25 years. We have a few scattered guns that will shoot 20, perhaps 30, miles, but they could not hit anything because the forts have developed no method of range finding for any such distance. Nor has any plan been developed for using aircraft in our seacoast defenses.

Our great harbors, like Boston, Portland, Narragansett Bay, the eastern entrance to Long Island, New York, the Chesapeake Bay, the Gulf ports, San Pedro, San Francisco and Puget Sound, which are so vital to the Navy, and many of our less important ports, are not so well defended today as they were before the Spanish War. Their defenses should be completely rehabilitated and brought up to date.

Aviation. America is a little hazy as to just what its aviation is expected to do. In the minds of most people, the main purpose of our Army Air Corps is to defend ourselves against air attacks that may be made upon us by other countries. Among the military authorities there is a vague idea that our planes, like those of other countries, would attack and destroy enemy installations in the rear.

In rear of what?

Where will we find the enemy's airdromes, factories, centers of industry? Do we expect to find them in Europe? If so, how many planes have we got that could fly across the Atlantic to destroy them?

Do we expect to find them on the high seas? If so, whose job will it be to look out for them? The Army or the Navy?

Do we expect to find them established upon some adjacent shores now friendly to us? Or do we expect to find them in Boston or Pittsburgh, after those cities have been captured?

These are questions that should be considered by those qualified to do so, and for which I offer no solution. I agree, however, with the late General Billy Mitchell: that we do not need an enormous armada of obsolescent planes. What we need is a lesser number of planes, the best and fastest that the world can produce, kept

constantly up to date and ruthlessly discarded as soon as they are no longer suited to their purpose.

Army. Our Constitution originally provided, in effect, for two different kinds of forces — a regular, or volunteer, force; and the militia of the several states. The former could be used at the discretion of the President. But the latter could not be removed from the continental limits of the United States. Under our earliest military laws our entire able-bodied manhood, between certain ages, could be "called out," but there was no such thing as conscripting citizens of this country to engage in a foreign war.

Subsequent enactments of Congress surmounted this restriction of the Constitution. But if we went back to that system, there would now be no use for our young men and women to collect on college campuses and swear that they will not engage in an offensive war. We would have gone back to the old idea that national defense is for defense only, and have automatically provided that men drafted in time of war shall be used solely for the purpose of repelling invasion. The limits of this article do not permit a full description of such a system, but the thing can be done without inflicting upon our people any of the European ideas of compulsory military training.

The regular volunteer army could then consist of a small body of highly trained professional soldiers, enlisted for a comparatively long period, fully equipped and ready at a moment's notice to meet any coming invader.

Suppose that some combination of powers should arise in the future with sufficient ships and men to attempt an invasion of our country. Still, no such force could be organized in Europe so as to arrive off our coast in attack formation. It would be necessary to seize an advance base, with all the necessary docking and unloading facilities, to discharge the ships and to reorganize — or, rather, to organize — an army in America. The prime purpose of our regular army, therefore, should be to reinforce the coast defenses to prevent landings on our shores. It need not be large if the Navy and seacoast fortifications are strong.

If our Navy be in danger of annihilation, it should be increased; if our fortifications be weak, they should be strengthened. Our plan of defense should not assume that our Navy and coast fortifications would be destroyed, for such a plan would compel us to stand the cost of a huge army, and to suffer the devastating effect of a war conducted in our own country. We should not be required to bombard our own seaport towns in order to dislodge a foe.

We want no devastated America. We want America to be the strongest military nation in the world upon its own shores.

In order to achieve this we must have:

The world's best Navy — in our own waters.

The world's best Air Corps — in our own air.

The world's best Army — on our own land.

Table Manners à la française

Excerpt from "'Taint Right"

Westbrook Pegler

THE AFFECTATION of Americans at table is notorious, and they hamper themselves by rules having no basis in common sense. They are afraid to dig for the best fragments of chicken or lobster, they avoid the gravy as though it were poison, and the last spoonful of soup always goes back to the kitchen because somebody once made a law against tipping the plate. The Englishman's kit is even more complicated than ours; he can't eat berries or a dab of custard without fork and spoon, a trick which spatters dessert all over the ceiling when Americans try it.

It is the French who are the masters in these things.

When he comes to the table, the Frenchman, like the old Scotch golfer, endeavors to do what is to be done without superfluous weapons. He sits down, ties his napkin behind his ears, picks up a knife and fork and goes to work with admirable directness. He dunks his bread in the juice of the snail, he chases fragments of steak and gravy with a piece of crust, he licks his fingers, and says "Ah!" He is far too sensible ever to permit a desirable morsel to be carried back to the kitchen out of respect for a rule devised by the English whose etiquette decrees that a man at the table should never appear to be hungry. If it is too small or too liquid for a fork he will not hesitate to use his knife for a squeegee and wipe the knife on the bread.

He does not require a special niblick to blast the peas out of the mashed potatoes or a tweezer to overcome asparagus. If a slice of mushroom reposes in a difficult downhill lie on the rim of the plate he doesn't ignore it, as the American or Englishman would, but goes after it and gets it even if he has to play three strokes off the tablecloth, which some of us would consider out of bounds.

It is by no means a sordid spectacle. On the contrary, the Frenchman's enjoyment and simple skill at table are admirable, combining the greatest simplicity with the best results.

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Scabs' Paradise

Theodore Durein

"SCAB" is a nasty word, even when scribbled on the side of a boxcar. I know, because I was a scab, and I saw the word, potential dynamite, too many times for my own comfort.

One of those cars each day for 11 long weeks brought fresh food to me and 499 other strikebreakers imprisoned on pier 32 during the great marine strike at San Francisco in 1934. We lived in luxury. I hesitate to guess what it cost the shipowners to keep us in the style to which we were utterly unaccustomed. But they wanted work done. And it's no picnic, living in constant peril of a bomb bursting near enough to hurt.

The word scrawled on the boxcars was just a reminder that several thousand half-starved stevedores patrolled like vultures across the embarcadero. Their favorite trick, when they captured a strikebreaker, was to put his leg across the curb and jump on it. Or kick his teeth out.

We were moving cargo, and moving it fast. We were making it possible for the employers to hold out and finally break the backbone of the strike. Plenty has been written about what happened outside, on the streets of San Francisco. It was stark melodrama, climaxed by Bloody Thursday, July 5, when 13 men were shot in street rioting. After 76 days the strike ended with four bodies in the morgue, 297 assorted cripples in hospitals, 638 malcontents brooding in police stations and county jail, and damage estimated conservatively at well over $150,000,000.

The real story of what happened inside has never been told. An armed camp, a complete miniature city was set up overnight and functioned for 11 weeks with practically all the civic amenities. The bosses got as much work out of a heterogeneous group drafted from the streets as out of an experienced crew. And it seems almost a miracle when you consider that the strikebreakers were mostly pasty-faced clerks, house-to-house salesmen, college students and a motley array of unemployed who had never shouldered anything heavier than a BVD strap before in their lives.

Shortly after the stevedores walked out on May 9, the shipowners decided to work their ships at any cost save that of giving in to the strikers. They inserted a small advertisement in the news-

papers. Half an hour after the papers were on the streets, men began drifting to pier 32. In a week 500 were working there, and several thousand others were employed at the other four docks which were operating.

A company ship was moored at the pier as a floating hotel. The staff of cooks in the cafeteria already functioning on the dock was augmented to feed the population of the newly founded city.

Electrified barbed wire protected open portions of the dock from attack. Great steel gates that rose and fell like giant medieval portcullises barred entrance to the warehouse portion. Every few hours these gates would rumble up to permit passage of strings of boxcars. Trucking was out of the question for many weeks, because the strikers would attack the trucks and turn them over. Interfering with train service is something else again — Uncle Sam takes a hand there.

Policemen, with sawed-off shotguns and tear gas bombs, and later National Guardsmen, with machine guns and rifles, protected us from the strikers outside. There was nothing much anyone could do about bullets from the hillside opposite which sometimes whistled overhead.

The hotel ship was really elegant. All the bosses, the doctor, the barber, and the cooks had private staterooms with shower. Some of the stevedores, those that came to work first, also got private quarters. Most of the time I was only a pot-washer in the bakery, yet I shared a stateroom with two other fellows working in the cafeteria. A boy made our beds each morning, changed the linen, and put out fresh towels and soap. All on the house.

An excellent doctor was on duty in a completely equipped hospital. During his 76-day exile he pronounced one old codger dead from heart failure, mended six broken arms and a shattered leg and dispatched two pneumonia cases to hospitals. Almost nightly a few boys would get the urge to go out — usually on account of some girl — and they would run the gantlet of pickets. Those that got caught were also cases for our medico.

The best of everything was served at meals. I have seen a worker tuck away a beefsteak, top it off with strawberry shortcake smothered in ice cream, and wash it down with a quart of milk. We had two movies nightly, with the latest talkies, newsreels, and cartoons. We had weekly boxing bouts with excellent talent, since we had two or three professionals and a number of amateurs among the guests on the floating hotel. All this was free, offered as inducements to keep us in confinement. Our enormous pay checks were clear profit.

Of course, there were ways to spend money. There was the barber shop, for instance. The first barber vanished after several weeks with the savings of a number of lambs he had shorn two ways. But there was really no sense in banking with the barber. Two leading banks had office hours on the ship weekly. One banker told me that some of the boys banked over $1000 during the strike. They were earning better than $90 a week.

Then there was beer which could be purchased by the case at the cafeteria, and tobacco, clothes, shoes, etc., at usual prices at the store. The last and easiest way to part with money was in gambling. Blackjack and craps flourished in the dining saloon every night.

One thing was true of nearly every scab: he needed a job and he needed it quick. They were paying off accumulated debts. They had wives in hospitals, hungry children, financial troubles. They were willing to work — at anything — to stave off disaster. White-collar workers and college students predominated. After they hardened up, the only job in which they weren't as competent as the old hand was that of stowing cargo in the hold so that it wouldn't shift at sea. This, it seems, takes years of experience and a sixth sense.

Some of the scabs were hard nuts, imported strikebreakers from Los Angeles and Chicago. But I knew an analytical chemist, a bacteriologist, two members of the California bar, and five schoolteachers. They were the softies.

It was scary at times, especially during the days preceding Bloody Thursday when 2000 strikers gathered across the embarcadero and staged demonstrations. Then came the riot, which we could see through cracks in the front gates. The next day the National Guard moved in, colors flying. Two or three companies set up camp on our dock. They proved efficient and well disciplined, although I did catch one of them on sentry duty fishing from the end of the dock, with the line tied to the barrel of his rifle.

Finally, after much haggling and negotiations and the intervention of the Federal Government, the strike ended on July 31. And the moral of it, if any, is that nobody gained anything except the scabs. They made lots of money and had a good time to boot; everybody else lost on the deal. But scab is still a nasty word.

◆

CHILDREN aren't happy with nothing to ignore,
And that's what parents were created for.
—Ogden Nash

Heaven Doesn't Matter

Condensed from The North American Review

Channing Pollock

WHEN the celebrated critic, Matthew Arnold, died, someone remarked, "Poor Matthew; he won't like God." If this wit had said, "He won't like heaven," more of us might have understood. I've never been able to get excited about heaven myself.

There are many conceptions, of course, ranging from streets of gold down — or up — to the Buddhist state of forgetfulness. I shouldn't care for gold streets, and there's little I want to forget. Nirvana would make a greater appeal to me if it were a place of more vivid remembrance, where you could look at the stars and the sea with ten times the thrill they gave you on earth. I'm afraid the Mohammedan houris would bore me to tears.

The truth is less that I don't believe in any of these heavens than that I don't care whether they exist or not. To me, the question isn't important — I'm too much concerned with what I do while I live. The only heaven that really interests me is the heaven that could be made right here.

Ralph W. Sockman recently preached on what he called "the slot-machine attitude toward God." We put in a prayer or a decent act, he said, and expect to take out a prosperous business or an eternity of bliss. In one of my earlier plays, I opined that, "we are not punished for our sins, but by them." It is equally true that we are not rewarded for our good deeds, but by them. There is a singing ecstasy in good work. There must be an even greater and more immediate recompense for good deeds. The happiest men I know are the most occupied and the most useful.

Some of the most disagreeable people I know are quite sure of going to heaven. However, their presence won't help much. Father Duffy once told me of a nun who said that, after 40 years among saints, she knew why Christ wanted to live among sinners.

Most people who expect to survive expect to survive pretty completely. Any survival that diminishes the ego wouldn't be survival at all to them. But suppose their neuritis survives, too? Of course, it wouldn't; but shall we be ourselves without our neuritis? Shall we recognize dear old Aunt Jane in a state of perfection, or love her as much as we did

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when we could laugh at her little human failings? Shall we like her, or ourselves, as disembodied spirits? I've never thought of myself as a materialist, but the things I've enjoyed all seem to have required body and mind — a poem of Shelley's, first sight of the Grand Canyon, sunset from the roof of a hotel in Biskra, the smell of corn bread after a long walk in the autumn woods, even rubbing Aunt Jane's poor aching arm, and seeing her smile as she sank into slumber.

In the resurrection, there is to be no marriage nor giving in marriage — and that's a big drawback, too. Personally, I can't conceive a heaven without it. My own ego is so inextricably blended with that of my wife, and my own happiness has been so long part of hers. Nor would it help much to be vaguely associated with her in spirit. Married life is made up of so many physical and mental contacts, of so many shared fears and hopes, sorrows and joys, pains and comfortings that both of us, and millions of other wives and husbands, couldn't help missing terribly in any conceivable resort of souls.

Singularly enough, it is that very prospect of reunion after death that has given immortality its allure. "When you lose your loved ones," Basil King used to say to me, "you'll feel differently about all this." Perhaps he was right; I never lost a loved one, nor do I ever expect to do so. My profoundest conviction is that nothing loved is ever lost. (Like most of my profound convictions, this was Emerson's, too.) My father died when I was 14, and thus achieved what seems to me the truest immortality. If he had lived, he would have been 85 now — perhaps a tired, infirm old man. Through death, he became eternally young, eternally vital and alive. I see him, and shall always see him, as I last saw him — at his desk, happy in his work, younger and stronger than I am now, and wiser and kinder than I shall ever be. And I am much happier in the recollection of him — of his unflinching eyes, his gentle smile, his whimsical way of reminding us of the eternal things — than I could be in any prospect of meeting him again as a disembodied spirit.

Every wise word he ever spoke, every kind act he ever did, is immortal. "I never knew your father," a woman remarked to me the other day, "but *my* father told me of so many fine things he did and said." Loving life, and free to go where he pleased, my father died at his post of duty. Thereby he added to the immortal tradition of courage and nobility.

At that time he was United States Consul at San Salvador. When we begged him to use steamship tickets bought for the vaca-

tion that was due him, but that he had put aside because yellow fever was decimating our colony, he answered, "I don't think any responsible officer should be away at a time like this. Our people are frightened and confused; some of them have been refused Christian burial. It's my job to stay here and look after them."

He did stay, frequently reading the funeral service over our countrymen who succumbed to the pestilence. "Have you no fear?" my mother asked. "None as great as the fear of not doing what I believe to be right," my father said. He contracted the fever that day. Because of his example, I resigned my position at 19 on a Washington newspaper when the editor insisted that I swell his advertising by writing what I didn't believe to be true, and, in consequence, nearly starved before I found work on a dock in New York. And because of my example my son may do the like when I am gone, and his son when he is gone. This seems to me the only kind of survival worth striving for. Certainly, it has accomplished more for heaven and earth than any bait of celestial compensation.

Hu Shih, father of the Chinese Renaissance, wrote: "As I reviewed the life of my dead mother, whose activities had never gone beyond the trivial details of the home but whose influence could be clearly seen on the faces of those men and women who came to mourn her death, and as I recalled the lasting effect of her life on myself, I came to the conviction that *everything* is immortal. Everything that we are, everything that we do, everything that we say is immortal in the sense that it has its effect somewhere in the world, and that effect in turn will have its results somewhere else, and the thing goes on in infinite time and space. A man is what he thinks and everyone who has influenced him — from Socrates, Plato, and Confucius down to his parish preacher and his nursery governess — lives in him."

We are not children who must be made to behave by the promise of candy; we are not weaklings who must be held up, instigated, consoled by glory to come. Eternal bliss may be grand in eternity; our present concern would seem to be intensified perception of the beauty about us, intensified progress toward justice, human love for humankind, and the by-no-means-trifling job of leaving the world, or some one of its population, a little better for our having been in it.

Civilization is a pyramid to which each man contributes a grain of sand — a pyramid whose broad base was laid on the Nile, and to which almost every successive generation has added something.

My heaven is everywhere about

us. If you need to believe in the other kind, don't let me dissuade you. It isn't that I *don't* believe; only that, for me, that other heaven doesn't matter. Not now, anyway. I'm too busy. I want to go on with my work, and leave the outcome to God.

Samples of 1937 for Posterity

Excerpt from The Literary Digest

IN 4241 B.C., Egyptian priests began their calendar, pointing off the earliest recorded date. All written history has occurred in the 6177 years since then. Today we can only speculate on how life was conducted in that dawning period of history. Recently, Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President of Oglethorpe University in Georgia, speculating about the time-misted peoples of 4241 B.C., wondered how much of life in 1937 would be intelligible 6177 years from now. He resolved to do something about preserving a portion of it for archeologists of the future.

Under the Oglethorpe library Dr. Jacobs is constructing a crypt as big as a swimming pool, hollowed from the granite bedrock of the Appalachian Mountains. It will be lined with slate, roofed and capped with stone, and sealed with a tablet of stainless steel requesting future generations to leave it unopened until the year 8114 A.D. It will then be deeded to the Government of the U. S.

Into this time-defying chamber Dr. Jacobs plans to cram a cross-section of contemporary American life. Phonograph records and sound film will preserve the voices of President Roosevelt, Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin, possibly those of Bing Crosby, the Marx brothers, Iowa's champion hog caller, Popeye the Sailor. Newsreels will immortalize 1936 ship launchings, baby contests, football games, Spain's Civil War, campaign oratory.

Despairing of finding enough space for all the gadgets of present-day civilization, Dr. Jacobs expects to depend heavily on deposits of encyclopedias, textbooks, models, drawings and photographs. He will call upon publishers to prepare special time-proof editions of magazines, books, newspapers. Manufacturers will be requested to supply working models.

Flying as Simple as Driving—Almost

Condensed from The Baltimore Sunday Sun

Avery McBee

WHEN a Bureau of Air Commerce official said casually a few days ago, "Come around and fly our Hammond some time," I explained that I was not a pilot.

"Oh, you can fly this plane," he said, "and all by yourself the first time, too. I've had plenty of people who never thought of flying come here and a few minutes later be at the controls of the plane, turning this way and that, and finally bringing the machine down to a landing without my having to touch the dual set."

So next month I shall fly a plane for the first time. I shall make mistakes, but they will not cost me my life, according to my informant, because the plane will not do any of the desperate things that nearly always have been fatal to the novice pilot. It is practically foolproof and crashproof, too.

As little as five years ago, only a Jules Verne would have predicted such a development. For the job of flying was becoming more and more intricate until many in the industry were giving up earlier hopes that aviation would become a popular sport. Then the Bureau of Air Commerce development section, under its chief, John H. Geisse, asked for designs for safer planes that people could fly easily. This was less than two and a half years ago, yet four new types have been accepted for experiment; one, the Hammond, has emerged as outstanding.

What, then, are the revolutionary principles that have suddenly made flying easy?

First of all, there is the landing gear, which, oddly enough, goes back to the very beginning of aviation for its design. It is a tricycle affair, with its single leading wheel set far to the front of the fuselage. Such was the carriage of the early Wright and Martin planes, and many of the others.

With the three-wheel gear, the plane rests horizontally on the ground, its tail rising sharply behind. The virtue of this design is that it makes nose-overs and ground loops practically impossible. Instead of having to balance the plane nicely on two wheels while taking off, the pilot can scoot the machine across the field after the fashion of an automobile. When he has picked up sufficient speed, he simply pulls back

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(The Baltimore Sunday Sun, November 1, '36)

on the stick and he is in the air.

It requires long experience and judgment to bring the conventional plane in, and just at the right second to pull its tail down so that the wheels and tail skid touch at approximately the same time. If the tail is too high, the plane is skidding along on its back a second or two later. If it is too low the same thing may happen. If the machine floats in a little sidewise, a ground loop results, the plane skidding around crazily on the field.

But with the new tricycle gear, a novice pilot can make all kinds of bad mistakes and still achieve a smooth landing. If he glides in too steeply, the front wheel touches first and, instead of nosing over, the plane merely settles back on its other wheels. If he comes in sidewise, the altered center of gravity of the design merely brings the plane back into the line of flight the moment the wheels touch.

And, too, with this arrangement it is possible to slam on the brakes the moment the wheels touch. An automobile was used to pace the Hammond on the ground during a landing, the auto driver applying brakes at the same time the plane's wheels met the earth. The two machines stopped almost abreast, with the plane having a slight advantage.

There are some who believe that the tricycle again may be the standard for the whole industry. In fact, one big company is planning to use it on a huge "Pullman" transport. Sleeper passengers object to finding themselves at a 45-degree angle every time the plane lands, and the three-wheel design would keep the plane on an even keel on the ground.

Next come simplified controls. The conventional airplane is directed in flight by three surfaces — the rudder, which is controlled by pedals; the elevator, or horizontal tail fin, which is controlled by the forward or backward movement of a stick or wheel, and the ailerons (movable sections of the wings on their trailing edges), which are controlled by a side motion of the stick or a turning of the wheel. It is the ailerons which determine the banking of the plane in turning.

It always has been difficult to learn just how much to bank a plane. Bad mistakes cause dangerous sideslips and, perhaps, a deadly spin which only experienced pilots are able to overcome.

But this is all changed in the Hammond. It is no longer necessary to have pedals to control the rudder in lateral turns. The whole responsibility rests on a new kind of aileron, so that the pilot merely moves his stick to the left or turns his wheel to the left and the whole maneuver takes care of itself. Even the grossest of errors leaves the plane steady and doing

nothing more dangerous than making a sharp turn.

The most dangerous job for any novice pilot is to land a plane. In the past, instructors have taken the plane down many, many times to show their students how before trusting them with the controls. First there is the matter of judging the glide — just where to start it, the direction of the wind, where to use the elevators and how to "feel" the ground under the plane so that it will touch at just the right spot.

But with Mr. Geisse's favorite a novice may start his glide much too late so that under ordinary circumstances he would overshoot the field. For under the wings and fuselage of the Hammond there is a big flap which, when lowered, acts as an "airbrake." Its primary function, however, is to steepen the path of flight. Thus, if a novice has started his glide too late, he merely pushes a pedal and the plane begins to sink steeply while retaining most of its forward speed. If the pilot finds he is descending too rapidly, he releases the pedal and continues his glide, or he may "gun" the motor a bit if he is very far short.

Strange as it may seem, the novice need not be choosy about his wind currents, unless a hard wind is blowing. The Hammond forgives even the unforgivable mistake of landing cross-wind, if the current is not more than 25 miles per hour. And finally, ridiculously long landing gears are used on the plane. These shock absorbers have the prodigious stroke of 20 inches, and even if a jittering novice slams the plane down on the ground, the gears will still cushion the shock.

"With stick control, novices are apt to do things backward," said Mr. Geisse. "One would think a person would move the stick to the right to bank right; but it is a toss-up what he will do. In the revamped Hammond he will have wheel control and he can't miss. If he wants to go right, he spins the wheel to the right, just like an automobile driver. For the rest of it, he pulls the wheel toward him to go up and pushes it forward to go down. The brakes will be on a right pedal, just as in an automobile. The other pedal will control the wing flaps to determine descent."

The Hammond is a coupé, two people side by side. Its propeller is at the rear of the cabin, leaving almost perfect visibility, forward and side. The pilot can look almost straight down in front of him and is able to tell exactly when his wheels will touch. There's no "feeling" the ground as in a conventional plane.

The maximum speed of the Hammond is now 105 miles per hour but, as Mr. Geisse says, "We are not so much concerned with speed as with safety."

Budgets for the Bewildered

Condensed from The American Magazine

Jerome Beatty

AMERICAN families are divided into three classes. Those who believe they ought to budget but never get around to it. Those who tried a budget and gave it up. Those comparatively few noble souls who started a budget, stuck to it, and made it work.

The pages of abandoned budget books in this country, if gathered in one pile, would make a fire big enough to warm the cold feet of all who have tried and failed. As a member in good standing of the army of ex-budgeteers I have been trying to find out what's the matter.

I talked with experts in Washington, New York, and Chicago. I read books and pamphlets and surveys by acknowledged authorities. These experts have gathered facts about the cost of potatoes and cod-liver oil and molasses and milk. They have conducted exhaustive investigations, and distributed an immense amount of scientifically prepared information which should give any family the facts it needs for the proper operation of a successful budget. But the hundreds of thousands of bewildered families are evidence that it doesn't.

What the experts have overlooked is that budgeting is not so much a mathematical problem as it is a psychological problem.

A man in Chicago told me recently: "I was 50 last month, and I figured out how much money I have made since I started work as a young man. I was astounded. It was more than $200,000, and I'm ashamed to tell you how little I've saved."

"Did you and your wife keep a budget?" I asked.

Budget seemed to be a fighting word. "Of course," he barked. "A dozen different kinds. For a while I ran everything. Then my wife ran everything. Then we both ran everything. And, no matter how we figured, we ran it into the ground and it always came out the same way. We spent all we earned."

There are hundreds of thousands like them, who try to operate on a budget. But the husband or the wife or both will make a few impulsive and extravagant purchases, and where is the budget?

I told the experts about an improvident friend of mine whose wife decided they must have a budget. My friend agreed with

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(The American Magazine, March, '35)

enthusiasm. They laid it out, and he bought a memorandum book and agreed to enter all his expenditures. At the end of the first week, he offered his figures:

Cash on hand	$00.30
Peanuts for Mary	.10
Miscellaneous	19.60
Total	$20.00

I related another instance in which a budget plan blew up under distressing circumstances: A husband and wife who had been getting along rather well with their budget, agreed before Christmas to give each other presents that would cost less than $5. The generous and loving wife impulsively spent $15 for her present to her husband. The just as loving but more frugal husband spent only $3.25 for hers. When they opened their presents the wife was hurt and the husband was angry. A budget, as I see it, should provide for such vagaries.

"People like that," the experts told me severely, "can't be helped."

But most of us *are* like that. Experts offer detailed instructions on how to cut the cost of living by scientific shopping. They attempt to teach women to judge values in food and clothing and supplies so that they'll always get their money's worth. But these instructions often overlook the fact that many things which give us the greatest enjoyment are bought because we like them.

One of the most constructive plans I encountered came from a group of four families, successful budgeteers all. They are close friends and the eight play bridge every Saturday night. It all started when one family lost $16 in the bridge game and decided such entertainment was too expensive.

A friendly conference ensued, and it turned out that the four families were in a vicious circle — none of them saving any money. All had tried budgets and had abandoned them.

"The trouble with budgets," one of the wives remarked, "is they're nothing but 'Thou Shalt Not's.' They don't allow for any fun or any foolish expenditures, and they make you think you have committed an unforgivable crime if your books don't balance. I'd like a budget that promises to get me things I want, instead of keeping me from getting them."

Like my Chicago friend, they added up all they had made and then estimated their future income up to the age of 65. The husbands were around 36 or 37 years old, and the amount of income each could count upon for the remainder of his working life was about $100,000 to $125,000.

"That knocked us cold," one of the husbands told me. "We had never thought it would be so

much. Immediately we were all inspired with a determination to save."

For a week the families discussed their plans, and made lists of what they wanted most to get out of life with their future incomes. "We discovered," one of the wives told me, "that the success of a budget depends upon the right mental attitude toward saving. If you make it a chore, you'll have an unhappy home, and it won't work. We are saving for rewards — for sunny days, not for rainy days."

Each family made out its own budget, but each used the same basic form. The money is divided into two major funds: Necessities and Rewards. Necessities include food, clothing, housing, life insurance, income taxes, installment payments, automobile upkeep, and all other fixed expenditures. Everything else is a Reward, which is quite a loose classification, but it works. No provision is made for doctors' bills, which come out of Rewards.

An item they labeled "Oil" is one of the most important in their plan. It's oil for troubled waters, a little money put away to pay for mistakes that are likely to cause family arguments. With an "oil" fund, you provide an "out" for the wife who wastes $10 on something she didn't need. From the "oil" fund you pay for that $10 lent to a friend who never paid it back.

The cost of Necessities varies, even in these families which are in about the same economic situation, but it averages about 70 percent of their total incomes.

Each family breaks down the divisions into small units, with an appropriation for each. First, the allowances of wife and husband and children are taken out. To the wife goes the allowance for housing, food (except the husband's lunches), and for her clothing and the children's. Expenses such as husband's clothing, tobacco, lunches, entertainment, razor blades and so on, are put into the husband's allowance. Each has his own bank account, and if it grows the allowances are cut. Each keeps an account book.

The fun comes each month in the allotment of the approximate 30 percent for the Reward funds — education for children, retirement, vacation, new car, and such. Each fund receives something. Sometimes it may be only a dollar. Sometimes the Necessity fund has gone over its budget, and the Reward fund must make up that amount, or vice versa.

At the end of the month the family balances its books, but with the understanding that nobody will stay home from the movies to try to find a missing $1.83. If the balance is less than $5 awry it is written off as "Error."

Because of a new state of mind in these families they have willingly cut down. They have cast out the disagreeable idea that you must save because the budget books say you must not spend. In their plan, there is no provision for "Savings." The word isn't used. Money is set aside to *buy* something.

I have found nothing in the reports of experts that solves the psychological problems of family spending as this plan does. But from books and surveys I learned much that can help — after the new point of view is all set.

The first new fact on the mathematical side is that the old percentages — 25 for rent or ownership and upkeep of home, 25 for food, and 15 for clothing — are all wrong. They may represent a fair average for all families, including the poorest laborer, but they're no good for individuals these days. If you are going to save any substantial sum you should not spend more than 60 percent for housing, food and clothing. And housing isn't just rent; it's the cost of the entire operation of the home. Good starting percentages are 30 for housing, 16 for food, and 14 for clothing, breaking down the clothing percentage to 4 for the husband, 6 for the wife, and 4 for the children. As the income goes up, these percentages go down.

The 30 percent for housing includes rent or cost of house, water, electricity, gas, wood, coal, kindling, laundry, garbage disposal, fire insurance, cleaning, household help, telephone, house supplies, new furnishings, payments on old, repairs and the husband's transportation to and from work. It includes china, linen, pots and pans, seeds, shrubs, lawn mower, and mops.

Put down 16 percent of your income for food. The 14 percent allotted for clothing will be more than enough if the children are small. Put down now the total amount you will need for housing, food, and clothing. Add to it fixed expenditures such as income taxes, life insurance, car upkeep, and payments on debts not included in the 60 percent. These are things you *have* to pay for.

Then see what you have left. It should be about 30 percent.

Decide how much of this you can save — that's a percentage only you can determine — *and save it*, using the Reward psychology. Cut into it only for emergency expenditures such as doctors' bills. Make a weekly or monthly deposit in the savings bank. When it reaches a substantial amount, invest it.

Above all, make budgeting fun instead of a chore. Let the budget work for you, instead of you working for the budget. And don't forget the item of oil to calm the waters.

Sight by Faith

Condensed from The Forum

Terence Harrington

EVERYONE has heard of miraculous cures of paralysis induced by emotional shock or appeal to the relic of a saint. The huge mound of braces and crutches heaped before the famous Grotto of Lourdes is mute evidence of what faith can and *does* do in curing "the lame, the halt, and the blind." The power of religious faith has accomplished many things beyond scientific understanding.

There is, however, another form of cure by faith, exercised almost daily by medical men, without benefit of religious emotion. I refer to the treatment of the hysterically blind which has become a recognized part of scientific medicine.

It must be remembered at the outset that hysterical blindness is as real a loss of vision as that following many organic diseases of the eye or brain. And it is more common than is usually supposed, increasing sharply during periods of mental or physical stress, such as war or economic depression. There is no "faking" about it.

As a precipitating factor of hysterical blindness there is frequently present some "intolerable situation" in the afflicted person's life; some disagreeable problem at home or in business which he has been unable to solve or circumvent. Unconsciously his mind has taken this drastic way out.

The diagnosis of hysteria as a cause of blindness is often more difficult than its cure. The conscientious doctor must forever keep in mind the possibility of infection, tumor or injury, and only when he has proved beyond all doubt that the patient is *not* suffering from organic disease can he proceed to diagnose and treat hysteria.

Belief in the possibility of cure is the first requirement of successful treatment; the sufferer *must* be made to believe that he will get well. Once this implicit faith is secured, the actual treatment may take almost any conceivable form. Usually it is a shock of some kind.

Mrs. Meyerson enters the eye dispensary of a large clinic. She is led carefully and falteringly across the threshold by a terrified husband. It develops that there was a quarrel at breakfast and that Mr. Meyerson, in a fit of anger, threw a cup of hot coffee across the room striking his wife's head. There was immediate and com-

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plete loss of vision. Careful inquiry reveals that Mr. Meyerson is subject to frequent and violent rages; and that his wife has recently had spells during which her hands and feet became numb.

Exhaustive examinations disclose no organic cause for the blindness, so at length Mr. and Mrs. Meyerson are ushered into a small room where a young doctor talks to them. He is earnest, sincere, serious. Mrs. Meyerson cannot see him but she feels a timbre in his voice that quiets her. He is telling her that she will see again; that the hot coffee splashed in her eyes caused a thin film to form which has blotted out her vision. This film is easily removed (there is a calm certainty in the voice) by means of a delicate burning instrument which will be applied to the eye. Unfortunately this operation hurts, but the pain only lasts for 15 minutes and then her vision will be completely restored. She remonstrates that she doesn't mind a little pain as long as she can see again and her husband, in an ecstasy of repentance, swears that he will never be angry with her again.

After some preliminary preparation the doctor gently turns the eyelids, and brushes on them a solution commonly used in the treatment of inflammation of the lids. This solution gives a sharp burning sensation so that the eyes are involuntarily tightly closed. Gauze pads are placed over the eyes and the patient, who is wincing with pain, is told to hold them for the few minutes necessary to allay the burning. The operation has been performed and Mrs. Meyerson is told that as soon as the pain is gone she may open her eyes. She is cautioned to do this slowly as the light may bother her at first. There is no mention of the possibility of failure to restore her sight.

In a few minutes the pain begins to subside, and cautiously the patient blinks a little. With a cry of joy she sees the white walls of the room, the chairs, tables, her husband. She is again a normal human being.

Simple? Yes, in this instance. Dishonest? Perhaps, and yet the future of a human life was in the balance. Quackery? Certainly, if the cure alone is considered. Backed up, however, by the careful exclusion of organic disease as a basis for the loss of vision, it becomes as surely a part of scientific medicine as the surgical treatment of cataract.

Needless to say, the application of the solution to the eyelids had nothing whatever to do with the restoration of sight except that it served as a mild shock. Faith restored this woman's sight; faith in her ability to get well and belief in the doctor who told her that she *would* get well.

The case of Mr. Waite is not so

simple. He has been completely blind for about a year. His loss of vision came on gradually, as though a dense curtain of darkness had slowly closed in from all sides, until finally he could only see straight ahead, as if looking down the barrel of a gun. Then, and rather suddenly, even this sight was gone and since that time he has been unable even to tell night from day. He is a man of affluence, part owner of a prosperous business of whose board of directors he was chairman. It is learned that up until his blindness he had been working far too hard, and that he was to lose the chairmanship of directors in his company at about the time of the onset of his trouble.

Many doctors have seen him but none has been able to help him. He has been taken by friends to faith healers, but he is not a religious man and any appeal to a divine providence has been half-hearted at best. On two occasions he has been told outright that his malady is hysterical and he believes this to be true.

Tests show that when a beam of light is thrown into the eyes, the pupils contract sharply and in a normal manner. But he cannot even distinguish light from dark. Somehow a light stimulus must be reaching the higher centers of the brain, but once there, it is not recorded in the conscious mind.

Mr. Waite is a reasonable and logical-minded individual. Why not treat him as such? The nature of his illness is explained to him in a frank, man-to-man fashion. He is blind, not because of any disease process in his visual apparatus, but because of a functional hysteria. Somewhere in his brain, a short circuit has occurred so that normal impulses arising in his eyes are sidetracked. There is only one way in which this can be remedied. By some means all mental and sensory impulses must be stopped for a period of time. The best way to do this is by deep ether anesthesia. Sleep alone is not sufficient, for during sleep a person dreams, moves about and can feel. Once his mental processes have been completely stopped, however, it only remains to start them again, slowly and along the proper paths.

In none of this talk does the doctor himself believe. At best it is a clumsy explanation of a complicated and exceedingly vague state of affairs. There must be no inkling of this, however, as far as the patient is concerned. Mr. Waite must be absolutely convinced of his doctor's knowledge of the cure's success. In this there need be no dissembling. The doctor knows he can be successful.

With considerable enthusiasm, Mr. Waite submits himself to the ether mask and quietly goes to sleep. Both eyes are firmly and

heavily bandaged, and the patient is returned to his room where he is allowed to awaken gradually.

It is not until next day that the doctor visits him. The room has been made cheery and bright. There are one or two nurses present to whom the doctor talks as his dressing tray is prepared. His manner is confident and assured. He tells Mr. Waite that the bandages will be removed and that he should keep his eyes closed until told to open them. There is no exhortation to see; no plea to the emotions; only a calm assurance as the bandages are taken away. Then, holding a watch before him, the doctor asks:

"What time is it, Mr. Waite?"

"Eight-thirty, Doctor."

"Right!"

That is all. No surprise, no unusual manifestations of joy. After all, there has been no reason for surprise, only a firm belief in the treatment. Again faith has restored a human being to a normal life.

What happens to these people after their sight has been restored? Do they resume an entirely normal existence or are they always handicapped by the fear of recurring blindness? In many instances no further trouble is experienced. Some have return of blindness of varying degree but are nearly always more readily cured of the second attack. More difficult to treat, but by no means incurable, are the not uncommon cases of this type of blindness in children, particularly in young girls 10 or 12 years of age.

It is a curious thing that in the majority of instances these functionally blind people are seldom very grateful for the restoration of their sight. In most cases their manner and attitude is matter-of-fact and blasé. It apparently means little to them that their whole way of life has been changed by what would undoubtedly be hailed as a miracle were it performed in a more spectacular manner.

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Snow Boat

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE, the New York department store which last year gave impetus to the growing ski craze by installing an indoor slide (with borax for snow) and teaching incipient enthusiasts, is now sponsoring a "Snow Boat" cruise to Switzerland. (Minimum rate, $695.) There will be skiing all the way across the Atlantic, thanks to a ski slide constructed on the deck of the ship. Two instructors will give lessons and daily exercises in limbering up muscles. The cruise, lasting for five weeks, will include 18 days of winter sport at St. Moritz, as well as a two-day stop at Paris.

High Pressure in the Bible Belt

As told by his son to

T. H. Alexander

WHEN agents came to our campus last spring with tales of large profits to be made from selling Bibles during vacation, a veteran canvasser said to a group of us: "Look at this map and observe that I draw a line from Pennsylvania to Nebraska. Now all the states south of this line constitute the so-called Bible Belt of America. Gentlemen, the dough is there; go and get it."

It sounded good. The manager of the crew I joined was even more enthusiastic. He dug up statistics to show that this region absorbs almost three fifths of the five million Bibles sold in the United States each year. Last August a popular novel sold 100,000 copies in a cheap edition, but the sales of the Bible exceeded that in the first day and a half of the month. Salesmen often sell from $500 to $600 worth of Bibles every week, and they earn 40 percent commission.

I was assigned to sell in North Carolina and given an intensive training course along with 600 other college men who worked for the same company. We were taught, among other things, how to hitchhike — "goose the ghost" as it is known in the lingo of the trade. We must never ask for a ride in pairs, for this alarms motorists. The Bible seller never hails a woman alone in a car, but two are usually good for a ride.

We were sent out strictly on our own; Bible houses won't advance money. I made the trip of 900 miles to my territory at a cost of 90 cents for hamburgers. Our problem then was to live on deposits put up by customers. Some boys who were booking as high as $500 per week in orders found themselves taking in hardly any cash. Hence the average salesman must forage like a soldier. He plans to reach a fine residence when night falls. If, however, the dinner bell catches him before a humble cabin, he must make the best of it. Once in a small North Carolina town I spent the night voluntarily in the jail, which was not only clean but free. The most hilarious meal I ever ate was with a humble Negro tobacco farmer, his wife and *16* children; I got the only knife and fork in the house and they gave me the first helping. In the training school the salesman refused a sale is taught to say, "Well, Mrs. Jones, I reckon I'll just have to eat with you," and Mrs. Jones usually submits. He is instructed to offer pay for accommodations, but I never heard of an offer being accepted.

Once in our territories, we looked up all the ministers. The fact that a student is selling Bibles gives him a certain standing because you really do meet "the best people" in small-town churches. We were besieged by invitations to dine and dance, to play bridge and tennis. About 30 percent of the students who sell Bibles in the summer are members of college fraternities. I blush when I recall that I sold 26 Bibles because I was wearing my fraternity pin!

Training schools teach the salesman to say that he is in the community talking with people about the Bible and religious work in general. Then he asks a person he has met, "What kind of a Bible have you?"

The prospect more than likely will reply, having suspected what he has let himself in for, that he has more Bibles than he can read. The salesman's answer, according to the textbook he has studied in sales school, will be that of course he expected any man in his circumstances would have a good Bible, as all cultured people do, but if it isn't too much trouble, may the salesman see the prospect's latest Bible? If he produces the Bible, the salesman looks it over hastily and says: "You have a very good Bible and no doubt secured the best one you could at that time. But I have a Bible which was gotten out much later, and as you were kind enough to let me see yours, if you don't object I'll show you a few sample pages of mine by comparison." And then the salesman is ready to launch into Canvass No. 1, in which he does everything but get a toe hold or half nelson.

In case the prospect is a woman — and women buy four out of every five Bibles sold in America by commission salesmen — the approach is different. Suppose the housewife is busy. The following technique is quoted from the salesman's guide:

"Explain to her that you observe she is quite busy but you have just one picture you want to show her in the Illustrated Bible. Then you open your prospectus and show her the picture, Jesus in the Home of Martha and Mary. Then say the following: 'We are told that Jesus was better pleased with Mary, who sat at his feet inquiring of spiritual things, than He was with Martha, who was too busy with household duties. Don't you think that women would be better off today if they read the Bible more and worried less about household duties?'"

The first time I attempted this pious line an old lady stared at me so intently over her spectacles that I began to stammer and finally broke down laughing. That lady certainly could make good doughnuts, and she finally gave herself a good sales talk on the Bible and bought one.

But Mrs. Jones is likely to say that she does not want to buy without consulting her husband. The salesman must then spin into this: "Mrs. Jones, did you ever think what an important place women fill in the Bible? (Turn to the picture entitled, The Visit of the Wise Men.) Take these pictures here, for instance; in this one you will notice the Wise Men worshipping Jesus in the arms of his mother, a woman. You see him again in his mother's arms fleeing into Egypt, guarded by an angel. By the way, did you ever notice that nearly all pictures of angels are women? Here is Mary with a mother's fondness watching him learn the carpenter's trade. (Turn to the picture entitled, Go, Sin No More.) You see here it was through a woman that Christ taught the great lesson of compassion . . ."

After more of this, the salesman is due to remark that of course religion means much to men but it means everything to women, for in some homes where there is no Bible or religion, men make slaves of their wives. He attempts to wind up the sale quickly, gets as large a deposit as possible and obeys the soundest rule of any type of selling by getting off the premises instantly.

If the harassed Mrs. Jones says that she is afraid her husband won't give her the money to pay for the book, it is the duty of the salesman to show her how she can pay for it, say, by selling chickens, butter and eggs. If she is still reluctant, he turns to the picture of The Widow's Mite and says in a moving voice: "Mrs. Jones, this poor widow sacrificed all she had for the Lord. Now, if she could do that, don't you think you should sacrifice the small amount of $5 for this Bible?"

Salesmen usually get some emotional reaction from women by unconsciously bringing to mind a long-dead son or girlhood lover. One struggling fellow in Indiana was adopted and educated by a wealthy woman he met when he tapped on her door; she was interested in him at once because he bore a striking resemblance to her son who had been killed in the World War. Whenever the salesman talks to a woman who sees in him some fleeting likeness to an absent loved one, he is always certain of a sale.

The easiest person to sell is one who can neither read nor write. It is well substantiated that five percent of all Bibles bought in southern states from house-to-house canvassers go to illiterates. The Bible houses encourage business with these people and show salesmen how to get it. Upon meeting a prospect who admits he cannot read, the salesman must imagine incidents where the absence of a Bible might embarrass the man — the visit of the min-

ister, for instance. Or the neighbors are often in the house discussing the Bible and religion, and the illiterate could learn a good deal if he got one of the neighbors to read to him. Besides, the children in the family ought to have a Bible. The sales ritual calls for him to wind up thus:

"In fact, I claim that every man ought to have a wife, a gun, a dog, a baby, a Bible and a hymnbook in his home, even if he has nothing else." The salesman recalls the handwriting on the wall at Belshazzar's feast. Neither the king nor the wise men of Babylon could read the handwriting on the wall. But Daniel read and interpreted the writing because he had the spirit of God in him, which shows that worldly wisdom is not enough to interpret spiritual matters.

A Bible salesman in Alabama last summer found he was meeting with an almost miraculous lack of sales resistance among Negro farmers. He discovered that the belief was current among Negroes that misfortune would dog the steps of any colored man who refused to buy the Holy Book! One in Mississippi sold eight Bibles in a Negro family and when he came back in September to collect he found that not one of his customers could read. Moreover, they couldn't count. He was directed to the bureau drawer, and while the buyers crowded around, he counted out the money. It is common for the salesman to book orders on the condition that he will, upon delivery, write in the book the family record of births, deaths, and marriages.

We even went after the atheist with a talk which began by asking him if it would be possible to live in a community where the Bible is unknown. We cited the Jukes and the Edwardses as examples of environment as well as heredity. We stressed the necessity for authentic records in family Bibles and we always related, from the files of our company, how a woman in Oklahoma lost a pension because she didn't have a family Bible to prove her marriage to a war veteran.

After using all the tactics laid out in our manual, there is still plenty of range for ingenuity. One boy made enough during a summer to keep himself in college for the remainder of his course by deliberately disturbing busy people. Finding a farmer at his plow, he would spread out his samples invitingly in the shade and take over the plowing, while the farmer examined the books at leisure. He sold 95 percent of those he canvassed.

Another salesman donated a pulpit Bible retailing at $20 to a church on the condition that its members buy 300 Bibles at $2 each. The pulpit Bible really cost him 40 percent less than $20; hence

at a net expense of $12, he obtained $600 worth of business which paid him $240 in commissions — and he won a handsome bonus from his house, also.

Bible sales were up 20 percent in the house-to-house field this past summer. Members of my crew made last-minute sales perched on ladders in tobacco warehouses to farmers on nearby ladders hanging up their golden harvest. A crew invaded a Pennsylvania coal mine and sold miners deep in the pits. A salesman in dry Alabama found he could make sales in almost every instance to known bootleggers, because the bootlegger was eager to get the salesman off the premises before he saw too much.

We were all pretty philosophical about our sales, no matter how we made them. The man who buys a Bible is getting something that will do him no harm and may do him a lot of good. And my earnings are aiding materially in my present year at college. Many a business and professional man owes his education to selling Bibles. The freshman who is successful generally sticks to Bible selling during his four-year course. He usually can earn more than at any other part-time employment. He may become a crew manager and earn over $100 a week.

In view of the fact that 134 million Bibles have been distributed in this country by one agency alone, you might suppose that every American family has a Bible. But only last year a colporteur visited 8062 families in a prosperous upstate New York town and found that one fifth of these families had never owned one. In the heart of the South, ministers conducting a house-to-house canvass found that more than 10 percent of the population had no Bibles. Although 80,000 are distributed in the world each day, the saturation point seems never to be approached. For many years one house has sold steadily in the tobacco regions of North Carolina $40,000 worth of Bibles each week of the summer season. Alert student salesmen continue to earn from $500 to $2000 in commissions during the summer in regions which have been worked persistently every year since the Civil War.

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There are two insults which no human will endure: the assertion that he hasn't a sense of humor, and the doubly impertinent assertion that he has never known trouble.

—*Sinclair Lewis, "Main Street"*

Will China Outface Japan?

Condensed from Time

OF GREAT INTEREST to the remainder of the world would be the news that China had at last stiffened her backbone and was going to fight Japan. Events of the past few months make this a possibility: the Chinese Government is becoming astonishingly bolder, the Japanese markedly less truculent. Already there is a reversal of the decade-old, turn-the-other-cheek policy of accepting humiliation.

To make clear how bold the Chinese Premier Chiang Kai-shek and his Cabinet have actually become requires a review of the more recent of these humiliations. In 1934, in North China, 30,000 Japanese soldiers had thoroughly beaten 300,000 Chinese soldiers. Chinese plenipotentiaries sent by Generalissimo Chiang to make a truce with Japan arrived by train at the little town of Tangku to find no conveyance at the station. These high-ranking Chinese had to go on foot through the thick dust of the streets, and stand humbly in the broiling sun before the gates of the Japanese barracks until Japanese soldiers deigned to open.

In the slant eyes of the Far East, China appallingly "lost face" by this Tangku Truce, which has been stretched by Japan in the ensuing months to legalize any outrage Japanese or Koreans chose to commit in North China. In the spring of 1936, not only were Japanese-smuggled sugar, artificial silk and cigarette paper selling openly in Peiping for less than the Chinese duty which should have been collected on them, but the Chinese state railways were each day running a "smugglers' freight car" coupled to the morning passenger train which entered North China from the Japanese puppet Empire of Manchukuo. The climax was capped when Japan forced Chinese officials to take away the revolvers of their own customs guards and the Japanese navy announced that any interference by a Chinese revenue cutter with Japanese smugglers' craft "will be regarded as an act of piracy on the high seas, and will be treated accordingly."

Though China's face was thus slapped again and again by Japan, Generalissimo Chiang continued to turn the other cheek. He even had the Chinese police beat up and jail hundreds of Chinese students when they demonstrated in Peiping, Shanghai and Tientsin against Japan. Anti-Japanese passages have been expunged by Chinese historians from many Chinese schoolbooks on orders from Japan. At Tokyo's behest,

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Nanking has dissolved scores of local offices of the *Kuomintang*, the political party of the Generalissimo himself, the only party he permits to exist in China.

On the surface, humiliation; but underneath the surface, extraordinary achievements, few of which have made world headlines. For, under Chiang, China has built a greater mileage of roads than in the previous 3000 years. Motor trucks and buses now snort over a Chinese countryside in which the peasants are still too poor to buy even kerosene for their lamps. The buses are mainly for Chiang's soldiers and the trucks to rush food and supplies during floods and famines. In times past, Chinese have died by the hundreds of thousands because their Government could not ship food over trackless wastes fast enough to let a province with a bumper crop feed a starving province.

As for the army, there are about 250,000 Chinese soldiers who are crack troops, "Chiang's Own." In case of war with Japan these 250,000 expect to have the harrowing duty of driving ahead of them against the Japanese the 2,000,000 miscellaneous Chinese soldiers, and even to shooting in the back the tens of thousands who will falter.

With this army, during the past five years, Chiang has pursued the Chinese Communists for 2000 miles through seven provinces, ending with Kansu where they now are, still unconquered. In many cases the local Chinese authorities had been more or less at outs with Dictator Chiang. But after they had been attacked by the red armies and either badly frightened or overcome, they greeted the arrival of the Generalissimo's troops with unwonted enthusiasm.

The provincial governors, too, when summoned by Chiang to council a couple of months ago, answered his call, although often before these sly fellows had refused to come. The governors were said to have promised the Dictator they would stand by him in case of war with Japan.

All this, together with the inevitable reaction against the humiliations imposed by Japan, has worked out so nicely that discerning Frank Hedges, Far-Easter of the Washington *Post*, recently reported that Chiang has "succeeded in unifying the Chinese people in a way not known for centuries." Today he is unquestionably the greatest man in the Far East, recognized joyfully as such by Chinese, and by Japanese as definitely Bogieman No. 1.

Everyone in Tokyo knows that the longer Chiang successfully continues unifying China, buying U.S. war planes, quietly digging trenches and building an elaborate line of cement pillboxes for

machine guns, the less chance the Japanese war machine will have for a steam-roller victory. Last summer, Japanese militarists, eager to provoke a quick war, sent sweeping demands to Nanking by a Mr. Shigeru Kawagoe, whom the Chinese detest. To the astonishment of Ambassador Kawagoe, his truculent demands were met with counter demands, something wholly unprecedented in all these years of China's meek humiliation. One of the basic Japanese demands was that she have the right to send Japanese troops to wherever in China the government troops are fighting Communists. To this demand China solemnly replied that it would be premature to grant such rights in all Chinese provinces, but that the Chinese Government would grant them in Manchuria, Jehol, East Hopei and Northern Chahar — where, as a matter of fact, Japanese soldiers already dominate! Sprung with the utmost Chinese decorum, this impudent joke did not escape even glum Ambassador Kawagoe, while all Nanking roared with amusement.

Thus there was justification on the Premier's 50th birthday recently for the most warlike demonstrations and transports of popular enthusiasm which his Government has ever enjoyed. If war could be declared by poster, China declared it with gaudy and gigantic stickers pasted up all over Nanking showing Generalissimo Chiang leaping to the top of China's Great Wall and beckoning with drawn sword for a Chinese army to follow him over the wall and into Japan's Manchukuo.

The birthday cake of the Dictator carried not 50 candles but replicas of 50 foreign-built bombing planes of the latest type which were the Chinese people's birthday present to Chiang Kai-shek. Coolies have given coppers, bankers silver bars, and so much money was collected for the Birthday Airplane Fund that the Government expected to buy an additional 50 war planes.

With this solid backing, the Premier, at the peak of his career thus far, hurled a kindling speech at his excited friends and countrymen: "My Government has overcome the twin menaces of Communism and Chinese disunion. We can dismiss any insinuation that some exterior Great Power is needed to help China maintain order within her own borders. Forward, fellow citizens, to revive our old national traits of self-reliance, of self-government, temperance and self-consciousness. Show the world that the Chinese people can do great things!"

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Finding the Lusitania

Condensed from Esquire

As told to F. MacDonald Bryan by

Captain John D. Craig

"THE *Lusitania* sank right out there," Harrington, an Irish fisherman, said.

From the cliffs of Old Head of Kinsale, Ireland, Captain Henry B. Russell looked across the rolling Atlantic toward the tomb of the greatest sea tragedy of the war. For weeks his salvage vessel, *Ophir*, equipped with the most modern location-finding instruments, had searched for it without success. Now a simple fisherman said, "That's the spot, sir!"

In his preliminary work Captain Russell had consulted the sea-stained chart used by Captain Turner of the *Lusitania* on that fatal May 7, 1915. The master's marginal notes reveal she was steering a zigzag course which ended abruptly at 2:10 p.m. with a laconic entry — "Struck."

An equally laconic vignette of that greatest marine disaster of modern times is sketched by Robert Chisholm, second steward aboard the *Lusitania*, now chief steward on the *Ophir:*

"I happened to look over the side and saw a darting white streak. I ran below shouting for everyone to hold fast. The torpedo hit fairly amidships; the ship listed sharply. The second torpedo hit a moment later.

"At my lifeboat station I found that all the boats on the port side had fallen inward. As I hurried back to B deck I passed Alfred G. Vanderbilt vainly attempting to rescue a hysterical woman. I shouted, 'Hurry, Mr. Vanderbilt, or it will be too late!' He did not heed me and both lost their lives.

"I saw a lifeboat with about 90 people in it. There were only three men, the rest were women and children. The lifeboat was heeling over as the *Lusitania* sank. I jumped into the stern and, with the help of a 14-year-old boy, we got safely down to the water. The torpedoes had smashed the engines and it had been impossible to reverse to stop ship, hence the vessel was still under way and our lifeboat was towed along in danger of being swamped. Finally the boy and I cut the painters and we managed to get clear. The little boat was so heavily loaded that the gunwales were only three inches above water. Fortunately the sea was calm and we were picked up at 6 p.m. by a patrol boat."

Steward Chisholm was among

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(*Esquire*, December, '36)

those consulted by Captain Russell, of the *Ophir*, in his first attempts to determine the approximate position of the *Lusitania*. A hundred people — ship's officers, coastguardsmen, the pilot of the German submarine — gave him data, and he discovered that if he charted all the ocean within the positions they indicated, it would mean searching an area of 120 square miles, a hopeless proposition. Weeks of cruising over what seemed the most likely spots proved useless. Many wrecks were found by the dragging kedge anchors and the location-finding device, but none was the huge bulk of the *Lusitania*.

Then he tried another form of inquiry. In the tragic months when submarine attack was ever threatened, anxious watchers had daily lined the cliffs of Ireland. On the day the *Lusitania* was passing through the danger zone even the school children were permitted to leave classes and watch. In the opinion of Lieut.-Commander R. H. Dring, a man who knew the whole coast, many of the seafaring men who watched the disaster must have taken bearings on the sinking position.

So Commander Dring and Captain Russell chose several villages along the coast, held meetings in the village pub, and spoke with all the men who had witnessed the sinking. One of these witnesses was the fisherman Harrington, and some 20 others were found whose observations seemed reliable. To each the officers put the question: "How do you know the *Lusitania* sank 'right out there'?" The officers knew that a few inches' miscalculation from the shore would throw the *Ophir* far enough out to entail weeks of useless search.

Each witness had a slightly different answer, but the gist of them all was, "Because I was standing near the barn and took a bearing on the corner of Mrs. O'Leary's cottage."

Captain Russell set range finders on the spots where each witness had been standing when the *Lusitania* sank, and "shot" his bearings. When charted on a map, 12 of these intersected within a single area of one and a half square miles, about 11 or 12 miles off shore. Russell immediately marked this area with buoys and set to work.

Soundings were taken with the Admiralty Depth Recorder, an instrument which sends a sound to the sea bottom and records its returning echo on a graph. If an object, a great rock for instance, rises suddenly, so does the marking on the chart. Further, there is a difference in the reaction of the sound from a solid rock and from the hollow hull of a ship.

After a few days of fruitless search, a marking on the graph suddenly told them they were

over some remarkable hollow mass. The instrument recorded that this object was 84 feet high. Over and over again they criss-crossed that spot, checking height and accurately determining length by ranging on a buoy while they slowly steamed from stem to stern of the wreck — 780 feet! The *Lusitania!* Quickly a marker buoy went overboard.

For the next ten days a gale blew, carrying away their buoys. But Captain Russell had taken very careful bearings and in 14 minutes from the second start of the search, his instruments made the same recording. Again bad weather but finally, on October 26, Diver Jarratt went overside.

Down, down he went through the still, green waters. Gradually the light grew fainter, the water duller, darker. The danger of getting fouled in the wreck was great. One of the cables on a mooring anchor snapped — a 15-ton pull had done it when the ship heaved to the swell — so Jarratt had little chance if he should foul a foot or drop under a deck in that heaving sea.

The Recorder had shown that the wreck lay in 246 feet of water. When the winchman sang out, "Forty fathoms," they stopped Jarratt. Back up the phone line came his message:

"I am standing on the plates of a ship; I can see her two-inch rivets. There is amazingly little sign of corrosion beneath the slime covering the hull."

The rivets of the *Lusitania* were one and seven-eighths inches in diameter.

Jarratt never got down again. After hopefully battling the worst storm season the Atlantic had known for 50 years, the *Ophir* finally had to give up and steam for harbor.

But they will go back, equipped with a newly invented all-metal, flexible-limbed diving dress which carries sufficient oxygen to last from eight to ten hours and which, in Admiralty trials, has withstood pressures equivalent to a depth of 2500 feet underseas. And this time they will be joined by Captain John D. Craig and his crew of Hollywood Motion Picture Adventurers who will photograph the operations in and about the wreck.

The thoughts of these men are not all for the treasure. They think of the thousand souls who died imprisoned between decks, drowned in the midst of luxury that afternoon in May, and they approach this adventure with awe. And if the remarkable new scientific gear proves successful, we may witness on the screen some of the breath-taking secrets of those sunken decks.

Mary

Condensed from The New York Woman

Elizabeth England

MARY came to work for us after a vague parade of Bridgets and Lizzies; and from the first there was an air of permanence about her. Within two weeks we children came to her whenever we lost anything. In a year she was as much a fixture in the house as the front hall. Today, after thirty years, she still is.

And Mary herself hasn't changed. One of her traits is to keep four or five sentences in the air at once — juggling subjects and predicates into a single knotted whole which only Mother can follow. During breakfast one morning she stood back on her heels and said: "Sure, them rains is terrible, the way the dog feels the thunder, and the cellar half fulla water right up to the furnace, so I put a couple of shovelfuls in, and it shivering like it had the ague, the poor thing."

Father came out of his paper with a dizzy expression, and, grasping one part of her communication as you would seize the flying arm of a child in a tantrum, said: "The cellar leaked?"

"Ah, sure the fire isn't hurt at all," said Mary, leaving Father in another county. "It's roaring up now. Don't worry about *it!*"

She also had her own vocabulary and pronunciation. Laugh at her, and she would join in heartily, simultaneously giving you a look of hot Irish vengeance. Explain the pronunciation carefully, and she would say impatiently: "Ah, musha, I wasn't born yesterday." Hence, for years safety pins were to us say-fetty pins, a bureau was a bureo, and cereal was seerily.

For a difficult child, Mary had a standard phrase: "Glory bitta God, the lad of him!" And when she had been tried by our animal spirits beyond endurance, she would say on a note of false finality: "Now this'll be the last. I'll tell your mother on you, see if I don't now." But she never did tell, for the number of ends to her tether was limitless.

Mary's loyalty was fanatic. No one could criticize us but herself. At one time my sister, who was six, acquired a peculiarly repellent habit of leaving her mouth open whenever she was thinking hard. One afternoon she was standing outside our house, thinking — immobile, remote and open-mouthed. A strange child came along, paused at this ex-

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traordinary spectacle and said: "Are you dumb?"

My sister returned to the present by gradual stages, considered the question, and answered impersonally: "Sometimes." The strange child, perfectly satisfied, went on. My sister came into the house.

"Who was that talkin' to you?" inquired Mary, who, though she had been at the back of the house, had the Eye of God. My sister repeated the conversation and Mary flew into a towering Irish rage.

"Glory bitta God, the lad of her!" she stormed. "'Is she dumb!' Wait'll I get my hands on her. I'll dumb her!"

I remember to this day the paralyzing sound the word dumb had when Mary turned it into a transitive verb.

Her private life consisted of a rare visit to a superior sister Katherine — whose husband owned a contracting business, and of whom Mary spoke in mixed tones of awe and patronage — and frequent visits to a more normal brother Thomas. Thomas had married a shrew and begotten a social problem (or seven to be exact). For years Mary spent at least one evening a week giving them all her wages and washing her hands of them. For a day or two after these visits she would pound about the house like a horse, breathing hard through her mouth. If you asked her, on these occasions, how her brother's family was getting on, she would reply in a voice flattened with the weight of unspoken words. "Ah, *them!*"

Mary also had two friends — Rosie and Bessie. Once a week for 20 years they dropped in for a cup of tea. Rosie was tall and bony, with a gloomy, toothless Celtic face; Bessie was short and fat. On quiet afternoons as they sat in our kitchen over mahogany-colored tea and thick bread and butter you would hear, penetrating their low murmurs, such phrases as "Ah, that one'll be the death of me" or "Did she now, the poor thing!"

Mary had one enemy of such long standing that she was dearer than a friend — Katie, my cousin's cook. Her feud with Mary was respected in our household as an ancient ceremony, its original cause buried in the mists of time. Katie never failed to "ask after" Mary in the tone she would have used if she had been fattening Mary up to roast on Christmas. Her face was so unbelievably sour that she always seemed to be overacting and she used to walk past our house for the sheer joy of expressing facially what she thought of the kitchen end of it. If Mary saw her it meant two or three hours of pounding and panting and muttering.

Although Mary might have

married several times she never did. No man was good enough for her. But her vanity never died and her only sartorial shortcoming was shoes. She had corns whose ferocity and knowledge of the weather were nearly human; and she was forever cutting holes in her shoes to liberate these savage enemies. "It'll be wet tomorrow," she'd say. "Sure I thought I'd weep in Mass with them corns."

During thunderstorms Mary wrapped herself in the green portieres of the dining-room doorway, and told her beads. For years if one of us went into the dining room during a thunderstorm and saw that palpitating green column of curtain, we respectfully ignored it. At last, however, some visiting school friend saw it and giggled. From then on the poor woman took to a corner of the back hall, where we could hear groans and fragments of prayers on the heels of every thunderclap.

She was part of childhood. For 20 years she made birthday cakes, put buttons into buttonholes and rose in the night for one or another of us. When we were all grown up, she went away to "retire." But she came back — the habit of service was too strong. And I am glad, for she re-creates sensations that rooms cannot do alone. When we come to visit Mother, her welcome makes me realize that I'm grown up: "Ah, Mrs. Charles, and how's yourself? And Mr. Charles? And the boy?"

But the next morning, she says with severity that cryptic sentence that makes me feel curls on my neck and socks on my legs: "Eat your oatmeal, now. It lines the tubes."

I don't know even yet what that means. But I eat my oatmeal.

Rodents on the Rampage

No one knows what it is that makes various types of rodents suddenly increase enormously in numbers. In this country we have mysterious no-rabbit years, and equally mysterious excessive-rabbit years, during which state-wide jack-rabbit drives are conducted in the West to offset the destruction. In some years lemmings, close relatives of mice, become so numerous in parts of Norway that they come down from the mountains, run through towns, die all over the place, even invade the business districts of Oslo, and finally, restlessly emigrating, reach the sea. There, as if piped on by the Pied Piper, they swim out and drown. — Donald C. Peattie in *Today*

Education on the March

TWO YEARS AGO the students of the North Bend, Washington, high school were told that on the following Monday no bells would be heard; they were to work as they saw fit, without classes. On the second Monday following, the clocks were stopped as well. A month later all the students signed a petition asking for two such free study days a week. "We get much more done," they said. The present program is: Mondays and Wednesdays — free study without bells or clocks. Tuesdays and Thursdays — recitations — and two recitation periods a week instead of five keep the teachers on their toes. Friday is "Achievement Day," when all classes spend their time listening to the discoveries and demonstrations of various pupils. —*Journal of Education*

THE HIGH SCHOOLS of Rochester, N. Y., now give courses for boys in home and family life, on the principle that young males need training to adjust themselves to society. Practical questions are taken up: the behavior of men and women together, the relation of the home to community resources such as the Public Health Department, the father's responsibility in the home, ought a boy to pay board when he begins to earn. The boys visit day nurseries to see how young children are managed. They are taught how to choose clothes for wearing qualities and suitability, and how to repair and care for them. They are also taught the principles of home ownership and renting, how to budget expenses, and the elements of household repair work. They are initiated into the art of buying foods economically and wisely, and gain an idea of what elements make a nutritious, balanced diet.—N. Y. *Times*

INSTEAD of taking a final examination in "American Civilization," sophomores at Horace Mann School for Girls recently were permitted to produce a movie, *Their Adopted Country*, showing the Americanization of a family of Italian immigrants. The pupils prepared the script, planned the settings, designed the costumes, carried on the necessary historical research, acted, photographed the action, edited the continuity, prepared accompanying sound effects, and presented the first showing. To these 13- and 14-year-old girls the filming of the picture was most exciting. Operators had to use the school swimming pool in order to "shoot" a river, and to transform the art room into a speakeasy, a settlement house, etc. Acting in a silent picture, they found, had to be very expressive pantomime in order to be effective, and in editing the film the young producers had to exercise creative talent to bring out the subtle relationships which make for movement of scene to scene. In this concrete achievement the students not only found opportunities for expression and accomplishment, but acquired first hand, with a vividness impossible to capture in a textbook, a realistic sense of the problems and responsibilities of citizenship.—N. Y. *Times*

ONE DAY in 1934 Dr. James Madison Wood, president of Stephens College, Columbia, Mo., called on Adrian, the dress designer responsible for costuming many Hollywood stars. "Why couldn't a college," he asked, "give its girls the same sort of aid in clothes problems that the movie studios give their actresses?" Dr. Wood had already brought to his campus a psychologist who corroborated his theory that problems of awkwardness and self-consciousness are often the root of failure in college and later life. Acting on this advice Dr. Wood replaced part of the old-fashioned gymnasium work with social dancing, and introduced a course in speech to aid conversation. As a result he has seen dubious marks shoot up, harassed and puzzled faces relax, as inferiority complexes were shed.

Dr. Wood believed that every girl of the 900 in Stephens College had an interesting personality. To emphasize this, however, she needed expert advice on grooming and clothes. As a result of his call on Adrian, Dr. Wood brought to Stephens Miss Myra Jervey, who now gives a regular course in the principles of dress, and a consultation service on individual problems. Last year a beauty studio was added, and together they set up a practical advisory service in personal appearance.

—Eunice Fuller Barnard in *McCall's*

"TO ESTABLISH the dignity of the farming profession and to develop rural citizenship," the University of Wisconsin offers a "Farm Folk School." The school term runs from November to March, and costs each student $97.50 including food, shelter, tuition, and medical care. There are no academic requirements. Three out of four boys who enroll have finished high school. Others have received sixth to eighth grade educations. Besides classwork in soils, farm management, forestry, nutritional chemistry, livestock, etc., courses are given in public speaking, sociology, literature, economic and political science, and citizenship. This training is designed to develop leadership so that these farmers, when they go back to their rural communities, will have a conception of the social and cultural opportunity their chosen vocation offers. —Ruth E. Wilson in *Successful Farming*

THE CARNEGIE Library in Homestead, Pa., has become the "campus" of a "depression university" attended by more than 500 young men and women. The "university" began modestly in 1932, when six young people decided to study together, with a local minister as their teacher. More and more students joined the group, until classes outgrew the church and moved into the library. There, in addition to 40,000 books, the students have at their disposal eight classrooms, an auditorium with theatrical equipment, a gymnasium and a swimming pool. Evening classes of college standard are conducted by 15 trained instructors; most of them are voluntary, some are PWA workers. No fees are charged for admission to any course; and when money is needed for textbooks that the library cannot provide, the students raise it by giving dances or entertainments.

—*Journal of Adult Education*

The Nature of Telepathy

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Ernest Hunter Wright

✦

IS IT POSSIBLE for any man to "read" a thought that lies only in the mind of another? Can any man "see" an object that is hidden from his eyes and all his other senses? Is there any such thing as telepathy, or clairvoyance?

I have no argument of my own to offer and, far less, any personal faith to press. I want to set forth an array of facts. I shall be willing to let the reader make of them what he can. Since they may startle him, however, as much as they have startled me, I ought to tell him that I have made sure of all the facts I am presenting.

There have been plenty of good folk to tell us about dreams that came true. Almost any one of us must have a friend who is certain he has seen an apparition and perhaps two or three who are sure they have had monitions of events that were on the point of occurring at some distant place. A recent inquiry made of 10,000 men and women of the kind who appear in *Who's Who* revealed the fact that one in every four was willing to admit a personal experience of this nature. In the main we have simply put aside these stories for the good reason that they were at such variance with everyday experience as to be highly improbable, and for the even better reason that they were seldom capable of proof or real investigation.

But there is something we may now report as sure, and it is very different from any unauthenticated lore. It is the outcome of a long series of experiments, simple but purely scientific, and more rigorous and thorough than any we have seen before.

At Duke University, I have just been sitting across a table from a young woman who has done a thing I have no way of explaining. Between her and me, in the center of the table, stood a wooden screen so high and wide that neither of us could see the other. In my hand, face down, I held a special pack of cards, 25 in number, which I had just shuffled. As fast as I could register her calls, she tried to name the cards in the pack from top to bottom. We went through the re-shuffled pack 20 times, and thus she tried to name 500 cards in all. So rapid was the system that the whole thing was done in half an hour. When it was over I found that she had named an

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(Harper's, November & December, '36)

amazing number of cards correctly — so many that there was only one chance in 600 million that she might have done it by luck or accident.

About six years ago Professor Joseph Banks Rhine,* of Duke University, began these tests to find out once for all whether there is any such thing as telepathy or clairvoyance, or any other sort of extra-sensory perception. The tests have gone on without a respite, and more than 100,000 have now been recorded.

The various tests are all made with a 25-card pack, each card bearing on its face one of five different designs — a circle, a rectangle, a star, a cross, or a set of wavy lines. Anyone who took the test, under whatever conditions, was simply asked to name as many of the cards as he could without looking at them and without other sensory access to them. In pure chance, of course, he would average one card right in every five. The idea was simply to see whether anyone could steadily name enough of the cards right to show something more than mere chance at work. About half of the tests were for clairvoyance and the other half for telepathy.

For instance, if the experimenter removes the cards one by one without looking at them till the performer has called them, and if the performer can succeed in these conditions he would seem to be displaying pure clairvoyance since no one else can know what the cards are. Again, there may be no actual cards in use. The experimenter may merely imagine one card after another and ask the performer to name the card he is imagining. In this case the test would be one of pure telepathy.

The result of these experiments has been amazing. About a score of men and women were discovered who could regularly name so many of the cards correctly, in such a variety of tests, that there was not one chance in many a million million of their having done it by accident; and the successes of them all taken together were so great as to stagger the imagination, leaving us but little apparent choice between believing in clairvoyance and telepathy or believing in sheer nonsense.

The first extraordinary score was made by A. J. Linzmayer, a student at Duke. In his preliminary test he called 21 cards right out of 45, where chance would have allowed him only 9. During the next few days he called 600 cards and got 238 of them correct. The chance of doing this by accident is 1 in 100 decillions, or 1 followed by 35 zeros. In one series of 25 calls Linzmayer made a score of 21 correct, and 15 of these were consecutive. Anybody

*See biographical mention in Among Those Present.

who has ever dealt a hand at bridge may be interested in figuring the chance of such a feat.

Hubert Pearce, a divinity student at Duke, has taken 11,250 tests and, counting those attempted when he was ill or worried, he has still averaged 9 calls correct in every 25 through the entire series. George Zirkle in 3400 tests made an average of 11 correct in 25. Remember that chance would have allowed these men an average of five correct out of 25; and note that their scores are always *above* the chance allowance. If the performers were operating under chance alone, their scores would be just as likely to fall below the mean allowance as to rise above it.

In most cases the distance between the performer and the pack of cards in use would seem to make little difference in his success. In 600 tests behind a screen Mr. Pearce held to an average of 9 in 25, and in 300 in a separate building to an average of 9.9. In 200 tests taken at a distance of 250 miles Miss Sara Ownbey and Miss May Frances Turner made an average of 10.1 correct in every 25.

On several occasions Zirkle called 22 right in a given 25, and once, in a series of 50, he scored 26 correct in straight succession. Pearce once called every card correctly in the pack of 25. And the chance of doing that is 1 in 298,023,223,876,953,125. If we were calling cards at the rate of one every half-minute for ten hours a day every day in the year, it would take us about 600 billion years to make as many calls as the number just put down. So once in every 600 billion years we could expect to duplicate the feat of Pearce by chance.

The results of these 100,000 tests constitute formidable evidence. Dr. Rhine and his associates are so sure that clairvoyance and telepathy are now a part of scientific fact that for some time they have hardly been interested in further tests intended merely to prove the case. They are still hard at work to find out, not whether these powers of the mind exist, but what the powers are — how common they may be, how far they may be cultivable, and above all how it is that they do their work.

If we take the powers of clairvoyance and telepathy for real, as does Professor Rhine, what can we say in explanation of them? Are they going to remain another mystery for us, like gravitation or cohesion, or are we going to discover something of their nature? We are still too deep in the dark to speak with certainty but there are a few things we may suggest, if only tentatively.

In the first place, the powers would seem to be truly *extra-sensory*. They do not seem to consti-

tute a sixth sense. The men and women who possess the gifts are all firm in the opinion that they cannot localize the power in the way in which they can so easily localize their sight in the eyes, their hearing in the ears. Their response is general and total. Nor can we see our way to clairvoyance or telepathy through any theory of radiation. They must be taken for mental gifts apart from sense.

The power would appear to be anything but passive. And that puts at rest an ancient notion that the first duty of a good clairvoyant is to put himself to sleep, partly or entirely, after which he may be able to "see" things as they somehow drift into his vacant mind. On the contrary, it is necessary for the percipient to be alert. In nearly every case a marked decline in scoring has occurred when the performer was indisposed or worried, when he was very tired, or when there was any other reason for undue distraction. A good many times, in the middle of a long run of tests, the performer has been given a capsule containing a narcotic to see how it might affect his scoring, and about as often one containing a stimulant. Often the man did not know which of the two, if either, he was taking in his capsule, or what he might expect as a result. In every case the narcotic has brought a notable decline in scoring, usually to the mere chance ratio; and the stimulant has invariably raised the score, however high it may have been before.

The gift would seem to be an active function of the mind, more delicate than most of our other mental powers, but it appears to be an altogether normal power, and to have no kindred with infirmity of mind or body. It would seem to be appearing in our species, rather than disappearing; and it is probable enough that, since the extra-sensory power is of a higher order than the sensory, it comes later in the evolutionary process.

Clairvoyance and telepathy would seem to be one and the same gift manifested in two different media. So far the two gifts have been found in every person who enjoys either of them, and both are of equal vigor. A percipient's score is always the same for pure clairvoyance as for pure telepathy.

Now if that be true it may lead us to a final bold surmise. All through history, and all around the world today, there have been and are a good many men and women having mental experiences of various kinds which they cannot begin to understand. The kind of thing that happened famously to Joan of Arc and to Savonarola is reported to be happening still to far too many humbler folk for us to go on ignoring it. All such experience has

come to bear the name parapsychology, which means only that it is psychological experience of a nature we cannot yet explain. It is the realm of parapsychology which Professor Rhine has taken for his province. He and his associates are eager to examine all these species of experience and to put them to every test that science may require. He feels he has made sure that many of us have a way of finding out a little about the world outside us without the use of any of our senses. He has reason to believe that all of us will show a little of this power, or perhaps a good deal, as soon as we are more familiar with the delicate conditions that allow it to unfold; though as yet he has quite properly experimented mainly with the men and women who are most highly gifted in it.

Now it may be a signal fact that every one of the eight most gifted extra-sensory percipients so far discovered comes from a family in which one or more members have been known for various other parapsychological experiences. One of them had a mother and an uncle who were given to premonitions. Another had a father whose prophetic dreams would fairly commonly come true; and once on two successive nights both his father and his mother dreamed of an unanticipated event which duly came to pass. A third had a mother with unusual clairvoyant power who believed she was in league with various "spirits." Since there has been no star performer without at least one relative given to such experiences, it begins to look as if unusual gifts of this sort may run in families.

And our bold surmise is this: If the two commonest parapsychological experiences have now been isolated and discovered to be one, and if the men and women who are signal for them commonly have close relatives who are given to all the other various experiences in the field, it may be that in these two we shall find a key to some or all of the other mysteries in the realm of mind which have so long been a puzzle.

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In any new relationship, we feel an unconscious need to create, as it were, a new picture, a new edition of ourselves to present to the fresh person who claims our interest; for them, we in a strange sense wish to, and do, start life anew.

—*Ann Bridge, "Illyrian Spring"*

Take a Look Inside

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly

Hannah Lees

IT HAS BEEN nearly 40 years since a German named Killian thought of putting a hollow tube down through people's mouths into their chests and looking around to see what was wrong. He didn't do badly with that first rough bronchoscope, either, with the help of a strong light and a mirror on his forehead to reflect it down into the tube. But that indirect lighting made it difficult to get a good look and bronchoscopy, as you read about it today in the papers when children have nails or beads taken out of their lungs, actually dates from the time, not many years later, when a young Pittsburgh doctor, Chevalier Jackson, had another bright idea. He took Killian's tube, ran a wire down the side and put a tiny electric light way down inside the end, so that he could really see.

This may seem a simple idea but the passage into which that straight tube has to go is neither simple nor straight. Imagine a tree upside down, or better still a grapevine. The original trunk is your windpipe which divides into two forks, and those are your bronchi. Then those forks begin to branch and branch, first into your smaller bronchial tubes, then into your bronchioles, which by that time are very small indeed. And after a good deal more branching each little bronchiole ends in a lot of almost microscopic bunches of grapes, and those are what make up your lungs. When you breathe in something you shouldn't — which, doctors say, is practically always the result of carelessness — it gets sucked right on down until it sticks and blocks your airways, and it is into whatever branch the foreign body happens to stick that the bronchoscopist has to send his straight tube.

That means putting you in such a position that your mouth and throat and windpipe and bronchial tubes are all in a straight line, and that takes some doing. Then, after they get the tube in place, a tube sometimes less than half the size of your little finger, they have to get elaborate long slim instruments down inside that to scoop or snip or grab.

Suppose a child is brought into a hospital having serious trouble with breathing, and his mother has an idea that she is short one safety pin. That is a fairly logical thing to suppose because Dr.

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Jackson's clinic alone has taken out close to 300 safety pins. Well, after tapping and listening, they X-ray the child from different angles. They study the plates and study the child himself under the fluoroscope until they know exactly where that safety pin is and in exactly what position.

Then, knowing exactly where it is, does the bronchoscopist go right to work and take it out? He does not. He has a dummy on which he works everything out first. The best dummy is a flat, cloth-covered board with several pieces of rubber tube fastened down on it, and the first thing to do is to hook the safety pin in the cloth just the way its brother is inside Junior, and try with a variety of long slim forceps getting it out through a tube of the right size without tearing anything.

There are 16 different ways of extracting open safety pins, practically every one of them calling for different instruments. Sometimes it is a good idea to straighten out the pin, sometimes to bend it, sometimes to cut it up in pieces, but most often to close it. Sometimes the pin won't come out with any of the regular instruments and then the bronchoscopist will invent one to do the trick. In fact, a good many of these specialists have their own machine shops for just this purpose.

Ordinarily with children a bronchoscopist finds he can work best with absolutely no anesthetic. This isn't as cruel as it sounds, for most operations of this sort aren't really painful, merely uncomfortable and rather frightening, but it means the doctor must be able to create an atmosphere of confidence and relaxation.

When it comes to problems of extraction, even an open safety pin has nothing on a peanut, because a peanut, along with most vegetable substances, is radio-transparent, which means that the X-rays go right through it. So the bronchoscopist has to go down with his bronchoscope and look around till he sees what he is after. And when he does see, he has to be painfully careful, for if he should crush the peanut trying to get it out, tiny fragments would be breathed right down into the patient's lungs where even the finest bronchoscope couldn't go. What is more, peanuts along with beans and some other substances, once inside the breathing apparatus, cause swelling and inflammation that make them even harder to reach. Pins and even pieces of glass sometimes stay for years without bothering one.

Some of the greatest problems besides the safety pin and peanut are the double-pronged upholstery tack, because two ends have to be covered before it can be withdrawn, and the mushroom-headed tack, because it usually goes down head first and would catch and

scrape on the way out unless the edges were covered or the thing turned around. The list of things found in people's bronchi includes also items such as small fish, fishhooks, medals, rings, pieces of wire and living leeches.

But such extractions form only a very small fraction of the bronchoscopist's daily routine. For a bronchoscopist in scientific circles is more accurately known as an endoscopist; he can also look into the larynx, the esophagus, or the stomach, where have been found burrs, hairpins, whole chains of safety pins, dollars, half-dollars — even stones approaching golf-ball size.

Other things the endoscopist can do are: remove tumors that block food or air passages, suck out airways stopped up by infection, and dilate passages closed by inflammation. He can treat abscesses way down in the lungs and bring material right from the source for making vaccines to cure those abscesses. Also he goes down into the lungs or esophagus or stomach when trouble is only dimly suspected and brings up little pieces of tissue for study. This is particularly important in the lungs, for cancer of the lungs seems to be on the increase. Early diagnosis means a chance for early operation, and the only means of early and positive diagnosis of cancer of the lungs and esophagus is by bringing up a snip for examination.

Endoscopy, then, whether it be concerned with problems of research or of safety pins, is a delicate science indeed. That it is both important and needed is evidenced by the fact that there are endoscopic clinics today in every large city in America, in every country in Europe, and in China and Japan.

The Age of Specialization

THE IDEA of renting shirts is getting a try in New York. A "Shirt Rental Company," a subsidiary of the Metropolitan Towel Supply Co., offers this plan: you sign a year's contract for three shirts a week for 50¢, or four for 65¢, or five for 80¢, or whatever number you want. The company buys the shirts to fit your measurements, indelibly prints your name on the tails so that you get only yours, delivers them to you once a week clean and fresh in a box, picks up the soiled ones, mends them if you tear any snags in them, replaces those that get ragged around the collar, and otherwise takes your shirt-buying and laundering troubles to itself. To date some 200 customers in New York City have contracted for the service. — *Sales Management*

How Musical Are You?

By

Doron K. Antrim

Editor of Metronome

IT IS POSSIBLE today to determine a person's musical possibilities with amazing accuracy. We can single out from a group of towsled tots anywhere the future Tibbetts and Toscaninis and those who can never be more than household virtuosos.

The significance of this fact to American music — and to American home life — cannot be missed. Already, in the one large city where the Seashore music test is widely used, it is saving hundreds of children from hopeless musical drudgery. Conversely, it is preventing the one musical tragedy which is worse — the neglect of children who are potentially great musicians. This is not to say that music is only for the talented — *everyone* should play some musical instrument. But a concert pianist's training need not be wasted on a person who can never do more than play acceptably for his own amusement.

Carl E. Seashore, professor of psychology and Dean of the Graduate School at Iowa University, began experimenting with music tests over 30 years ago. After years of developing his procedure, during which he examined thousands of children, Dr. Seashore was ready for the big test. Could he really predict success or failure in music, not only in isolated instances, but in the overwhelming majority of cases? The late George Eastman took a keen personal interest in the question, and a proving ground was provided by the Eastman School of Music at Rochester, New York. Dr. Hazel M. Stanton, then Dr. Seashore's first assistant, and now a consulting psychologist in music in New York City, took charge of the work.

More than 10,000 persons, from 9 to 66 years of age and of every occupation, have been musically measured, and the results of the 10-year experiment have only recently been made known. But even before the final results were available, Mr. Eastman was so impressed that he introduced a dragnet service into the Rochester public schools, so the exceptionally talented might be discovered early. Rochester now employs a psychologist for this special job, and other groups are taking up the idea.

The records abound in exciting case histories. When the tests were first begun, an 11-year-old boy was singled out from the mob. His parents were poor, and in no position to encourage his desire to

become a violinist. But the Seashore tests indicated exceptional talent, and lessons were begun immediately. He has since graduated from a music school with the highest honors, won four scholarships, and is now — still in his twenties — conducting a symphony orchestra.

In another case, the test was given to a woman of 64, who later admitted "a hankering to write down the melodies that flitted through her head," but had never taken herself seriously enough to find out how to go about it. An inherent talent was discovered, and she began to study. Since then, several of her compositions have been published.

And, on the other hand, there was Mildred, who by the time she was 19 had waded through five years of piano practice — 2000 hours — because her mother was bent on making an accomplished musician of her. The Seashore test revealed that she had no more musical talent than a mollusk. Confronted with this evidence, her mother gave up the fight, and Mildred blossomed out into a happy and successful personnel manager in a department store. It's astonishing how many Mildreds are being made to muddle through somehow, and how many mothers are breeding damaging inferiority complexes by persisting in the same cruel mistake.

Just recently, Lawrence Tibbett was given the test, and emerged where you'd expect him to — in the lonely three percent which constitutes the highest possible ranking. "You're on safe enough ground there," you say, "'testing' a musician of Tibbett's standing." But the point is that Tibbett would have made the same score 20 years ago, for *inherent* musical abilities do not change with age or training. The assurance that he had the "makings" could have meant a good deal to a young musician in the grim days before recognition came.

Dr. Seashore was launched on the work which has occupied most of his life by a violinist acquaintance. His musical friend was inclined to be boastful about his ability to detect the minutest variations in pitch. If this were true, reasoned the scientist, it could be proved. He tested his friend with tuning forks, and found that he did indeed possess a remarkable ear for pitch. He extended his experiments to a class of 30 students, and discovered wide variations in individual sensitiveness to pitch. Steadily pursuing his new science, he spent two years developing tests for pitch alone. Gradually he added measurements for the sense of intensity, time, consonance (choosing tonal groups that sound well together), tonal memory, and rhythm.

So uncannily accurate are the predictions based on these fundamental measurements that prospective students at the Eastman School of Music can even be told what are their chances of graduating. Accomplishment records were kept of four successive entering classes. Students entering with a poor showing in the Seashore tests have but one chance in five of ever graduating. Proof that the fundamental capacities remain the same throughout life was found in the "retests." The same children, tested after successive periods of training, showed no appreciable improvement.

Invaluable in planning the musical future of any child, or adult for that matter, the Seashore tests are available on an inexpensive set of Columbia phonograph records, and may be applied at home. Victor offers a similar set, the Kwalwasser-Dykema tests. The test itself is just a matter of listening to the records, following directions, and noting one's reactions on a ruled sheet of paper. For an accurate interpretation of the results, however, it is usually best to seek the advice of someone experienced in the field. An expert, by recommending suitable instruments, may find a silver lining to an apparently disheartening score. Such advice may be found in the more progressive schools, colleges of music, and universities where the tests are now widely employed.

For example, a child may rate high in pitch and low in all the rest, and still get by as a singer. Violinists, string and wind instrument players *must* rank high in pitch because they make their own tones. If the candidate is weak in pitch but strong in rhythm, the piano is a possibility. One girl, studying the piano professionally, was found to be weak in tonal memory. She was accordingly advised to switch to the organ, where she could have the music always in front of her. A boy who had been half-heartedly studying the saxophone was found to be better equipped for the piano; he switched, and became exceptionally proficient at the keyboard. Generally speaking, if the candidate comes through on pitch, rhythm and intensity, he has a grasp on music's tap roots.

Unfortunately, a love of music is not always accompanied by corresponding talent — though Dr. Stanton did find people low in talent who nevertheless learned to sing and play for their own amusement. So, if Hazel shows a burning desire to negotiate *Home Sweet Home* on the parlor grand, there is no reason why she should not be helped to get all the pleasure she can from it. But if she muffs the Seashore tests, don't encourage her for the concert stage.

Even a hopelessly low rating in musical essentials does not bar one from the enjoyment of music; it simply shows that one will be handicapped in instrumental or voice study. All of us may derive pleasure from listening to music, and this pleasure may be enhanced by a study of music appreciation. As one musician puts it, "Although every child cannot make a contribution to music, music can make a contribution to every child" — and that goes for adults, too.

The big thing to remember is that youth is the time for music study. If talent is nurtured from an early age, it has a chance to flower. The idea of becoming a singer never occurred to Lily Pons until after she was married, when her husband became intrigued by the quality of her voice. But her parents, ardent music-lovers themselves, had prepared her when a child, by giving her the basic musical training on the piano.

Formerly, buying an instrument for a child was pretty much a gamble. But under the test system, father may be given some assurance of a return on his investment. Dealers frequently loan pianos at nominal fees, and many public schools have a stock of band instruments which are rented for trial purposes. In the old days, much deserving talent was lost to the world forever. Today, if you have a Lily Pons in your home, you can discover her yourself.

It's Easy if You Know Human Nature

¶ ONE real-estate operator rents his apartment houses by having two identical apartments vary as much as 10 percent in price. One sort of customer always notices the difference, compares the two apartments, and rushes to rent the cheaper one before anyone else notices the apparent mistake. On the other side, with equal frequency, bobs up the customer ready to pay $10 difference in order to have the highest-priced suite on the floor.

— Kenneth M. Goode and M. Zenn Kaufman, *Showmanship in Business* (Harper)

¶ PEOPLE EXPECT canned salmon to be pink, and it is not easy to sell white salmon, even though an expert taster could hardly detect any difference. Some years ago, when pink salmon in the Columbia River were late in arriving, a canner successfully took his chances on selling the white. On each can he placed a label: "This salmon is guaranteed not to turn pink in any climate." — Fred C. Kelly in *The Saturday Evening Post*

No Starving Armenians

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine

Anonymous

YOU'VE probably known the kind of person who would "give you the shirt off his back" — those generous souls who are always doing for others. I am the husband of such a person, and it has been a revealing experience. In the beginning, I balked violently at spending money we needed ourselves on some waif Dot had picked up. But it made Dot so unhappy I always had to give in. Starving Armenians never excited her. She wanted to know the people she helped, to give of herself as well as of our meager means. And after 14 years, I find that I am sold on the idea myself.

To explain why, I submit some of our experiences. At first Dot's own brothers and sisters, eight of them, were always needing something, and our slender salary was dolefully dented. An ice-cream soda was an event. We lived in a one-room kitchenette affair with horsehair furniture, but it was one of the happiest years of our lives. And part of the thrill came from thinking that, were it not for us, Dot's sister would be unable to stay in the sanitarium.

One morning a flustered husband called Dot saying that his wife was being rushed to the hospital. He explained that she was almost frantic, wondering what to do with her six-weeks-old baby, and had said that if only Mrs. S— would take him, she could go feeling perfectly at ease. When he suggested calling, she said, "Oh, we can't ask her. We hardly know her." But he did.

When I came home, I was flabbergasted to find a brand-new baby installed with crib and all accessories, and even expected the worst until Dot explained. She had always been crazy about babies anyway, and we had not been successful in raising our own, the first two having died shortly after birth.

We became so fond of the young man that, at the end of two months, when the mother was fully recovered and we had no excuse for keeping him longer, we hated to give him up. Dot went through a period of aching void, and we were on the point of adopting a child when another presence knocked, and we decided to wait. She is now

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(Scribner's, December, '36)

nine years old and has a brother four. But that first baby was only the beginning of our experiences in playing parents to youngsters not our own, and in other adventures with people.

Gene, whose mother was dead, was Dot's favorite cousin. One morning Dot said: "Wouldn't it be nice to send Gene to the university and let him take that chemistry course he is so interested in. He could stay with us, and it wouldn't cost much. It will mean a lot to Gene, and think how happy it will make us years from now to have given him his chance."

How could I refuse? Dot rarely asked anything for herself. If she had, it would have been easier to hedge. We gave Gene his education, and he stayed on after graduation, playing us for a couple of easy marks, which I suppose we were. Gene is now out on his own, but we still want him to feel that our home is a haven he can turn to in time of need.

Dot's attempts to make something of John were happier. He appeared one winter morning, a lad barely 19, dirty, disheveled, but, as Dot said, "with such a nice, honest face," asking if we had something he could do, saying that he hadn't eaten for two days. The hunger march to our door, and I suppose to most others during the depression, was a daily occurrence, and Dot fed all comers, on the theory that it was better to feed panhandlers than to pass up those in real need. Dot could usually detect the former, anyway, in finding out whether they really wanted work, a bath, and other essentials of citizenship. John verified his story by eating lustily, and doing a thorough job of washing the windows. He had a bath and was fitted out with my old clothes. Without preachment, Dot kept playing on his pride to make something of himself and soon had her friends giving him regular work.

After a year's absence, he appeared one day with a new suit and a ready-made smile. He had a steady job and was about to be married.

Dot's friends have repeatedly warned her against taking such nondescripts into the house — no telling what they might do. Perhaps we are just lucky, but we have never had any unfortunate experiences or anything stolen, except Dot's engagement ring.

Lillian was 16, and one of the few girls from the orphanage allowed to help week ends in homes carefully chosen by the social worker. What they made was their own and going out to do light work was considered a privilege. After we had taken Lillian back to the Home one Saturday, Dot discovered that her ring was gone. Since Lillian had been dusting in that room, it seemed obvi-

ous that she had taken it. We called the superintendent of the Home, who assured us that Lillian was one of their nicest girls and could not possibly have taken it. Lillian was heartbroken that we should even suspect her. The superintendent, too, seemed to feel that we were doing the girl an injustice, and suggested that the ring must have been mislaid.

The next morning Dot said, "Will you drive me to the Home? I know Lillian has the ring and I mean to get it, not only because of what it means to me but because of what it would mean to Lillian to succeed in what may be her first misstep."

In the presence of the superintendent Dot could get nowhere with Lillian, so she asked permission to talk to her alone. Dot understood why she had been tempted. She had never had a ring, had she? Taking it didn't mean that she was a bad girl, but keeping it would. Sympathy and understanding were too much for Lillian, and she tearfully confessed. Lillian is married now and we hear from her every Christmas.

Last summer we took to the country a little girl from a children's home as a playmate for our Janet. It was a joy to watch Helen. Her own parents were dead and she had almost no recollection of them. As a result she was starved for affection. At first Janet, who is affectionate but not demonstrative, was jealous, but that gradually wore off in the joy of having a companion. Helen's influence on Janet was highly salutary. Helen had been trained to do little routine duties such as making her own bed. Janet, who had never made a bed, was soon following suit. Helen had a particular aversion to spinach, but she was so anxious to please that she ate every morsel, albeit haltingly. Janet began calling attention to her own clean plate. Janet was inclined to be inconsiderate of her playmates and sometimes downright selfish. In these respects Helen helped straighten her out, too.

Indeed, the plan worked out so well that we are taking Helen again next summer, and also a boy for our other youngster.

The usual doubt voiced by my friends is: won't these children be worse off in returning to an institution after having a taste of parental love? And I recall the old bromide, "'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." And the superintendent of the Home shares this belief.

In a good institution children get everything but parental love. If you have ever visited a children's home, you no doubt have been deeply touched by the way the little tots especially want to hold your hand, to touch you, to cling to you. Why not appease

this hunger, if only for a brief time? It will give the youngster memories he will never forget.

Then, too, having taken a child for the summer, you invariably continue your interest. We have had Helen and her friends at our home on a number of occasions. It is a soul-satisfying thing to gather several waifs around your Christmas tree and watch pure ecstasy light up their faces. Some of our friends are now doing it, and we have interested a few in taking children for the summer.

It has been a lot of fun. We never expect to have much of a bank balance, but we have managed, thanks to Dot's ability to cut corners, to do a lot with comparatively little. We could not afford most of our gratuities; we just went ahead, and something usually turned up. The older I become, the more I find it necessary to justify my life. I do not know whether this is a general experience, but I realize that if I had followed my original self-centered way, I would now be facing more bitter moments than I do. Living for myself and family is no more than a normal obligation. Those enlargements of family experiences have given me the most satisfaction. I'd rather be called "Daddy" by youngsters not my own than by my two. You somehow expect it from your own.

Another thing I've found. Painless giving is just a palliative to ease a restive conscience. Unless it means some sacrifice of time, money, or of yourself, there will be small return in satisfaction. Both of us have got back much more than we gave out.

I can already sense it — Dot saying, "Let's just keep the children from the Home."

Standing Room Only

A COUPLE who lately did some exploring in London were being shown through the Parliament Buildings by a guide, and expressed surprise at the size of the hall where the Commons sits; it didn't look, they remarked, as if it could possibly hold all the members. The guide said that it couldn't — not by a hundred or so. "But they are never all here at once," he said, "so we find the accommodations adequate." This didn't quite satisfy our tourists. For heaven's sake, they demanded, weren't all the members present when, on occasion, the fate of the Empire might be hanging in the balance? "No," the guide said thoughtfully. "They know there wouldn't be any place to sit down even if they did come." — *The New Yorker*

Canary World

Condensed from
"Canary, the History of a Family"

Gustav Eckstein

Physiologist of the University of Cincinnati;
author of "Noguchi," "Lives," etc.

+

BEFORE the canaries came, the laboratory where I work was the usual ferro-concrete cell, with the addition of a radio and a Steinway Grand; a chemical bench through the middle, scientific equipment, four 100-watt lights. A hygienic place. And out of it the canaries created something quite original — the world in which they were to live.

I bought the first canary at a bird store eleven years ago, three days before Christmas. You did not have to know about canaries to see that her wooden cage was too small: I decided to let her out. Wobbly in her tail, wobbly in her wings, nevertheless by noon next day she could fly to the tops of the lower sashes of all four windows, to the transom rods, the radio, the filing cabinet.

There is something in the air the afternoon before Christmas Eve. I got it into my head that that female was lonely. So I bought another canary, the founder of the family, a male whom I called Father. By March it was clear that Father was too much for Mother. She looked run down. And that is how I came to buy another wife for Father, a striped one whom I called Striped Mother, and with Striped Mother was completed the first generation.

At nesting time, wire sieves. A canary needs some framework for his house, and that explains why for a few months each spring I can a bit help God. I wire up the framework — to wit, an ordinary small coffee strainer — and there are babies. So many babies, that I even, in a lush moment, took out a small insurance policy payable to whoever saw to it that that crowd did not just starve if I myself had a stroke.

One evening — this now more than a year after that first Christmas — I saw Striped Mother poke her head out from under the filing cabinet to look up at me, and what amazed me was that she was not interested in my feet and not in my body but in my eyes. That was the true beginning of this history — the moment I first felt the fascination of the canary mind.

Filled with intriguing observations of birds seen as individuals in a community all their own, Dr. Eckstein's "Canary" is comparable to his previous remarkable book, "Lives" — a quaint account of his other laboratory pets. *© 1936, Gustav Eckstein, and published at $2.50 by Harper & Bros., 49 E. 33 St., N. Y. C.*

I had noticed her at all only because of the awkward way she had to twist her head through half a circle to see up to my eyes. But it was my feet that might step on her, and they were down where she might watch them without going to that trouble. Like every creature she was anxious to have safe the world around her. I was the most important part of that world, and a bump it gave me to realize that that scrap of canary was trying to get information about me from my eyes. Was trying to do to me the very thing I was trying to do to her — understand me.

Now I recalled that when the females were collecting the materials for their nests, I could interrupt even that deep instinct — if I turned my eyes their way. Again, I long had known I might prevent a mother feeding her babies, at least make her nervous. And queerest — I must not use my eyes on that frequent gesture of affection when one grown-up bird was feeding another. The two would stop, as if I had made them shy.

I soon discovered that Father had what among men is spoken of as consciousness of leadership. When Father planted his feet on the edge of the music book on the Steinway rack and prepared to sing, I was always able to make anybody see how much he resembled that big-bodied Belgian violinist, Ysaye, who also planted his feet as if he were determined to draw the melodies up through his body out of the earth. But Father was not only an extraordinary singer. He was an extraordinary teacher too.

I never knew that a bird lesson could be that formal, or a bird teacher have such patience. Ordinarily Father taught one or two sons at a time, but more if more drifted in. He would sing their notes with them till they got them clear, perhaps three notes, then lengthen the three, sing upwards from them, sing downwards from them, and only after that start the trills. In the course of a lesson Father might wander off on something that interested him more as artist than as teacher, and for that he liked quiet and if he did not get quiet might lean across and give someone near him a whack. But the lessons were lessons, unmistakably; and because of much hearing of the piano he knew things other canaries never learn. In the best periods the male voices all modulated as fast as the piano — did not follow the melody, but changed key as the piano changed key.

Canary voices are affected by anything. In the parts of the year when I am using the typewriter most, all the voices go up. One twilight there was a tone so different that though I was hard at work I heard it. It was not like

canary song — more like a stir of air, an unbelievably rapid quivering. It was Chicken, one of the young birds. Where except in his own mind could the little bird have heard anything like that?

I had given up thinking of this when again one twilight, the College silent, I was just able to make out down the hall and through two doors the noise of someone's noiseless typewriter. Just able. I had never heard this before, and the only reason I heard it now was because my ears were prepared by Chicken's tone. But at that distance the machine had almost the same quality as this little bird's vanishing music. I knew that I must henceforth be very careful in deciding what a canary can hear.

Chiefly the male sings to serenade the female, as everybody knows. When the male sings to the female his whole body sings. If you have not before seen it you think it overdone acting — the way the whole anxious body advances toward her on its toes. Puck, Father's second son, a polygamist if ever there was one, I have seen sing to four ladies at once. With Puck it was any lady, all ladies, same song to all ladies, same pressure, same order of events, heat turned on as mechanical as a faucet, every step in the love sequence a trifle more brilliant than any nephew or brother.

Sometimes a serenade might end in a singer contest, strain come into the voices, the pitch rise, and in 30 seconds everything be altered. It is difficult for the human singer to hold a big tone as long as three quarters of a minute, yet a canary when he wants to win can hold a tone even longer, and this is more bewildering because he breathes so much faster than we — 90 to 120 times in the minute against our 12 to 18. But when the excitement of song is on him he does not want to stop at all to breathe, and it is said that birds have ruptured blood vessels and died in such a singer feast. What happens usually is that into this contest of two singers another and another is drawn, till what may have begun as a kind of reading of poetry becomes a fierce chorus of battling voices.

The call-notes that many times a day went between husband and wife were certainly speech. Then there were the various cries, the cry of the mother to her fledglings, of a leader to the Community; and the warnings that rose up day and night. But the most stirring speech I ever heard was Father's, the terrible time when because of someone's carelessness most of the population flew out into a February night.

What was I to do?

At least it seemed good sense to start playing the piano, and

this I did. There was no result that night. But when I started again the following morning with the dawn it turned out that the canaries came nearer as soon as they heard the piano. To do so they had every yard of the way to challenge the sparrows, and that took courage. It also took great exertion because those flights out-of-doors were much longer than the birds were used to. Father and two sons entered at the very first tones, and it was after that that canary song was put to the most remarkable use I was ever to witness. Father sang back his family. He stood there on the sill, sang and sang, as if to burst his throat, and one by one his children came in.

When Christmas 1931 came round, I went to the bird store and bought the canaries another bird.

I called him Striped Male. Out of his prison in a flash! Gay yellow and brown, head bristling, back arched — *drum major!* He tramped to the front of the Steinway, estimated the distance to my table, gambled, made it. He had not had too easy a time keeping himself in the air, yet no sooner did he land and get a fresh footing, on he continued to the bookcase.

The whole population was silent.

Several were below the bookcase on the zinc-top table, eating. They stopped. He looked down on them, joined them. His diet at the bird store had not been much besides water and seeds, but that did not prevent him recognizing higher food. However, he thought best first to make sure that all this was his — without warning gave the amazed bird next him a half dozen pecks, and the one next, so on, everybody scooting to the four corners.

The table thus cleared, Striped Male began nonchalantly to eat.

And this continued. When Striped Male ate egg no one ate egg. When Striped Male ate banana no one ate banana. When Striped Male thought he liked one special perch whoever was on got off.

By human standards he remained vulgar. But it was Striped Male whom delicate Striped Daughter took for a mate. She had never paired off with anyone before. From this on the two were inseparable. Striped Male's courtship went right on after the marriage. Every ambition of his own he had given up to devote himself to this female. Naturally he would beat her, but what can be justly said is that the personal lives of the two apart from each other had no serious meaning. From morning till night their joint flights cut the air, as parallel as lines drawn with a ruler and remaining so for all her young-wife changes of direction. Briefly, Striped Daugh-

ter and Striped Male had that kind of relation of which one says: "Nothing can go wrong in that."

1932. Christmas. Again I bought a new bird — Crusty — and it was for her that it happened, what I thought never could — Striped Male deserted Striped Daughter. In the weeks that followed I watched Striped Daughter, but if she was hurt she kept it where no man's eye could see. Her busy life buzzed on as it had. And Crusty was all day followed by her slave, as Striped Daughter had been.

Crusty this whole winter held her man. Yet I could not be rid of — well, my opinion is, Striped Male visited with Striped Daughter now and then. Whether the change of feeling was gradual or all at once I do not know. Yet I do know that on the first of March I saw Striped Male flying in parallel streaks with Striped Daughter again. The husband back with the wife. Over Striped Daughter was the old world-scouring busyness. Looking at her you still would have said that nothing had happened. Looking at him you would not have been so sure.

But the picture I would leave with you is of song. Sundays when the New York Philharmonic would begin to come over the radio the whole spirit of the place would change. The radio stands against the south wall between the windows, and after a while you always believed that the orchestra was literally down in that box. This gave to the laboratory out in front of the box the feeling of being a great hall with the singing canary audience all around the balcony of it. Hinge, Father's first-born, would be high to the back on his perch; he always occupied the same place, the other singers in a great semicircle low on the sides and rising toward him. Sometimes he would sing uninterruptedly through an entire concert, showing an increasing freedom as the program mounted to its glory. He would not look like a canary any more. It was inspiration.

Fabulous canary singing on those fabulous Sundays! All the males would sing, often a female. Once Striped Daughter sang through half a concert. It was that heavenly afternoon when great Toscanini played the Ninth Symphony — took Schola Cantorum, Metropolitan soloists, Philharmonic Society, wrenched them out of themselves, or back into themselves, I do not know which. And this canary singing was not speech, not love-making. No, these tiny birds with their tiny voices that Sunday afternoon came very near to man's own high conception of art for art's sake, song for song's sake, the creation of impersonal beauty.

The Woman in Lincoln's Life

Condensed from "Lincoln, the Unknown"

Dale Carnegie
Author of "How to Win Friends and Influence People"

THE GREAT tragedy of Lincoln's life was not his assassination, but his marriage. He had not been engaged long to Mary Todd before she began to make him over. Stephen A. Douglas had been her beau-ideal. For a while he had courted her but it came to nothing and, immeasurably disappointed, she determined to do the best she could with Lincoln.

She didn't like the way he dressed. Usually he had one gallus holding up his trousers and when a button came off he whittled a peg and pinned things together with that. Such crudeness irritated her, and she made Lincoln so uncomfortable that sometimes he let days drift by without seeing her.

Their love affair degenerated into dissension, and Lincoln realized that the engagement ought to be broken. Encouraged by his friend, Joshua F. Speed, he went one night to tell Mary the painful truth. When Lincoln returned, Speed asked, "Well, did you do as you promised?"

"Yes, I did," responded Lincoln, thoughtfully, "and when I told Mary I did not love her, she burst into tears and, wringing her hands as if in agony, said something about the deceiver being himself deceived." Then he stopped.

"What else did you say?"

"To tell the truth, Speed, I found the tears trickling down my own cheeks. I caught her in my arms and kissed her."

"And that's how you broke the engagement!" sneered Speed.

"Well," drawled Lincoln, "if I am in again, so be it. It's done and I shall abide by it."

Weeks rolled on. Lincoln's whole soul rebelled against the marriage. He sat in his room with no desire to go to his office or to the legislature. The wedding day — January 1, 1841 — dawned bright and clear, and the aristocracy of Springfield flourished about in sleighs, making New Year's calls. At 6:30 that evening guests began to arrive. At 6:45 the minister came.

The clock struck 7:00 . . . 7:30. Lincoln had not arrived . . .

"No other book on Lincoln presents so much of him or presents it so unforgettably," says Lowell Thomas. Not so much a biography as a human interest account of his daily life, "Lincoln, the Unknown" pictures intimately a man venerated but little understood. © 1932, Dale Carnegie, and published at $2.50 by D. Appleton-Century Co., Inc., 35 W. 32 St., N. Y. C.

Minutes passed . . . Slowly, inexorably, the clock ticked off a quarter of an hour. Half an hour . . . Still there was no bridegroom.

In the next room, Mary Todd, bedecked with bridal veil, waited, nervously toying with the flowers in her hair. She walked to the window constantly. She couldn't keep her eyes off the clock. Another awful hour passed. At 9:30, one by one, the guests withdrew, softly, wonderingly, and with embarrassment. When the last had disappeared the bride-to-be tore off her veil and rushed sobbing up the stairway.

At daybreak a searching party found Lincoln in his office, talking incoherently. His friends feared he was losing his mind.

For almost two years after that, he ignored Mary Todd completely. Early in October, 1842, a Mrs. Francis in Springfield asked him to call at her home. Wondering what it could mean, he was ushered into the parlor; and there, to his astonishment, he saw Mary Todd.

They met often after that, always behind closed doors in the woman's home. One afternoon, Lincoln, reluctantly and with an aching heart, asked Mary Todd to be his wife. Fearing nothing so much as delay, she wanted the ceremony that very night. All arrangements were carried through with nervous haste. Even the frosting of the wedding cake was too warm to cut well when served. Lincoln's best man testified that he "looked and acted as if he were going to the slaughter."

Shortly after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were having breakfast at Mrs. Early's boarding house in Springfield when Lincoln aroused the fiery temper of his wife. What he did, no one remembers now. But Mrs. Lincoln, in a rage, dashed a cup of hot coffee into her husband's face in front of the other boarders. Saying nothing, Lincoln sat there in humiliation and silence while Mrs. Early wiped off his face and clothes.

Mrs. Lincoln's outbursts of wrath grew more frequent, more fiery, with the passing of time. She was always criticizing her husband; nothing about him was ever right. He was stoop-shouldered, and there was no grace in his movements; she mimicked his gait and nagged him about his table manners.

The most striking characteristic of Abraham Lincoln, from this time on to the end of his life, was a sadness so profound that mere words can hardly convey its depths. As his law partner, William Herndon, put it, "Melancholy dripped from him as he walked." Those who knew him intimately agreed that the chief cause of this abysmal sadness was his tragic marriage. He had no home life, and he never invited even his most intimate

companions to dine with him. He himself avoided Mary as much as possible, spending his evenings spinning yarns with the other attorneys down at the law library. Sometimes he was seen wandering alone, late at night, through unfrequented streets, his head on his chest, gloomy and funereal. Sometimes he said, "I hate to go home." A friend, knowing what was wrong, would take him to his house for the night.

Once, years later, a Springfield truckman, who had had the misfortune to incur Mrs. Lincoln's violent abuse, rushed down to Lincoln's office and demanded that the poor man make his wife apologize. Lincoln listened to his story, and then said sadly: "I regret to hear this, but let me ask you in all candor, can't you endure for a few moments what I have had as my daily portion for the last fifteen years?"

If Lincoln had married Ann Rutledge, in all probability he would have been happy, but he would not have been President. He was slow in thought and movement, and she was not the type that would have driven him to achieve political distinction. But Mary Todd, obsessed with a determination to live in the White House, was no sooner married to Lincoln than she had him running for Congress.

But when he was elected and she came East to join him, she found things vastly different from what she had anticipated. Lincoln was so poor that he had had to borrow money from Douglas to pay expenses until he got his salary check. So Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln stopped at Mrs. Spriggs' boarding house. The street was unpaved, the sidewalk was made of ashes and gravel, the rooms were bleak, and there was no plumbing. Washington did not trouble to collect garbage; Mrs. Spriggs depended on the cows, pigs, and geese that wandered about the streets.

Mrs. Lincoln found the door to Washington society shut tightly against her. She was left alone to sit in her bleak room, listening to Mrs. Spriggs' boy driving the neighbor's hogs out of the garden.

Even when Lincoln returned to Washington as President, ten years later, Mrs. Lincoln's situation was not much changed. She confidently expected that as "Mrs. President" she would be the center of the glittering constellation of Washington society. But to her amazement and humiliation she found herself snubbed again. Unable to attain popularity herself, she was bitterly jealous of those who had.

Shortly before the fall of Richmond, General Grant invited Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln to spend a week with him near the front. General Adam Badeau, Grant's aide-de-camp, was detailed to escort Mrs.

Lincoln and Mrs. Grant. He has left this record of one incident:

"I chanced to mention that the officers' wives had been ordered to the rear — a sure sign that active operations were in contemplation. Not a lady had been allowed to remain, except General Griffin's wife, who had obtained a special permit from the President. At this Mrs. Lincoln was up in arms. 'What do you mean by that, sir?' she exclaimed. 'Do you mean to say that she saw the President alone? Do you know that I never allow the President to see any woman alone?'

"I tried to pacify her, but she was fairly boiling. 'That's a very equivocal smile, sir,' she exclaimed: 'Let me out of this carriage at once. I will ask the President if he saw that woman alone.'

"Mrs. Grant strove in vain to mollify her; but then Mrs. Lincoln got angry with Mrs. Grant. 'I suppose you think you'll get to the White House yourself, don't you?' Mrs. Grant merely replied that she was quite satisfied with her present position.

"That night the President and Mrs. Lincoln entertained General and Mrs. Grant and the General's staff at dinner, and Mrs. Lincoln created another scene. During all this Lincoln bore up with an expression of sadness that cut one to the heart, but with supreme dignity. He called her 'mother,' with his old-time plainness; he pleaded with eyes and tones, and endeavored to explain or palliate the offenses of others, till she turned on him like a tigress; and then he walked away, hiding that noble, ugly face that we might not catch the full expression of its misery."

The then reigning queen of Washington society was the renowned beauty, Adele Cutts Douglas, the woman who had married Mrs. Lincoln's former sweetheart. The glamorous popularity of Mrs. Douglas inflamed Mrs. Lincoln with envy, and she resolved to win social victories with clothes and jewelry. She plunged into debt, to the extent of $70,000! A staggering sum when we remember that Lincoln's salary as President was only $25,000. When Lincoln was running for a second term, Mrs. Lincoln's New York creditors threatened to sue her; and the possibility that Lincoln's political enemies might use her debts as political thunder drove her almost to distraction. "If he is re-elected, I can keep him in ignorance of my affairs; but if he is defeated, then the bills will be sent in, and he will know all," she sobbed.

"The only happy feature of Lincoln's assassination," says one commentator, "was that he died in ignorance of these debts."

He hadn't been in his grave a week before Mrs. Lincoln was trying to sell his shirts with his initials marked on them, offering them at a shop on Pennsylvania

Avenue. Seward, hearing about it, went, with a heavy heart, and bought up the lot himself.

The morning Mrs. Lincoln drove away from the White House not even the new President was there to tell her good-bye. With her two sons, she traveled to Chicago, and lived there in furnished rooms. When Lincoln's estate was settled, the $110,295 was divided equally among Mrs. Lincoln and her two sons. Mrs. Lincoln now went abroad and lived in solitude, reading French novels, and avoiding all Americans. Pleading poverty again, she petitioned the Senate to grant her a yearly pension of $5000. The bill was greeted with hisses from the gallery and abuse from the floor. After months of delay and torrents of condemnation she was given $3000 a year.

Returning finally to her native land, she spent her last days at the home of her sister in Springfield. Although she had $6000 in cash and $75,000 in Government bonds, her mind was constantly racked by fears of poverty. She shunned everyone, closed her windows, pulled down the shades, and lighted a candle even when the sun was shining bright.

And there, amid the solitude and soft quiet of the candlelight, her memory winged its way back across the cruel years, and she imagined herself waltzing once more with Stephen A. Douglas, charmed by his gracious manner and listening to the rich music of his voice.

At times she imagined that her other sweetheart, a young man named Lincoln — Abraham Lincoln — was coming to court her that night. True, he was only a poor, homely, struggling lawyer, who slept in an attic above Speed's store, but she believed he might be President if she could stimulate him to try hard, and, eager to win his love, she longed to make herself beautiful for him. Although she had worn nothing but the deepest black for 15 years, she would, at such times, slip down to the stores in Springfield; and, according to her physician, she purchased and piled up "silks and dress goods by the cartload, which she never used."

In 1882, on a peaceful summer evening, the tired, tempestuous soul was given release. Following a paralytic stroke, she passed quietly away in the house where, 40 years before, Abraham Lincoln had put on her finger a ring bearing the words: "Love is eternal."

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Correction — Through an error in transcribing figures, "A Check-up on Emancipation," by Robert R. Moton (The Reader's Digest, August, '36), stated that the bank of Mrs. Maggie L. Walker was one of three in Richmond to survive the depression. The number should have been 13.

Monsieur Sherlock Holmes

Condensed from The American Mercury

Fletcher Pratt
Author of "The Heroic Years," "Ordeal by Fire," etc.

THE French Sûreté is perhaps the most efficient detective organization in history. And, strangely enough, its romantic achievements depend primarily on the almost Holmsian cleverness of the individual sleuth.

The detective in charge of a case is alone responsible for its prosecution. The entire department is at his disposal: he may call for a chemical analysis of a pair of socks, or for a regiment of troops, and he will get them without question. Should his superiors ask how the case is progressing he is quite likely to reply: "S-s-sh! A secret! I have an important clue!" And his reward depends less on the arrest itself—in France that is taken for granted — than on the ingenuity displayed in achieving it.

Thus the celebrated Alphonse Bertillon first attracted the attention of his superiors by his treatment of a burglar, jailed for a big job in which there was no definite proof. Bertillon carefully reconstructed the crime, having an actor play the part of the burglar. Then he went to the burglar's cell while the latter slept.

"What are you doing here?" demanded the crook when he awoke.

"Taking down your confession," replied Bertillon calmly. "You have talked in your sleep and given me a complete narrative of that burglary." Whereupon he read the account of the crime as he had reconstructed it, and it proved so accurate that the stupefied burglar signed a full confession.

Vidocq, the famous police agent of a century ago, hearing that an apache named Gueuvive intended to kill him on sight, posed as an apache and won Gueuvive's confidence. The latter proposed that his new friend assist in liquidating Vidocq; Vidocq agreed, and for four nights waited with the criminal outside his own house to assassinate himself. On the fifth night the joke wore thin; Vidocq helped Gueuvive burglarize his own apartment, then knocked him out with a blackjack and took him off to prison.

French criminal activities are of a type that demand the highest intelligence on the part of officers. Take, for instance, the case of the

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thug who assassinated Baron Zeidler with a club to which a pair of horseshoes had been affixed, then left the body in a stable where the Baron kept a high-spirited hunter. The killer was caught by Bertillon, who noted that the horseshoe prints in Zeidler's skull were made from an angle only possible if the murdered man had stood on his head at the moment of contact. Or take the case of André Rancy, the burglarous vaudeville performer, whose two thieving chimpanzees were trained to loot hotels where he stopped — and who was convicted by M. Bayle of Paris on the evidence of the simians' fingerprints.

It was this need for ingenuity that led to the extreme development of scientific crime detection by the French police. Long before fingerprints were popular as a means of identification, Bertillon discovered that the human ear cannot be disguised and that no two ears are exactly alike. French detectives are trained to classify the ears of wanted men. Once they have a clear photograph they rarely lose anyone they are trailing.

An absconding bank clerk of Paris was tall, fat, with bulging eyes and bushy black hair. While in hiding he starved himself to become thin, shaved most of his hair and dyed the rest gray, applied an irritant to his eyes so that they became small and rheumy, provided himself with a set of long gray whiskers, puffed out his nose with paraffin injections, and walked with a stoop and a cane. Yet he was tripped the first time he ventured out of doors by a detective who had looked for the one unalterable characteristic — the man's ears.

Dr. Locard of Lyon has demonstrated that there are many other bodily characteristics which furnish identification as certainly as fingerprints. The vein pattern on the back of the hand is unalterable, and alike in no two individuals; so is the imprint of the palm (a Marseilles murderer was captured because he fell while running along a beach and left a palmprint in the sand); so is the impress of the naked foot, which resulted in the conviction of Pranzini, who cut three women's throats after removing his clothes so as not to stain them with crimson, yet who carelessly left a bloody footprint on the floor.

Locard also developed the study, through microphotography, of the pore-pattern within the fingerprints, the pore-pattern being as individual as the print itself and requiring far less surface to yield a reliable record. In one case a burglar used a candle during a robbery; he left no fingerprints, but a tiny drop of wax, no bigger than a tear, fell on one of his fingers. He shook it off; from this, Locard developed the pore-pattern and got his man.

The Sûreté uses many various means of identification. Its files contain a known criminal's fingerprints, the millimetric measurements of his skull, arms, fingers, nose, a classification of his ears, and a vast amount of information concerning his habits. And French juries seem more ready to accept scientific testimony than those of any other nation.

Sûreté agents are trained to use every particle of evidence. Faced with a burglary, the French detective first makes a careful wax casting of the jimmy-marks where entry was made. Under the microscope, tools have their own distinctive markings: these are recorded by making a positive casting of the imprint left by the jimmy, then drawing it across a glass plate smeared with printer's ink. The tiny lines which are produced correspond exactly with those left in a similar ink test by the tool itself. A big jewel robbery in Paris was solved because the burglars used a battered jack to open the iron shutter over the store window, and the implement — found in a suspect's possession — left its mark in the shutter.

In France, detectives come directly to the service from the army without any previous police experience; usually they have a high educational background. They are put through a course of training which begins with the reading of Gaboriau's detective works and the Sherlock Holmes stories. The aphorisms of the great Sherlock have become proverbs in the Sûreté — "You see, but you do not observe" — "No detail is too small to be significant."

And the Sûreté has imitated Holmes' methods. You remember he stated he had written a monograph on identifying tobacco by its ashes? Well, such a monograph has been produced by a French laboratory detective, in addition to others on equally recondite subjects — on the varieties of lipstick and the impressions produced by lips colored with them (a murder in Syria was solved because a French *commissionaire* noticed that a certain prostitute always signed appeals for money with the imprint of her lips in a certain type of rouge) — on the imprints left by various types of cloth in soft surfaces — on identification by means of bodily parasites (Locard brought a murderer to book by proving that only he could have left the eggs of a rare tapeworm at the scene of the crime) — even on the psychology of Eastern European criminals.

Of course the French system is not perfect. Those affairs in which material clues are entirely wanting, like swindling and fake stock promotions, are a never-ending problem for them. But given material clues, no matter how obscure or seemingly insignificant, the French detectives are supreme.

Bankers at Your Service

SAVING has always been difficult for many because the future makes too dim a picture. The East River Savings Bank of New York meets this situation by shifting the attack to the present. Safe in the knowledge that the average man pays 90 percent of his debts, East River puts a man in debt to himself with the "I. O. Me Reminder," by boldly billing him once a month for the amount he declares he will save.

— Kenneth M. Goode and M. Zenn Kaufman, *Showmanship in Business* (Harper)

BANKERS are watching with keen interest a scheme adopted by one New York bank which is advertising for small checking accounts, handling them not as an accommodation, but as a profitable operation. The charge is 5¢ for each check and each deposit. Within a few months it has attracted 15,000 accounts from stenographers, policemen, small-business men, with an average balance of $150. Every operation has been reduced to the least possible time and cost. For example, it is said to cost the average bank $1.50 to open a new account. By an ingenious system of cards, machines and short cuts, this bank does it for 9¢. Four employes can handle 1600 checks and deposits a day, which at 5¢ an item is $80 in revenue for the bank. The depositor receives a statement every three months instead of every month. The bank holds his canceled checks and produces them only upon inquiry, as in the case of a disputed bill.

Mossbacks sneer that this isn't banking; it is a combination of the money-order and the safe-custody businesses. But so far it is paying, and that is more than old-fashioned banking can always say these days.

— Marc A. Rose in *Today*

IN ONE BANK in the midst of a busy manufacturing district, numerous employers have opened a checking account for each employe, and to this account is credited each week's wages. This avoids the risk and expense of transporting cash for payrolls. The employe gets a carbon copy of the deposit slip, and can draw all his salary out immediately if he wishes, at a cost of 5¢. Most of these payroll accounts are building up balances — deposits are all covered by Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation guaranty. — *Today*

THE Republic National Bank & Trust Company coöperates with 54 schools in Dallas in handling school accounts. It employs a general supervisor whose duty it is to audit the accounts of the schools and work with the savings supervisors, one of whom is stationed at each school. Once a week the children play bankers and collect the money from each schoolroom, delivering it and the records to the principal's office. The amount is entered on a general deposit slip for the school. The bank is thus relieved of an enormous amount of clerical work and the youngsters are taught to handle money. — *American Banker*

In Great Britain there are many thousand small investors whose money is managed by Montagu Norman, governor of the Bank of England. The Bank of England is ready to give the same service to any who apply. All one has to do is save as little as $25 and invest it in one of the Government's gilt-edge stocks, the transfer books of which are managed by the Bank. The investor can instruct the Bank to reinvest the dividends as they come due, in any security on its list. The Bank charges less than one half of 1% and prevents the wealthy from exploiting this service by providing that no investor may have more than $10,000 so employed. Four times a year the Bank announces just what stocks it has bought for its clients. — United Press

One large New York bank has, at two of its uptown branches, a special department for women customers. This includes a handsomely furnished room where women may write letters, meet their friends and make telephone calls, or just drop in during shopping tours and make themselves at home. It also includes a dressing room with cosmetic supplies. The woman in charge of this department supervises the women's accounts, balances their checkbooks, advises them regarding investments and, in general, smooths out the difficulties of banking.

About seven out of every ten New York banks will cheerfully buy your theater tickets; each of these employs a clerk whose sole job is that of ticket agent.

— J. Paul Atwood in *Burroughs' Clearing House*

The Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank of New York mails out checks each month to landlords, milk companies, doctors, dentists, gas, electric light and telephone companies, thereby paying the monthly bills of several hundred depositors. After opening a Budget Savings Account, the depositor notifies the butcher, the doctor, the gas company, etc., to send bills directly to the bank. As the bills come in, the Emigrant tabulates them for each customer, and on the ninth of the month sends depositors a statement in duplicate. There is a stamped, addressed envelope for returning one of these statements, which the depositor signs, authorizing the bank to pay the bills.

For each bill paid in this manner, the charge is 5¢. There is no other expense attached. In fact, interest is paid on balances on deposit at the end of every quarter. And, by retaining the bank statement, the depositor has a simple, one-page, typewritten record of his monthly accounts.

— *Business Week*

The National Bank of Commerce has a special service department of 30 employes, each an expert in a particular field of industry — cotton, rubber, wool, and so on. Thus the bank is able to advise clients on the technical aspects of a particular trade, keep him posted on a special market, and on any current legislation that has an effect upon his business. Each of these experts is, in turn, of great help to the bank's loan department and to customers desiring loans.

— J. Paul Atwood in *Burroughs' Clearing House*

ANOTHER large New York bank maintains a travel service department which will do anything in, and out of, reason for its depositors. This department will meet and entertain an out-of-town depositor's family, will see them off to Europe in appropriate style. It will telegraph flowers to a depositor ill in California. It will investigate the standing of a foreign Count whom a depositor's daughter wishes to marry. It will find an erring son in the backwashes of Madagascar and bring him home.

— *Banker's Monthly* (Rand-McNally)

TWO HUNDRED and twenty banks in all parts of the U. S. have founded a new department within the past year, and hundreds more are preparing to follow their example. They have gone into the business of making small loans to salaried people, and they find it pays. Rates are far below anything the small borrower ever has been able to get before, and are working lower. The National City Bank of New York, the pioneer and biggest institution in the field, recently cut its rate from 6% to 4% and liberalized the rules under which money may be borrowed. Persons who have been employed for two years by exceptionally stable institutions — the telephone company, or the colleges — need not even get an endorser on their notes.

Losses are negligible. Typical is the experience of a Long Island bank which has lent $1,150,000 in average dabs of $295, and estimates its losses will be $1500, or $.0013 on each dollar lent.

Life insurance companies are helping promote these new personal-loan departments, scenting a nice piece of business. They have developed a special type of blanket policy to cover borrowers and co-makers of notes. If the borrower dies, the insurance company pays the outstanding balance of the note, relieving alike the bank, the heirs and the co-signers.

— Marc A. Rose in *Today*

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Damaged Money

FOR THOSE whose paper money has been charred black by fire, mutilated by the laundry, chewed by the dog or torn to bits by the baby, Uncle Sam's Treasury Department has a redemption office where skilled workers, often making use of the microscope to identify pieces, paste them upon a sheet of paper the exact size of the original bill and in approximately their true position. If three fifths of the original can be accounted for, it will be redeemed at its full value; if two fifths, at half value.

In exceptional cases, one who presents affidavits and a certificate of good character may get full value even when less than two fifths of the bill remains. But woe to him who, redeeming a bill now, hopes later to cash in on the remainder. Uncle Sam's files are complete: recently one fourth of a $5 bill was presented, but the files revealed that $5 had been paid for the other three quarters 28 years before.

— Louis E. Reichard in *This Week*

The Empire and Mrs. Simpson

Condensed from the New York World-Telegram

Elspeth Huxley

To Americans the famous friendship between the King and Mrs. Simpson is just a great romance. To the British Empire it might be dynamite. Or perhaps acid — something that eats away under cover. The loosely-knit Empire's strongest support is loyalty to the Crown and respect for the man who wears it. The King could not marry Mrs. Simpson without weakening these feelings and, with them, the Empire's solidarity.

For the King to marry an American would not, perhaps, in itself cause resentment. Most English people would certainly prefer a queen from the United States, which Britons rarely regard as a strictly foreign nation, to one picked from that hothouse of comic-opera intrigue, the discarded royal families of Europe. One of the most popular things the King could do would be to marry some young American girl of good family who would strengthen the links between the two English-speaking nations.

But there *would* be resentment if he shared his throne with a woman who had had two previous husbands, a woman generally (albeit wrongly) visualized against the slick background of night clubs rather than that of chandeliers, gold plate and palaces.

The key to the British attitude is given by the British press. While New York newspapers were printing column after column describing Mrs. Simpson's life and looks, not one person in a hundred in England had even heard her name. The British press laced itself into a strait-jacket, not because pressure had been brought to bear — the King himself wants the papers to print what they like — but because the hard-boiled business men who control the press believed they would lose circulation if they played up the story.

There is a large section of the British public, the middle-class "backbone of the country," who would strongly resent the printing of the story as disloyal and in bad taste. So long as the King and Mrs. Simpson remain friends and there isn't too much publicity, it's all right. But there is a feeling that the King's private life should be left alone by the press. A marriage, on the other hand, would not be his own affair; it would become his Empire's.

And the marriage itself would

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(World-Telegram Magazine Section, November 21, '36)

be difficult. The Church of England refuses to remarry divorced persons, even the so-called injured parties; and in this attitude it still has the support of that considerable section of the public who believe that the marriage bond can never be broken. As "Defender of the Faith," titular head of the Church of England, the King could no doubt command his own bishops to marry him; but it would be hard for his subjects who take their religion seriously to reverence a queen they could not regard as truly married in the eyes of God.

Mrs. Simpson's own position has been little considered. Perhaps she senses the situation. The younger generation — in England — might understand the King's modern outlook and accept her. But not the Empire overseas.

Since the Statute of Westminster was passed, five years ago, the British Empire has been a legal fiction. Each Dominion has absolute independence and a status fully equal, one to the other. The King could, if he wanted, move to Toronto and send a Governor-General to London. Dominions can secede if they like. There is only one constitutional bond — the King. His function is to link the scattered parts of the Empire into one entity, to keep the good will of the 20 million people of the Dominions and the 400 million of India and the colonies. If he fails in that, he fails in his great task.

The Crown is a symbol of the British heritage of tradition, of unity, of greatness. To this, citizens of the Dominions, be they only uncouth lumberjacks hauling timber in Canadian forests or tough "jackaroos" driving cattle over the deserts of Central Australia, feel themselves heirs. And people expect a symbol to follow a fixed pattern of behavior. It must be haloed in dignity, set above the ordinary foibles of human nature.

The Dominions are proud to be partners in a greater brotherhood. Canadians, for instance, even though they are overshadowed by their larger neighbor, feel a little inward cockiness because they are subjects of the King. "We've got something that they don't have across the border, for all their dollars." That's a fair sample of the attitude.

When a memorial to Canadians killed in the war was unveiled recently at Vimy Ridge it was the King who dedicated it; no one else could have sufficed. It was for the King, for the traditions which he embodies, that Canadians fought and died in distant France in a quarrel not their own. And it is here, in this pride and reverence for the Crown, that the people of the Dominions are likely to get hurt.

Ceremony and correct behavior count for more in Sydney, in

Montreal, in Capetown than they do today in London. Because inhabitants of these younger cities live so close to the frontier, they attach all the more importance to the trimmings of civilization.

Some years ago Stanley Baldwin, the present British Prime Minister, during a visit to Canada, was invited to a formal luncheon in a small prairie town by a group of business men and farmers. It was a hot day and Mr. Baldwin, thinking to put his hosts at ease by setting an example of informality, took off his coat and made a speech in his shirt sleeves. It was one of his few unforgiven blunders. Those men believed Mr. Baldwin had insulted them by behaving as if they were a bunch of hicks who knew no better than to attend a formal luncheon dressed for digging ditches.

That is the feeling that would jeopardize the Empire's unity if the King married a woman, however charming, who has divorced two husbands. People in the Dominions would feel that their standards had been let down. It would be as if the King attended a formal party in his shirt sleeves. They don't want shirt sleeves — they have plenty of those in real life. They want a King in ermine robes and glittering uniforms, someone they can look up to as better than the ordinary mortal.

It is ironical to expect such behavior of the King because it was his very characteristics of humanity, of putting on no airs, of refusing to set himself up as any better than the next man, that won him such popularity as Prince of Wales. But logic goes for very little in human affairs. Even the British Empire is illogical. It is united by a myth and preserved by an emotion — dangerous and fickle pillars on which to span a great political system. Myths can be so easily exploded, and emotions turn somersaults overnight.

Most people in England think the King has too strict a code of duty to risk inflicting damage on the Crown's prestige. If Mrs. Simpson remains just the King's good friend it may well be that the shadows of the Canadian lumberjack and the Australian jackaroo have fallen between her and the throne.

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It is wonderful how much news there is when people write every other day; if they wait for a month, there is nothing that seems worth telling.

— O. Douglas, "Penny Plain"

Macbeth in Chocolate

Condensed from Vogue

Robert Littell

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, well-known pale-face playwright, probably comes back to earth from time to time to attend performances of his works. He has learned that white actors play him with more reverence than zest, and that audiences can stand only so much reverence before they begin to yawn. I am sure that Shakespeare yawns also.

But perhaps Shakespeare was in Harlem on the night of April 14, 1936, when ten thousand colored people clogged the sidewalks, or followed the mammoth band of the Mighty Monarch Marching Club and the Negro Elks. Twenty patrolmen stretched ropes to keep the crowds from barring the entrance to the Lafayette Theatre. Even William Shakespeare, though thin as a ghost, found it difficult to fight his way through the silk hats and ermine capes that jammed the lobby. It was the first night of The Federal Theatre's production, with a completely Negro cast, of Shakespeare's own *Macbeth*.

It may fairly be stated that Shakespeare enjoyed this performance as he has few others in the past 300 years, though it was not like any other *Macbeth* there has ever been. The set was not that of some faithful stage designer's grim, fireproof, castellated Scotland, but Haiti, with giant tropic fronds where there ought to have been heather, and suggestions of architecture from the dreams of Toussaint l'Ouverture. The costumes were Emperor Jones gone mad, but rather beautifully mad. Voodoo reigned over the witches' scene: there were a dozen or more witches, including sepia male witches stripped to the waist, all against a background that looked very much like the world's largest skeleton arch.

But curiously enough, with all its raw color and gusto, this *Macbeth* didn't seem to have been jazzed. The Negroes took their Shakespeare seriously. They spoke the lines for what was in them, naturally, and without the dust of classic tradition.

This chocolate *Macbeth* surprised everyone by being an immense box-office success. The Negroes themselves came in droves, and heard, many of them for the first time in their lives, the immortal words of the world's greatest melodramatist. But the whites also came in droves to spread their chilly fingers before the reviving fires of a warmer, happier, simpler

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(*Vogue, November 1, '36*)

THE Federal Theatre's Negro units are far-flung, and very busy. The Chicago unit has done *Everyman*, and a "comedy take-off" by the name of *Romey and Julie*. The Birmingham unit's performance of *House in Glory*, a "symphonic drama depicting Negro life," was so popular that it took to the road. New York's Federal Theatre Negro unit is giving, among other things, a play called *Bassa Mona*, with real African dances, tom-toms, and chants, which interests the white carriage trade that swarmed to see *Macbeth*. Many of the chief performers are Negroes who were born in Africa. The tom-toms were born in Africa, too. The dialogue is in an African dialect. The dances, and the throbbing, complicated rhythms of the drums, are as good a substitute as I have seen anywhere for a trip through a Nigerian jungle complete with quinine, with helmets, and native porters with rings in their noses.

—Robert Littell in *Vogue*

race. For weeks, the audience at the Lafayette Theatre was almost as interesting as the show itself. Next to a Harlem poet who makes his living as a Pullman porter one might see a blond broker, with his Junior League wife, who normally would no more think of going to a play by Shakespeare than he would think of reading Proust.

The Negro may at times succumb to showmanship and commercialism, and give us performances that are an imitation of Broadway's imitation of him. But sooner or later, even as far away from cotton fields as Harlem, that strain in him that cannot be downed comes out, and we get De Lawd as played by Richard Harrison, or the unforgettable revival meeting in *Run Little Chillun*, or Shakespeare's *Macbeth* translated to the West Indies.

We palefaces go to the Negro because the Negro has something that we have not, never will have, and dreadfully want. In watching them, we recapture briefly what once we were, long centuries ago before our ancestors suffered the blights of thought, worry, and the printed word. Civilization—call it that while its lasts—is for most of us poor white trash a barrier between ourselves and life.

But the Negro seems to carry the flame of life right inside of him. Listen to the way a Negro laughs. After being in a crowd of Negroes for a while, white laughter seems not quite worth the trouble. White laughter is by comparison so often uneasy, hysterical, insincere, thin; it glugs out of us in little driblets, as if the neck of our human bottle were too small. We crackle, neigh, or roar windily; it is nose-and-throat laughter; it doesn't come up out of the bottom of us with a rich, red whoop, as does the laughter of Negroes. We non-chocolate-colored races would like to be able to let go of ourselves like that, but we can't.

The chocolate, Haitian *Macbeth* is now on tour. Everywhere

it goes — so I am told — the whites throng to see it, whites who wouldn't walk around the block to see *Macbeth* played by white actors who believe that blank verse should always smell slightly of mothballs. The audiences go, not to see *Macbeth*, not to hear Shakespeare, who had bored most of them in school, but to get something different — that something at once innocent and richly seasoned, childlike and jungle-spiced, which is the gift of the Negro to a more tired, complicated, and self-conscious race.

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And So to Press — II —

The "Delineator"

In 1863, Ebenezer Butterick, a country tailor of Sterling, Mass., conceived the idea for a set of men's graded shirt patterns. They were the first standardized patterns for clothes, and they sold like hotcakes. One winter evening his wife remarked that a great many mothers would like patterns from which to make their children's clothes. So a pattern for a baby's dress was drafted and graded from measurements taken on a small nephew. All patterns were cut from tissue paper and put up in neat bundles by the family. They were sold through agents, one of whom, Jones Warren Wilder, came in one day to say that women up in the country were asking for patterns for their own clothes. So a woman's wrapper pattern was drafted on Ellen Butterick's dining-room table.

The business grew rapidly, and in 1867 Mr. Butterick moved it to New York. Mr. Wilder joined the firm with a brilliant idea — make the masses pattern-conscious with a fashion magazine. The result was the *Metropolitan*, started in 1869 with an editor (Mr. Wilder), a writer and an office boy. By 1871 the newspapers were beginning to write of this "great fashion bazaar." The *Buffalo Daily Courier* remarked quite seriously that "They have solved a grave social problem which was dissolving family ties. Making their own dresses will prove a blessing to restless women who in their idleness have turned after the false gods of suffrage." The Butterick firm was selling 6,000,000 patterns annually, and the *Metropolitan* was no longer big enough. So it was merged with their catalogue, *The Ladies' Quarterly Report of Broadway Fashion*. The name was changed, and, as the *Delineator*, it carried the news of fashion all over the country.

— *Time* and *Delineator*

The People Upstairs

Condensed from The New Republic

Chester T. Crowell

THE TIME has come to give some attention to the weirdest of all tribes, those strangers whom you never meet but whose goings-on defy reason — The-People-Who-Live-in-the-Apartment-Above. Your only acquaintance with them comes through the medium of unexplained, often alarming, sounds. Perhaps more data would promote understanding and good will.

During 20 years I have seen only one important factual contribution about such people. It was an item in The New York *Times* of February 17, 1936, under a Los Angeles date line:

> For 10 years Mrs. Frances Jebb has lived at 1036 West Washington Boulevard, and never complained to her landlord, but when another tenant, Richard Godfrey, 18, started taking a draft horse upstairs of an evening she called the police. The officers found Tuffie, a 350-pound midget draft horse, enjoying all the comforts of a furnished apartment.
>
> "I've never let Tuffie out of my sight," the horse-fancier is reported to have explained.

That The New York *Times* should have had to reach all the way across the continent for this testimony is beyond my understanding. I have lived in New York City; I am certain that The-People-Who-Lived-in-the-Apartment-Above often harbored draft horses; I think they also had moose, mice, deer, psychoses and delirium tremens. One family certainly had nine cats; another, six dogs.

The subject should be examined on a broad, scientific basis. For example, I should like to know why the pair who live above me go to bed four, five and even six times every night. I am sure they do this because I hear them pull out the lower drawer of the couch, thus turning it into a bed. The sound is unmistakable. They grab it first at one end and then at the other, worrying it out inch by inch. Then they close it and start over, sometimes immediately, sometimes after an interval of five minutes to half an hour.

When they have made up enough beds to retire for the night, they open the window. They have their own peculiar technique. One of them rushes at the window, leaps into the air, and strikes the lower panel with both feet. While the wood is quivering the other attacks with tooth and claw. Evidently they are un-

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der the impression that a window, unless overwhelmed, will fight back.

Sometimes they go in for sports during the long winter evenings. Each takes an article of furniture with little rollers under it, and they push these the length of the apartment and back again. They are not rearranging the furniture, unless by rearranging is meant massing all of it first at one end of the apartment and then at the other. There are no halfway stops and the pace is appalling.

There is other evidence that they are fond of athletics. Every morning they run, and run, and run. They sprint into the kitchen and put on the coffee pot, then tear back to the bathroom. But their running form is not good: instead of being poised on the ball of the foot they run on the heel, and I predict a flock of Grade A bone bruises. They must be very hardy or they would have them now. To see them getting dressed must be a wonderful sight. I have to stand still, at least for a moment, to get into my pants; socks also slow me down. They never stop. I wonder how they manage to drink their coffee.

Saturday evenings they always have guests in, and insane laughter, without audible cause, comes cascading down the ventilating shaft until midnight.

Every morning, except Sundays, The-People-Who-Live-in-the-Apartment-Above slam the door at half after eight o'clock and go galloping along the corridor as though they were going to work. My guess is that they have to report to a psychopathic clinic.

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The Will to Live

AFTER a certain trench raid during the World War, an AEF surgeon told the chaplain that one poor fellow was quite beyond hope. The chaplain leaned over him: "My dear fellow, you are very badly wounded; have you anything to say or any word you want to send to your family?"

"My inside coat pocket," breathed the soldier, painfully.

The chaplain felt a pocketbook, and took it out. "Is this what you want?"

"Yes, open it."

"Here is a ten-dollar bill, is that what you want?"

"Yes," said the soldier, in a whisper. "Bet you *that* that I don't die." And he did not.

— Frank H. Cheley, *The Will to Win* (Wilde)

John L. Lewis, Labor's Looming Force

Condensed from Fortune

In July, 1936, when Labor's Non-Partisan League announced that it wanted to have a hand in the Presidential election of 1940, reporters looked at John Llewellyn Lewis and asked themselves whether this vast and glowering Welshman would really wind up in the White House.

Lewis does not fit in any political category, Republican, Democrat, Communist, or Socialist. Which is the precise reason why he is politically important. If he is to become the founder and candidate of a U. S. labor party, it will be because he has never consistently espoused any cause except labor's.

In 1932, at the end of his 13th year as President of the United Mine Workers of America, Lewis was widely hailed as labor's most conspicuous flop. His union's membership had melted to less than 175,000 dues payers, and was torn by hostile factions. Yet today, some four years later, membership is back over the half-million mark and John L. Lewis has become once again the most powerful union leader in the country. His extraordinary comeback dates from his flag-waving, injunction-defying, organizing campaign under Section 7a of the NIRA.

John L. Lewis has two shaggy red eyebrows either one of which a French gendarme would be proud to wear on his lip. His rusty-iron hair rises abruptly as a hedge from his shaved neck and luxuriates all over his head. At 56 he is girthy but solid. He takes no exercise and has not brandished a pick for 25 years, but he was strong enough to fell huge William Hutcheson at the A. F. of L. convention last fall, and not so long ago he heaved a delegate from the cigar counter of an Indianapolis hotel into the street. Even at rest he gives a feeling of exhaustless strength.

His tongue is perhaps his most potent weapon. In him the native eloquence of the Welsh has flowered in all its spell-weaving pomposity. Even in private conversation he is sometimes the platform orator, now whispering like an oboe, now letting out the drums and brass; and in such a conversation you may recognize whole sentences that he has used before in a public address. Usually they are worth the saving, for Lewis is a first-rate phrasemaker. His oratory, like himself, is powerful rather than gracious. He has educated himself with more than a mere orator's zeal in English and classical literature (he once taught himself Spanish in six weeks); and he has been one of the best-

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(Fortune, October, '36)

informed authorities in mining economics since 1917.

The Lewises live in quiet impenetrability. Their home life is without a suggestion of side, aspiration, or even excitement. Yet he likes to live well and his $12,000 salary permits it. His Cadillac V-12 is driven by a man in whipcord. But when the Lewises entertain, the list of guests is not given to the papers, although eminent social and political names are often among them. Lewis is at least as much at ease among them as he is among miners. In surroundings where he does not have to orate, his sarcasm becomes wit.

Born in Lucas, Iowa, he went of necessity into the mines with his five brothers when he was 12 years old. For a while he tried the West, where he worked as a mule driver, and mined silver, copper and gold. In 1908 he came back to the midwestern coal fields, married a country schoolteacher, and settled in Panama, Illinois.

From then on he began to see less of the mines and more of the union. In two years he had moved up to the district payroll as a lobbyist in Springfield, where he pushed through a workmen's compensation law and attracted the attention of Samuel Gompers, A. F. of L. head, who in 1911 made him an organizer. After traveling up and down the continent with Gompers for six years, he went back to the United Mine Workers as statistician, made himself indispensable, and took the lead in the wartime negotiations that brought the basic wage rate from 1916's $3 a day to $5. He became vice-president of the union and, in 1919, president.

The running of any union is no job for a squeamish man, but the running of the United Mine Workers is one of the least dainty jobs in the whole range of respectable vocations. It is not simply that miners are hard-bitten and heterogeneous. It is that they have been forced to compete for a steadily diminishing quantity of work. The coal mines developed a terrific overcapacity during the war, and the situation has not been helped by the steady incursion of oil, gas, and the better utilization of each ton of coal. Against resulting wage reductions the union is powerless unless it acts as a unit, which means that a certain amount of tyranny must be practiced on its members by the union in order to practice collective bargaining on the operators.

John L. Lewis could face his tyrannized miners with a clear conscience because he knew — and they knew — that he was the toughest negotiator in a wage conference that the operators had ever faced. And the operators soon learned that when Lewis was refused a major demand he would

strike. In 1922, when for the first time both anthracite and bituminous agreements expired on the same day, he called out both fields at once — with treacherous precipitateness, the operators felt. The strike lasted five months, but Lewis won. With wages being lowered in almost every other unionized industry, he got what he wanted for coal — the continuation of the $7.50 day rate of 1920. He got it again in 1924, for three years more, and became a hero to thousands.

But the tighter he screwed the $7.50 rate, the less money his miners seemed to have. The sign "No Work Tomorrow" went up at the union mines two, three and four times a week. Operators began ducking the rate agreement even before it expired in 1927 and from then on it was each district for itself, and very much at the operators' mercy. Between 1927 and 1933 Lewis's mane turned from lustrous auburn to iron-rust gray. He has said he could not go through those years again. In Pennsylvania the "Lewis Must Go!" movement went Communist and formed another union. From mighty Illinois with its 50,000 members came a veritable blizzard of charges, countercharges, and lawsuits. Lewis revoked the charter of the entire state. Even his own home local at Panama renounced him. But by now it was 1933, with Section 7a at hand, giving any laborer a right to organize in any way he chose.

While most union leaders completely neglected the opportunity of 7a, Lewis took the union's last $75,000 and sent his organizers into every coal field before the operators could fathom its ambiguities. And when the code negotiations began, he was able to confront the operators with the almost forgotten threat of a national strike. From less than $3, the miners' pay went up to $5 a day.

In 1935 with his wage agreement expiring, Lewis forced the Guffey bill into the gap. Four times that spring he had to threaten a national strike, in order to spur Congress on. And when the bill was finally passed, Lewis struck anyway and got the day rate up to $5.50 for seven hours ($5.10 in the South). Since the demise of the Guffey bill Lewis has had no protection for his scale agreement which expires next April. And already the price of coal has fallen and the industry is losing money again. Which means that many an operator will not sign a new agreement. Which means that there will probably be a big coal strike in the spring, and that the operators will try to get rid of the union; and that John L. Lewis will be right back where he was in 1927 unless he does something quick. Which is exactly why he now wants to

organize all labor under the Committee for Industrial Organization — familiarly known as the C.I.O., a split-off from the A. F. of L. of about 40 percent of that venerable body.

Under the leadership of Mr. Lewis, the C.I.O. is a crusade. And the unique purpose of that crusade is to organize what Mr. Lewis calls the 30,000,000 workers of the U. S. Acknowledging that this figure may be an overstatement, it is perhaps sufficient to say that the C.I.O. intends to mobilize more men than have ever been mobilized in a democracy for any purpose — a mammoth army for collective bargaining for wages, hours, and working conditions.

Unlike the A. F. of L., the C.I.O. wishes to organize workers by *industries* rather than by skills. After all, the cataloguing of 30,000,000 workers in all their infinite activities is a Herculean task. On the production lines of Detroit and Akron, for instance, there are jobs so highly skilled that only a handful know how to perform them, and yet they do not fit into any of the existing trade unions. If you organize every few dozen specialized workers into a union of their own, then your central organization becomes a bedlam. And even supposing you managed to catalogue all the skills, whether special or general, what about the millions of workers who exercise virtually no skill at all — men such as those who push a lever every three seconds on a machine? So the C.I.O., instead of organizing the workers by crafts, organizes them by industries. Each union includes teamsters, machinists, elevator operators, men on the machines, watchmen, everyone who works in that plant.

To suppose that 30,000,000 workers can all be gathered under one roof is, of course, fantastic, but if even a third of that number are so gathered, there may emerge at last a genuine labor movement, a political movement, a labor party. The political implications are so profound that it is difficult to think about them clearly. Or rather, it is difficult to think about them without a man — a man in whose character the entire issue may be weighed. That man is John L. Lewis, leader of the C.I.O. But the prospect of some day leading these organized workmen neither frightens nor excites him. He is simply trying to organize them for his own cogent reasons; if a labor party flowers from that, he is for it. But that is about as far as his visions of the future go. Certainly he is not writing any labor programs — yet. To him tactics, not ideals, make a labor movement; he is still a practical unionist, with a flexible tongue, a ready opportunism, and a pitiless hand.

Honorable Mention

People with a Purpose

WILLIE LEE BUFFINGTON, a white millworker of Edgefield, South Carolina, had a capital of only ten cents, but he wanted to found a library for his negro friends. With the ten cents he purchased five two-cent stamps, and wrote to five local people he didn't know, asking for books. If they couldn't furnish books, said his letter, would they please refund a stamp, so he could write to somebody else? One of his letters brought a thousand books, and with these as an incentive, Buffington and his friends built a log-cabin library. In the backwoods, there is more lumber than anything else, and as more books came in, more cabins were built to house them. Today there are four Buffington log-cabin libraries, all of them doing a thriving business with a negro clientele.

U. S. HIGHWAY 1, which carries the bulk of the auto traffic to Florida from the North, also carries large numbers of thumb-and-foot travelers, most of whom are honest and industrious but down on their luck. Young Bradley King, whose father's farm is on U. S. 1 near Wise, North Carolina, sought a way to help these transients. Nine years ago he built two cabins which cost, in addition to his own labor, and materials which were available on the farm, $1.75, not including furnishings. Each cabin contains a bunk, a homemade dresser, a stove, a lamp and a chair; bedding is changed and the cabin disinfected after each guest. It is beyond King's means to furnish food or loans except in the most extreme cases, but down-and-out travelers can always count on a night's rest and a shave. A reporter's reference to his roadside shelter as "Hobo's Haven" once brought a sharp rebuke from King. His guests are not hoboes by choice, he says, but are victims of circumstance.

THE FACT that Hawaii is well populated with brilliantly plumaged songbirds is due, not to accident, but to Hui Manu, an organization formed six years ago by Mrs. F. J. Lowrey. When Mrs. Lowrey first undertook her work, the rare tropic birds which were once indigenous only to Hawaii had almost entirely disappeared. Hui Manu went about its work quietly, studying the song, plumage and habits of birds

which were candidates for importation, and ruling out any which were likely to become destructive pests. From the mainland have come Kentucky cardinals, southern mockingbirds, indigo and nonpareil buntings, Brazilian cardinals, Japanese bluebirds and many other attractive varieties. They have been liberated in the districts most suited to them, and all have thrived in the natural bird paradise of Hawaii. The work is financed by bi-monthly tourist trips to private gardens in Honolulu.

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WHEN Esther C. Stamats took over the Service Department of the Chicago Y.W.C.A. in 1930 she found hundreds of girls, who had been self-supporting, deprived of their jobs by the depression. Worse than that, the essentials for getting new ones — their skills at office operations — were rapidly slipping away from them, due to their enforced idleness. So the Practice School was born, to maintain the efficiency of the unemployed girl, provide for her leisure, and bolster her morale. Manufacturers donated or lent $10,000 worth of office equipment — typewriters, comptometers, dictaphones, adding and bookkeeping machines. By thus preserving and improving their skills, many girls were enabled, when employment opportunities reappeared, to obtain better positions than those they had left. In five years of operation, the cumulative attendance at the Y.W.C.A. Practice School was 72,887.

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WHEN a radio broadcast offer of an "odd" shoe brought in five calls in 15 minutes, Mrs. N. M. Windsor, president of the Child Conservation Conference in St. Louis, knew that their "Odd Shoe Exchange" was filling a definite need. The shoe was one of a pair bought by the Conference for a one-legged boy; it was used by another cripple who wore a specially-built shoe on one foot, a normal shoe on the other. The Exchange collects the extra shoes from cripples who can use only one, but must buy a pair, and redistributes them to other cripples who can wear the odd one. So many requests from cripples thus afflicted have come in that the Exchange has been unable to keep up with the demand.

The Reader's Digest will pay $15 to $25 for each acceptable story of an individual who has been responsible for a constructive achievement in his community. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned, nor can the editors enter into correspondence concerning them.

"It's Swing!"

Condensed from Delineator

Holman Harvey

OVER the radio we hear our favorite band leader say "Good evening, folks. We are going to entertain you with a program of swing music. Swing it, boys!"

"Swing." There it is again. We've heard the term with increasing frequency of late months. We've heard the topnotch orchestras described as "swing" bands. Louis Armstrong is called the "King of Swing." Benny Goodman is the "Swingmaster." The boy next door, home from college, can babble of nothing else. We read that Europe first appreciated swing: that "swing clubs" are scattered from Oslo to Rome, that scholarly treatises by French music critics forecast a great future for this "new" American music.

"To understand swing," a musical friend says, "you should attend a good *jam session*,* if you are lucky enough to hit one. I can tell you of five likely places in New York. But if you strike it right, remember that you are there as an *alligator*, so don't applaud. You see, they're *kicking out* the way they like, for their own fun. Applause reminds them of their commercial work."

*See glossary of swing terms on page 100.

One o'clock, a.m., down a narrow stairway west of Broadway. At the foot of the stairs, a low-ceilinged, subterranean room. We get a table up by the bandstand. There are perhaps 50 people in the room, and they have come here not to dance, but to listen.

On a foot-high platform half a dozen musicians are lolling in their chairs. Other musicians have drawn cane-bottom chairs close to this stand and are *sitting in:* they have dropped in with their instruments to jam. Their postures indicate extreme physical relaxation. Nowhere do we see a sheet of music. No, *papermen* are not welcome in this esoteric milieu.

Without any outward sign, one of the musicians begins to play. We notice that there is no leader. The muted, mellow notes of a clarinet are picking out the thread of a familiar melody. The other musicians seem to be arousing themselves from lethargy. First one, then another, puts his instrument into play and begins to fall into the lead of the clarinet. The full battery of instruments comes by stages into action. By some unspoken consent the clarinetist continues to predominate, setting the rhythm and the melodic trend.

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(Delineator, November, '36)

Glossary of Swing Terms

Jam Session: An informal meeting of musicians playing for their own amusement, without leadership or score.
Alligator: A non-playing swing devotee.
Paperman: A musician who plays only written music.
Ride: Easygoing rhythm.
Screw-ball: Crazy, unbridled swing.
In the groove: Carried away or inspired by the music.
Cats: The musicians of a swing orchestra.
Licking their chops, or *frisking their whiskers:* Getting warmed up to swing.
Gang: A medley of songs.
Lick: An original interpolated phrasing.
Break: Dropping the rhythm for a few beats.
Mugging light: Soft, staccato swinging.
Mugging heavy: As above, with heavier beat.
Kicking-out: Very free; improvisation.

Soon we notice that the melody we are accustomed to is no longer discernible. The clarinet is soaring above it, below it. We feel the original melody still strangely present, but only by inference. It persists through its very negation, on through a long series of brilliant counterpoint and obbligato. Though neophytes, we recognize the superb command this player has over his instrument. We are not surprised later when we learn that he is one of the greatest living masters of the clarinet. But the playing has just begun.

The clarinet subsides and melts into the supporting music. Without signal, a Negro trumpet player assumes the lead, and soars into an unbridled improvisation. It becomes almost impossible for us to detect any further semblance of the original melody. Up and on the trumpet rises, brilliant, startling sequences tumbling one upon another. The effect upon the other players has been electric. They play as though possessed. There is no music to guide them, no longer any tenuous thread of melody to which they may hold, nothing but that mad trumpet rushing and swerving down fantastic vistas of sound. And yet the players are not a split second behind the Negro; it is as if they know what he will do as soon as he himself knows.

Screw-ball . . . lick, sock, ride and *gang . . . the cats are friskin' their whiskers*, they're *getting off!* They're *mugging light*, they're *mugging heavy*, they're *in the groove!* They're *SWINGING! ! !*

The big Negro is standing up now, his trumpet at a 45-degree upward angle. His eyes are hard closed and great rivers of perspiration are coursing down his face — his whole body is in a state of profound agitation. We turn to the waiter: "Do you know who the trumpet player is?"

"Yes, suh, boss. That boy is Louis Armstrong."

Louis Armstrong! Well, of course·

we have heard that trumpet on the radio. We have heard of his triumphal tours of Europe, of his command performance before the King of England, of his world-wide following. We *are* lucky tonight. We stumble into a jam session and hear one of the very men who brought swing into being, perhaps the greatest trumpet player of our generation. We turn again to the waiter:

"But Armstrong — does he belong to this band?"

"No, suh! No picayune place like this could pay that man. He takes in $1000 an hour when he's in his white suit. But he just comes in here once in a while because he likes to jam — he's been doin' that since he was a kid back in New Orleans."

To find the common birthplace of jazz and swing, describe an arc of 100 miles about New Orleans and the Mississippi Delta. A group of exceptionally gifted natural musicians arose in and about New Orleans within the span of a few years — between 1905 and 1910. Most, but by no means all of them, were Negroes. Only the barest few of them could read so much as a note of music. Not being able to read other men's music, and having strong musical feeling, they made a music of their own. So fervid were those early men that even in acutely race-conscious New Orleans they threw color distinctions to the winds. Negro, white — they jammed together.

For five or ten years the area seethed with jazz. By 1912 it had to burst out. It began to take a footing on the Mississippi River excursion boats, many of which carried orchestras recruited in New Orleans. Everywhere the boats touched, the new music caught on. St. Louis and Memphis went wild over it. Soon, in 1914, W. C. Handy composed the "St. Louis Blues," the first truly great jazz song, and then followed with his "Memphis Blues." They are classics today.

Throughout all this period the music was known as jazz. What, then, is swing?

1. Jazz is a body of music which can be recorded on paper and preserved, as most of it has been.

2. Swing is a *manner of playing* recorded or remembered music. (You can "swing" Bach or an old English pastoral.)

3. The manner of playing, called swing, is a manner of creating *as you play*. Your true swing musician will never play the same piece in exactly the same way twice in succession. Melodies and rhythms are improvised around a given melody. Most of the melodies so far employed by swing players have been jazz because, first, the simple and definite melodies of jazz leave plenty of space to play in and around, and second, jazz tunes are familiar, thus pro-

viding the audience, too, with a thread to hold to when the improvisation departs from the straight-and-narrow course of the music. The more skillful the swing orchestra, the less of a melodic thread is needed.

Thus jazz and swing were rocked in the same cradle. But swing has now produced music that is certainly far richer than the original jazz.

Its earnest devotees tell you it will go far — that it will bring forth a deeper and finer American music. They point with pride to the indisputable fact that its ranks now include many of our finest musicians. They see no reason, they tell you, why the principle of free playing should not be extended to fields far beyond jazz, even (the blasphemy is theirs) to the classics!

T.V.A. By-Products

BESIDES its main job of lowering electric-power rates, T.V.A. has been conducting extraordinarily interesting agricultural experiments. T.V.A. chemists have developed a fertilizer magnificently named triple superphosphate. Selected farmers treated one half of a field with the new fertilizer, and then planted the whole field with clover. The difference in yields was amazing. The T.V.A. accordingly has produced 40,000 tons of triple superphosphate with its own electric power, and distributed it free to 20,000 farmers. With it farmers are growing forage crops, forestalling erosion and enriching the land.

Particular attention has been given to finding ways to use electricity on farms. Among other devices, the engineering staff has developed an electric hotbed for early flowers and vegetables; an electric hay-drier; an electric hay-hoist; an electric poultry brooder; a plant for "quick-freezing" fruit; another for dehydrating fruit.

The list of T.V.A. innovations includes canneries, and a plant to manufacture starch from yams. Also, the valley diet being deficient in beef, a scheme has been worked out by which the hill people are grazing cattle during the summer, while in the fall the bottom-lands dwellers fatten them. Another matter of distress to T.V.A. was that farmers sold their lambs, fruit and vegetables in the Chicago market and then used their scanty profits in buying back cold-storage meat, canned fruits and vegetables. So there are now three refrigerator cooperatives, known as "walk-in refrigerators," in which members deposit a portion of their garden truck and slaughtered lambs, thus assuring themselves of a varied food supply throughout the year. — T.R.B. in *The New Republic*

Smashups for Safety

Condensed from This Week

Lowell Thomas

MEET THE auto test driver, a breakneck virtuoso whose job is to smash up the car he is driving so that your next auto will be stronger and safer.

You may have seen some of his exploits on the screen, particularly in the picture, *Trial by Torture*, made for the Chrysler Corporation. In that film Jimmy Lynch, tearing along at 60 miles an hour, suddenly wrenches the wheel around to make an upside-down plunge, the car landing on its roof and then righting itself. The driver — unhurt because he is strapped to his seat and wears a padded helmet to protect his head — does his utmost to break something, a cylinder, a piston or maybe a spring. But he does not succeed — even when he rushes over a succession of railroad tracks, the ties administering piledriver blows to the springs until the car is turned over on its side.

Elsewhere you see ten springboards in a row, similar to ski-jump take-offs. Along comes "Lucky" Teter in a Plymouth, bouncing off one after another, all four wheels high off the ground. Then the apparently suicidal fellow makes the Plymouth leap through a picket fence, headlong into a high bank at top speed, then off the edge of a precipice, the car tumbling sickeningly end over end. To do this sort of thing, and live, requires not foolhardy courage but incredible skill. After the car has been driven at 60 miles an hour off a platform into 30 feet of water or off the ski-jump onto the hard earth, it is disassembled and all the parts examined to see how they have withstood the murderous strain.

"The entire United States is our proving ground," is Chrysler's motto. Up Mt. Wilson in California their cars are driven to test climbing ability and carburetor performance in the rarefied air of high altitudes. Then they are subjected to the below-sea-level atmospheric pressure, the heat and sand of Death Valley. During each rigid test experts take detailed notes of the car's performance — the temperature of the cylinder block, oil, water, clutch; every detail of transmission and running gear is examined.

Hudson also uses the country at large for a proving ground. One

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of its star test drivers is unique — the worst driver Hudson can find. Every time he takes a car out he comes back with something wrong. He is valuable because he represents a certain type of driver-owner — the chap who lets his clutch in hard, jams down the accelerator. Give this test driver a new machine and he'll show up any weakness it may have.

Ford, General Motors — in fact most manufacturers — have special proving grounds for their research. Typical is the Packard Proving Grounds, 18 miles of roadway which reproduces every type of road condition in the United States. The nicknames of certain features give an idea of their nature: Heartbreak Hill, the Roller Coaster, Sahara Desert. At one end of the grounds is a water dip deep enough to stall any car that is not practically amphibious.

Over this course Packards picked at random from the assembly line are tested. The drivers are fellows of prodigious endurance: they must often drive 15,000 miles at full throttle, sometimes 25,000 miles nonstop. Sometimes on such long grinds a driver will fall asleep. Once when this happened the car left the track, rolled over three times, but ended right side up. The driver was hurled into the back seat but woke up none the worse for his mishap.

One little custom of Studebaker's is to put dynamite caps in the front tires. Then, with the car going 70 miles an hour, the cap is exploded and the test driver is expected to bring the automobile to a quick, straight stop. Studebaker also stages head-on collisions at 50 miles an hour to test the rubber engine mountings. If the engines stay where they belong after such a crash — and they do — the car is all right. Despite such death-tempting exploits, Studebaker, like most manufacturers, has never had a test driver seriously injured. Ample precautions are taken for their safety, and only the most skillful drivers are employed.

In addition to trial runs, Nash puts both production and experimental cars on the "Magic Carpet" for a few hours. This is a machine which gives body, chassis and motor a simultaneous shaking up impossible over even the roughest roads. General Motors, on its 1268-acre proving course, gives its cars a similar test, driving them over the mile-long stretch of irregularly laid Belgian Blocks, over rough dirt roads, through sand pits, mud baths and up hills of every nature and grade.

Because of such searching ordeals, because test drivers risk their necks to discover hidden weaknesses, American cars have swept the world — cars born not of theories but of hard facts learned on the proving grounds.

Government by Thrift

THE PURCHASING AGENTS of the city of Cincinnati, Hamilton County, and the board of education form, by joint agreement, the Coördinated Purchasing Committee of Hamilton County. Their plan of coördinated purchasing was begun in 1931 when the city, county and school board made a substantial saving in the joint purchase of 100,000 tons of coal. Since then, the purchasing agents of the three units have met almost every week, with the result that the field of joint purchases has been expanded to include a wide variety of items. Recently the municipally-owned University of Cincinnati and the Cincinnati Public Library joined them in the purchasing of certain commodities. The most important contribution of this experiment has been to the spirit of inter-governmental coöperation, but it has paid, as well, substantial dividends in the form of economies that can be counted in dollars and cents.

—Harry H. Fite in *Public Management*

ONE OF the most interesting economic activities of the city of Milwaukee is the virtual manufacture of fire engines and equipment in the shop of the fire department. During the years since 1925, when the scheme was well under way, the department has built all its apparatus with the exception of light cars and one aerial truck. The department buys all parts which can be bought for less than it would cost to manufacture them. All else is built in the department's shop — the body, the frame, various castings, ladders, foam mixers, and so on; and the whole engine is assembled. Bodies are designed to take advantage of the experience of the men who have to use them. The saving has been about 50 percent of the market price on such equipment.

—James L. McCamy in *Public Management*

SEWAGE GAS — previously burned as waste — is producing an income for Palo Alto, California. The gas is used to heat the city's sewage disposal plant and to generate electric power for one of the plant's pumps. Preparations are being made to use the gas for floodlighting the municipal aviation field. — Washington *Post*

NO LONGER will the State of Michigan extend free hospitality to "big racketeers" and other solvent criminals who are incarcerated. State funds are in demand for more constructive uses and Michigan's legislature, at a recent session, embodied into law its conviction that good citizens should not pay "keep" for convicted lawbreakers with fat bank accounts. Michigan, since 1923, has levied costs on the estates of solvent insane persons committed to state hospitals. It was only a step from this levy to a similar charge on the solvent prison population. Michigan exempts from payment prisoners whose families would by such pay-

ment be forced to seek public assistance. — *The Survey*

MANY TOWNS in New Hampshire, Massachusetts and other New England States have established town forests on lands which are too poor or too remote to farm. While it takes a certain amount of land off the tax rolls, most people agree that it makes up for that by providing a steady income for new sidewalks, town celebrations, any municipal need, and by saving the cost of maintaining roads and schools to serve isolated farmers.

It is an old Yankee custom, for many towns had established wood lots as early as 1700 to provide wood and income for the town's minister. In several cases, people forgot all about these reserved lands for years, to discover after a century or so that the town owned some fine stands of timber. — *Country Home*

INDIANAPOLIS has instituted a novel street-lighting economy. Instead of regulating the amount of light by rule of thumb and a calendar, a photoelectric "eye" will turn the lights off and on according to the degree of visibility at any hour all the year round.—*National Municipal Review*

FULLERTON, Neb., (pop. 1680) is headquarters of the largest organization of taxpayers in the nation — the Nebraska Federation of County Taxpayers Leagues, which, according to those who know it, has been the greatest single factor in reducing taxes approximately 40 percent in the past nine years. Nebraska has no sales tax, no income tax; the State is on a pay-as-you-go basis, has no bonded indebtedness. Principal worry of the state treasurer is the currently low rate of interest on a $12,000,000 surplus.

The Nebraska Federation distinguished itself from similar organizations elsewhere by causing urban and rural taxpayers to adopt a common viewpoint on tax problems. The spark plug of the Federation is its president, Frank G. Arnold, who visits various county leagues, makes radio speeches once a week, and supervises the most important project of the Federation: tax research audits; they are accumulations of pertinent facts and figures that often prove embarrassing to state and local officials. Expert accountants, retained by the Federation, probe all political subdivisions — counties, cities, school districts, etc., analyzing every cent of income and expenditure.

With the expenses of Blank county classified, published and distributed to its people, the local taxpayers' league may ask the county commissioners a few questions. Why did you buy lithographed warrants, paying $174.50 for 6000, when the city manager of Alliance buys printed warrants on good paper for $3.45 per thousand? Don't you think that $2.30 per cubic yard is too much for gravel if Phelps County, with the same haul, is getting it for $1.28?

Although general tax levies in Nebraska have, since 1927, been steadily reduced — from $66,000,000 then, to approximately $43,000,000 last year — Arnold contends that it is possible to make further reductions of from 25 to 40 percent.

— *Business Week*

¶ A legal clinic where students learn the law by helping its victims

The Bedside Manner in Law

Condensed from The South Atlantic Quarterly

Charles W. Ferguson

A LEGAL CLINIC that trains law students through regular practice and at the same time affords the common man expert guidance in bewildering legal matters is now in its sixth successful year at Duke University. Embodying the salient features of a medical clinic, the Duke Legal Aid Clinic is supervised by faculty members and manned by graduate students providing free legal advice for those who cannot afford lawyers, and even free legal service in the actual trial of their cases. It has disposed of over 1000 cases to date, and its scope has widened beyond Durham, where Duke is located, to include clients from all over North Carolina and other states as well.

To understand its service, consider a composite case. Moses Powell, colored, is in jail, awaiting judgment. No lawyer would take his paltry case. He had come to Durham with friends, lost them, and couldn't get back to his home in Raleigh, where he had an honest if small nursery business. He tried panhandling with no luck. At last, desperate, he sold brambleblushes for blackberry bushes, and now he faces prison.

A young law student from Duke gets Moses' story and reports it to his superior — a trial lawyer. The Clinic finds that Moses does own a small business in Raleigh. A student is assigned to prepare the case and discovers that Moses hasn't a leg to stand on. The Clinic enters a plea of guilty, but respectfully submits that Moses has a good record: and may it please the court, a prison sentence would stamp him as a criminal and might ultimately throw him on relief. The judge suspends sentence, and the Clinic persuades the county to pay the culprit's fare back to Raleigh. Before his card is tucked away among those of cases closed, the Clinic finds a sponsor for Moses during his suspended sentence.

With this thoroughness each case has been shaken down. Mrs. Haynes lived on a farm in a neighboring county. At the birth of her fourth child she lost her sight. Her husband had been married before and his grown daughter took command of the house-

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(The South Atlantic Quarterly, October, '36)

hold. Mrs. Haynes could not reconcile herself to blindness and its humiliation, and the tension in the home became intolerable. Lacking funds to hire a lawyer, she groped her way to the Clinic and asked for a divorce. The Clinic, with a shrewd eye on the law and a gentle hand on the lady's arm, advised her to go back to her husband. Even if granted a divorce there was no assurance that she could get support, and she might ultimately become a public charge. If she stayed married, she was at least sure of a home. The Clinic went further and, with a committee of girls studying social work at the University, secured a teacher to instruct her in Braille.

Not uncommonly the genuine interest of these law interns causes them to spend nights and week ends tracking down data on cases assigned them, driving widely over the state, carrying on inquisitive correspondence, until they have all essential points. Once a student rushed to court only a few moments before a trial began, lugging facts which set the client free but were unknown until the student rooted them up.

Many cases concern everyday legal snarls that seem undramatic unless it is your own property that happens to be involved. A widow with five children has a small home in town. Now crippled and broke, she wishes to sell it and buy a farm, where her brother-in-law can help her earn a subsistence. She has a cash customer for her town property, but she must borrow from the Federal Land Bank to buy the farm. This will take time and she wants to hold her purchaser. The Clinic writes an airtight contract, arranges a share-crop agreement with her brother-in-law, and helps prepare the necessary papers for the loan. When the loan comes through, the Clinic will draw the deeds.

You can imagine what the bewildered lady would be up against without the good offices of the Clinic to steer her through the tortuous course of laws designed to protect her, yet incomprehensible to her.

Here are students learning the law in actual cases involving live people who feel pain and have hope. Textbooks, celebrated cases, learned judicial opinions, mock trials, and all the standard properties for the study of law — these may be good in their place but they are as shadows compared with the stark realities students meet every day at the Duke Legal Aid Clinic.

Legal aid societies in New York, Louisville, Cincinnati, Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and other large cities have perfected a technique and spirit through years of gratuitous service to the impoverished and the hapless. This technique and

pirit have made the venture at Duke possible. In many of these cieties students from law schools ave been doing clinical work with ctual cases. The percentage of udents involved is small, how-ver, and generally the law school as no contact with the work and ets no chance to relate clinic ex-erience to classroom instruction. Results after five years indicate hat the Duke idea can be applied herever there is a first-rate law school. It is the best kind of advertising for the legal profession. It teaches people preventive law — how to stay out of trouble. The precedent it sets is far-reaching. The effect is to be found not only in a type of lawyer who is trained to feel primarily conscious of his responsibility to the human material with which he works: there are also the first fruits of lives and relations mended by the surgery of justice.

◆

Singing Electrons

G. Edward Pendray *in* Today

SALES OF pipe organs for years ave been practically nil, but along ame the Hammond electric organ nd in little over one year 1700 were old to churches, theaters, broad-asting studios and homes, the two ggest installations being in Madison quare Garden, New York, and the ollywood Bowl in California. The ectric organ is not only much cheaper $1250 up) but is a new kind of musi-al instrument: in it electrical im-ulses produce not only musical notes ith all the overtones which in other struments result from sympathetic brations of wood or metal, but also ne qualities never heard before. ngineers calculate that 253,000,000 ne-quality combinations are pos-ble. The organ is about the size of n old-fashioned spinnet, or some ur feet square.

The dancing electron operates still nother musical instrument, the Theremin, usually housed in a cabinet about the size of a living-room radio. From its top projects a slender metal mast about 18 inches high. At the right a loop of metal reaches out like an encircling arm. To play the Theremin a musician stands behind it and waves his hands in the air. As his left hand approaches the upright mast, the notes get higher. As his right nears the loop, the music grows softer. He touches nothing, but from the cabinet come glowing, muted, throbbing notes suggestive of the violin. Another type of Theremin is played like a cello; another has a piano keyboard. Stokowski used one of the latter with the Philadelphia orchestra; Theremin music is frequently broadcast by NBC; and there are concert soloists who specialize in it, one of whom recently gave 25 concerts in Europe. The Theremin costs $175; the cello type, $300.

Only Saps Pay Retail Prices

Condensed from The American Mercury

Hannah Lees

At a ladies' bridge party recently we were discussing the high price of electric refrigerators, and my forthright partner remarked: "But you don't have to get one retail, you know. Retail prices are simply for saps. Don't you know Somebody?"

The same point came up later when another acquaintance said: "It was a $100 washing machine, but I got it for $60 through Bob's connection with A — . I could have got 20 percent discount anyway through this merchandise service I know, but A — 's purchasing department got us 40 percent off."

These remarks opened up a whole new economic world to my innocent gaze. Hitherto I had thought that when you wanted to buy a household article you went to a store and paid the price on the tag. Or you got last year's model and accepted the lack of guarantee that went with reduced merchandise.

Since then, through various channels, all of them perfectly honest and some of them openly advertised, I have bought a $229 refrigerator for $161, a $99 stove for $59, Venetian blinds at 25 percent off their retail price, and a mattress at 20 percent off. Friend have told me of buying a $35 suit case for $20 and a $100 typewrite for $50. Every article was a lat model of a nationally advertise brand, and carried all guarantee that came with the regular retai price. In some cases the article were purchased in exactly the sam store where the customer woul have paid the higher price if h had not come with the magi password.

For of course there is the pass word angle. There are two ways i which this buying is done. Th first, open to anybody withou even the formality of an introduc tion, is through the various mer chandising organizations operate frankly for profit. I have no wa of knowing how numerous thes organizations are, but in my ow town I know personally of three You hear of them ordinarily throug a friend. (But not always, for on organization sent me a three-pag letter detailing goods from wed ding presents to oil burners, o which I could save from 10 to 4 percent.) When you go to one o the offices you are greeted by a attractive young woman who ask what you are interested in, say yes, they have very good prices o

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hat article, does a little tele-
honing, and then sends you to
ne or more addresses with a slip
aying you are from such and such
bureau. You go to this place,
sually a wholesale house, are
hown merchandise and quoted
rices a great deal lower than re-
ail prices. You pay by cash or
heck, your purchase is sent home
o you, and the merchandise serv-
ce receives a small commission
rom the wholesaler.

The second way offers greater
avings, but requires certain defi-
ite connections. I think I am safe
n assuming that many times as
many goods are bought through
connections as through merchan-
lising services. Such connections
are banks, railroads, insurance
companies, universities, lodges,
and other large organizations. Such
organizations have purchasing de-
partments, and many of them
offer their employes the privilege
of buying through them any arti-
le that could conceivably be pur-
hased for the firm — and often
hings that couldn't conceivably
be for the firm.

If you or one of your family is
connected with such an organiza-
tion, you merely telephone the
purchasing department, telling
them what you want to buy. You
are then sent, cheerfully and openly,
to the company that will give you
he best price, often to the very
department store where you would
have gone to purchase the article
retail. You find what you want
and, if it is a department store,
you go to the contract depart-
ment. Most department stores, I
have discovered, have contract
departments that do a flourishing
business with a scale of prices quite
different from those you or I would
ordinarily see. You tell them you
are from such and such an organi-
zation and are quoted a price that
may be 20 percent below the re-
tail price. Then you send a note
and check to the purchasing de-
partment of your organization
and they give the order.

There is nothing furtive about
the affair. The store's contract
department is perfectly frank
about the transaction being a per-
sonal purchase, though there are
certain formalities. One of these is
the roundabout way of paying;
another is to refer to the price
quoted as a contract price, never
as a discount.

That all these gestures are in-
deed sheer formality was brought
home to me when a relative, through
an organization with which he is
connected, bought a portable
typewriter of standard make. I
happened to be on hand during
the transaction.

"It's a good machine," said the
salesman, affably demonstrating
its excellent features after quoting
a figure $18.40 less than the retail
cost, "and the price is right."
Then he added: "You know there
are thousands of people connected

with organizations like yours who could save money if they took advantage of their opportunities. Trouble is, a lot of them don't know."

Since, only a year before, I had bought a typewriter from the same agency at a price which, according to the salesman, was not right, I must confess to some bitterness at his bland statement. But when I asked him how they could quote these low prices, he merely smiled and said: "Well, the C — company buys a lot of machines from us, so we can afford to." Yet obviously it wasn't the institution that was buying the machine, but my relative.

Of course, not every type of goods nor every brand can be bought in either of these ways. In my town, at least, clothing seems to be outside the field. And on some household goods the manufacturing companies offer no discount. These concerns, of course, are simply protecting the retailer. From the standpoint of commercial loyalty this is admirable, but I am beginning to wonder whether this protection is economically justified.

The retail or department store has a number of functions. It allows people to charge their purchases and to pay over a long period of time. It displays goods attractively and stimulates buying in people who are undecided about their wants. It displays a great variety of goods conveniently in one center, though to my mind, going from store to store is no worse than going from floor to floor in crowded elevators. But when you consider the difference between the straight retail and the wholesale-retail prices, it looks rather as if the retail consumer is paying too high for his privilege of shopping and charging.

I don't suggest that the department stores make exorbitant profits. But I do suggest that their organizations have become so cumbersome and expensive that they are forced to step up the price of what they sell out of all proportion to its cost of production. I am wondering if this widespread habit of wholesale-retail buying has not grown up as an unconscious protest to that unnecessarily expensive organization, and if it will not turn out to be a vital test. They can't both survive — not with such tremendous disparity. One is certain soon or late to drive the other out of existence. But while the economic struggle works itself out, and those in the know keep on buying at special figures, the whole thing seems a little unfair to the saps who pay retail prices.

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS and INFLUENCE PEOPLE

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK

DALE CARNEGIE

President of the Carnegie Institute of Effective Speaking and Human Relations, New York City; author of "Public Speaking," "Little Known Facts About Well Known People," etc.

DURING the past 24 years Dale Carnegie has trained more than 15,000 business and professional men, including some of the most famous, in public speaking and in the technique of handling people. His courses have proved so valuable in business relationships that such organizations as the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, McGraw-Hill Publishing Company, American Institute of Electric Engineers, and the New York Telephone Company have had this training conducted in their own offices for their members and executives.

"This book," the author says, "wasn't written in the usual sense of the word. It grew and developed out of the experiences of thousands of adults in my classes." And from this extensive reservoir of experience has come the wealth of anecdote and common-sense lessons in human relationships in which *How to Win Friends and Influence People* abounds.

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Criticism Is Futile

In May, 1931, when "Two Gun" Crowley was captured — after being besieged by 150 policemen with machine guns and tear gas — Police Commissioner Mulrooney declared that this desperado was one of the most dangerous criminals in the history of New York. "He will kill," said the Commissioner, "at the drop of a feather."

But how did "Two Gun" Crowley regard himself? While the police were firing into his apartment, he wrote a letter addressed "To Whom It May Concern." In this letter he said: "Under my coat is a weary heart, but a kind one — one that would do nobody any harm."

A short time before this, Crowley had been having a necking party on a country road out on Long Island. Suddenly a policeman walked up to the parked car and said: "Let me see your license."

Without saying a word, Crowley drew his gun, and shot the policeman dead.

Crowley was sentenced to the electric chair. When he arrived at the death house at Sing Sing, did he say, "This is what I get for killing people"? No, he said: "This is what I get for defending myself."

The point of the story is this: "Two Gun" Crowley didn't blame himself for anything.

Is this an unusual attitude among criminals? If you think so, listen to Warden Lawes of Sing Sing: "Few criminals regard themselves as bad men. Most of them attempt to justify their anti-social acts even to themselves, consequently stoutly maintaining that they should never have been imprisoned at all."

If the desperate men behind prison walls don't blame themselves for anything — what about the people with whom you and I come in contact?

Personally I had to blunder through a third of a century before it even began to dawn upon me that, 99 times out of a hundred, no man ever criticizes himself for anything, no matter how wrong he may be; and that criticism is futile because it puts a man on the defensive, and usually makes him strive to justify himself.

Criticism is also dangerous, because it wounds a man's precious pride, hurts his sense of importance, and arouses his resentment.

When I was very young and trying hard to impress people, I wrote a foolish letter to Richard Harding Davis. I was preparing a magazine article about authors; and I asked Davis to tell me about his method of work. I had just received a letter with this notation at the bottom: "Dictated but not read." I was quite impressed. I felt the writer must be very

busy and important. And as I was eager to make an impression on Richard Harding Davis, I ended my own short note, "Dictated but not read."

He never troubled to answer the letter. He simply returned it with this scribbled comment: "Your bad manners are exceeded only by your bad manners." True, I deserved his rebuke. But, being human, I resented it. I resented it so sharply that when I read of the death of Richard Harding Davis ten years later, the one thought that still persisted in my mind — I am ashamed to admit — was the hurt he had given me.

When dealing with people, remember you are not dealing with creatures of logic, but with creatures of emotion, creatures bristling with prejudices and motivated by pride and vanity. And if you want to stir up a resentment tomorrow that may rankle across the decades and endure until death, just indulge in a little stinging criticism — no matter how certain you are that it is justified.

Benjamin Franklin, tactless in his youth, became so diplomatic, so adroit at handling people that he was made American Ambassador to France. The secret of his success? "I will speak ill of no man," he said, "and speak all the good I know of everybody."

As Dr. Johnson said: "God Himself, sir, does not propose to judge man until the end of his days."

Why should you and I?

We Want To Be Important

PROFESSOR John Dewey, America's most profound philosopher, says the deepest urge in human nature is the "desire to be important." Remember that phrase, "the desire to be important." It is a gnawing and unfaltering human hunger. It was this desire that led the uneducated, poverty-stricken grocery clerk, Abraham Lincoln, to study law; that inspired Dickens to write his immortal novels. It makes you want to wear the latest styles, drive the latest car, and talk about your brilliant children.

People sometimes become invalids in order to win sympathy and attention, and get a feeling of importance. Some authorities declare that people may actually go insane in order to find, in the dreamland of insanity, the feeling of importance that has been denied them in the harsh world of reality.

If people are so hungry for a feeling of importance, imagine what miracles you and I can achieve by giving them honest appreciation. The rare individual who honestly satisfies this heart hunger will hold people in the palm of his hand.

Andrew Carnegie paid Charles Schwab the unprecedented salary of a million dollars a year. Because Schwab knew more about the manufacture of steel than other people? Nonsense. Schwab told me himself that he had many men working for him who knew more about steel than he did, and that he was paid this salary largely because of his ability to deal with people. And what is his secret?

"I consider my ability to arouse enthusiasm among the men," he said, "the greatest asset I possess, and the way to develop the best that is in a man is by appreciation. There is nothing that so kills the ambitions

ZIEGFELD, the most spectacular entrepreneur who ever dazzled Broadway, gained his reputation by his subtle ability to "glorify the American girl." He repeatedly took some drab little creature that no one ever looked at twice and transformed her on the stage into a glamorous vision of mystery and seduction. Knowing the value of appreciation and confidence, he made women *feel* beautiful by the sheer power of his gallantry and consideration. He raised the salary of chorus girls from $35 a week to as high as $175; and on opening night at the Follies, deluged every chorus girl in the show with American Beauty roses.

of a man as criticism from his superiors. So I am anxious to praise but loath to find fault. I have yet to find the man, however exalted his station, who did not do better work and put forth greater effort under a spirit of approval than under a spirit of criticism."

Sincere appreciation was one of the secrets of Rockefeller's success in handling men. For example, when one of his partners, Edward T. Bedford, lost the firm a million dollars by a bad buy in South America, John D. might have criticized; but he knew Bedford had done his best. So Rockefeller found something to praise; he congratulated Bedford because he had been able to save 60 percent of the money he had invested. "That's splendid," said Rockefeller. "We don't always do as well as that upstairs."

Almost everyone considers himself important. So does every nation. Do you feel superior to the Japanese? The truth is that the Japanese consider themselves superior to you, and are infuriated at the sight of a white man dancing with a Japanese lady. Do you consider yourself superior to the Hindus in India? That is your privilege; but a million Hindus wouldn't befoul themselves by touching the food your heathen shadow has fallen across. Do you feel superior to the Eskimos? Again, that is your privilege; but would you really like to know what the Eskimo thinks of you? Well, there are a few native hoboes among the Eskimos, worthless bums who refuse to work. The Eskimos call them "white men" — that being their utmost term of contempt.

The truth is that almost every man you meet feels himself superior to you in some way; and a sure way to his heart is to let him realize that you recognize his importance. A line in *Reunion in Vienna* runs, "There is nothing I need so much as nourishment for my self-esteem." We nourish the bodies of our children and friends; but how seldom do we nourish their self-esteem!

No! I am not suggesting flattery. Flattery ought to fail and usually does. But flattery is from the teeth out. Sincere appreciation is from the heart out.

Let's cease thinking of our own accomplishments, our wants. Let's try to figure out the other man's good points. Give him honest, sincere appreciation for them and he will cherish your words years after you have forgotten them.

Emerson said: "Every man I meet is my superior in some way. In that, I learn of him."

What the Other Fellow Wants

TOMORROW you will want to persuade somebody to do something. Before you speak, remember there is only one way under high Heaven to get anybody to do anything. And that is by making them *want* to do it.

Andrew Carnegie was a past master at influencing people by talking in terms of what the other person wants. To illustrate: His sister-in-law was worried sick over her two boys at Yale, who neglected to write home and paid no attention to their mother's letters. Carnegie offered to wager a hundred dollars that he could get an answer by return mail, without even asking for it. Someone called his bet; so he wrote his nephews a chatty letter, mentioning casually in a postscript that he was sending each one a five-dollar bill.

He neglected, however, to enclose the money.

Back came replies by return mail.

This strategy appealed, of course, to a relatively low motive; but it is often possible to influence people by appealing to the highest motive possible to the situation. When the late Lord Northcliffe found a newspaper using a picture of himself which he didn't want published, he wrote the editor a letter. But did he say, "Please do not publish that picture of me any more; I don't like it"? No, he appealed to the respect all of us have for motherhood. He wrote, "Please do not publish that picture of me any more. My mother doesn't like it."

When John D. Rockefeller, Jr., wished to stop newspaper photographers from snapping pictures of his children, he didn't say: "I don't want their pictures published." No, he appealed to the desire, deep in all of us, to refrain from harming children. He said: "You know how it is, boys. You've got children yourselves. And you know it's not good for youngsters to get too much publicity."

Charles Schwab had a mill manager whose men weren't producing their quota of work. "How is it," Schwab asked, "that a man as capable as you can't make this mill turn out what it should?"

"I don't know," the man replied, "I've coaxed the men; I've pushed them; I've sworn and cussed. They just won't produce." It happened to be the end of the day, just before the night shift came on.

"Give me a piece of chalk," Schwab said. Then, turning to the nearest man: "How many heats did your shift make today?"

"Six." Without another word, Schwab chalked a big figure six on the floor and walked away. When the night shift came in, they saw the "6" and asked what it meant. "The big boss was in here today," the day men said. "He asked us how many heats we made, and we told him six. He chalked it down on the floor." The next morning Schwab walked through the mill again. The night shift had rubbed out "6," and replaced it with a big "7."

When the day shift reported for work, they saw a big "7" on the floor. So the night shift thought they were better than the day shift, did they? Well, they would show the night shift a thing or two. They pitched in with enthusiasm and when

they quit that night, they left behind them an enormous, swaggering "10." Shortly this mill, that had been lagging way behind in production, was turning out more work than any other mill in the plant.

The principle? "The way to get things done," says Schwab, "is to stimulate competition. I do not mean in a sordid, money-getting way, but in the desire to excel."

Back in 1915 when Woodrow Wilson determined to send a peace emissary to counsel with the war lords of Europe, William Jennings Bryan, Secretary of State, the peace advocate, longed to go. He saw a chance to make his name immortal. But Wilson appointed Colonel House, and it was House's thorny task to break the news to Bryan. "Bryan was distinctly disappointed," Colonel House records in his diary, "but I explained that the President thought it would be bad for anyone to do this officially, and that his going would attract a great deal of attention and people would wonder why he was there."

You see the intimation? House practically tells Bryan that he is too important for the job — and Bryan is satisfied. Colonel House, adroit, experienced in the ways of the world, was following one of the important rules of human relations: Always make the other man happy about doing the thing you suggest.

Don't Argue

AT A BANQUET one night the man next to me told a story in which he used the quotation, "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, roughhew them how we will," and attributed it to the Bible. He was wrong. And to display my superiority, I corrected him. He stuck to his guns. From Shakespeare? Absurd! That quotation was from the Bible. An old friend of mine, seated at my left, was a Shakespearean scholar. The story-teller and I agreed to submit the question to him. My friend listened, kicked me under the table and said: "Dale, you are wrong. The gentleman is right. It is from the Bible."

On our way home that night, my friend explained: "Of course that quotation is from Shakespeare, Dale; but we were guests at a festive occasion. Why prove to a man he is wrong? Is that going to make him like you? Why not let him save his face? He didn't ask for your opinion. Why argue with him? Always avoid the acute angle."

"*Always avoid the acute angle.*" I sorely needed that lesson because I had been an inveterate arguer. During my youth, I had argued with my brother about everything under the Milky Way. In college I studied logic and argumentation, and later taught them in New York. As a result of it all, I have come to the conclusion that there is only one way to get the best of an argument — and that is to avoid it. Nine times out of ten, an argument ends with each of the contestants being more firmly convinced than ever that he is absolutely right. You can't win an argument. You can't win because even if you win it, you lose it, for you will never get your opponent's good will.

William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury in Woodrow Wilson's Cabinet, declared that he had learned,

s a result of his crowded years in olitics, that "it is impossible to de- eat an ignorant man by argument." 'ou put it mildly, Mr. McAdoo. My xperience has been that it is all but mpossible to make *any* man — re- ardless of his I.Q. rating — change is mind by a verbal joust.

For example, Frederick S. Parsons, n income-tax consultant, had been isputing and wrangling for an hour ith a government tax inspector. An tem of $9000 was at stake. Mr. Par- ons claimed that this $9000 was a ad debt, the inspector that it must e taxed.

"This inspector was cold, arro- ant, and stubborn," Mr. Parsons aid. "The longer we argued, the nore stubborn he became. Finally I aid, 'I suppose that this is a very etty matter in comparison with the eally important and difficult de- isions you are required to make. I've nade a study of taxation myself. But I've had to get my knowledge rom books. You are getting yours rom the firing line of experience. I ometimes wish I had a job like ours. It would teach me a lot.' I neant every word I said. Well, the nspector straightened up in his chair, eaned back, and talked for a long ime about his work, telling me of the clever frauds he had uncovered. His one gradually became friendly; and resently he was telling me about his children. As he left, he advised me hat he would consider my problem urther, and give me his decision in a ew days. He called at my office three days later and informed me that he had decided to leave the tax return exactly as it was filed."

This tax inspector was demonstrating one of the most common of human frailties. He wanted a feeling of importance; and as long as Mr. Parsons argued with him, he got his feeling of importance by loudly asserting his authority. But as soon as his importance was admitted, and the argument stopped, and he was permitted to expand his ego, he became a sympathetic and kindly human being.

I have quit telling people they are wrong. And I find it pays. Few people are logical. Most of us are prejudiced, blighted with preconceived notions. When we are wrong, we may admit it to ourselves. And if we are handled gently and tactfully, we may admit it to others and even take pride in our frankness. But not if someone else is trying to ram the unpalatable fact down our esophagus.

In his biography, Ben Franklin tells how he conquered the iniquitous habit of argument and made himself one of the most able diplomats in American history. One day, when Franklin was a blundering youth, an old Quaker friend took him aside and lashed him with a few stinging truths: "Ben, your opinions have a slap in them for everyone who differs with you. Your friends find they enjoy themselves better when you are not around. You know so much that no man can tell you anything. Indeed no man is going to try, for the effort would lead only to discomfort. So you are not likely ever to know any more than you do now, which is very little."

Ben Franklin was wise enough to realize that this was true, and he made a right-about-face. "I made it a rule," said Franklin, "to forbear

all direct contradiction to the sentiments of others, and all positive assertion of my own. I even forbade myself the use of every expression that imported a fix'd opinion, such as 'certainly,' 'undoubtedly,' etc., and I adopted, instead, 'I conceive,' a thing to be so; or 'it so appears to me at present.' When another asserted something that I thought an error, I deny'd myself the pleasure of contradicting him abruptly, and of showing immediately some absurdity in his proposition: and in answering I began by observing that in certain cases or circumstances his opinion would be right, but in the present case there seem'd to me some difference.

"And this became at length so habitual that perhaps for these 50 years past no one has ever heard a dogmatical expression escape me. And to this habit (after my character of integrity) I think it principally owing that I had early so much weight with my fellow citizens when I proposed new institutions, or alterations in the old, and so much influence in public councils."

When You're In the Wrong

WHEN one is at fault, it is frequently disarming to admit it quickly. Ferdinand E. Warren, a commercial artist, used this technique to win the good will of a petulant art director. "Recently I delivered him a rush job," Mr. Warren told me, "and he phoned me to call at his office immediately. When I arrived, I found just what I had anticipated — he was hostile, gloating over his chance to criticize. He demanded with heat why I had done so and so. Trying a new strategy, I simply said, 'I am at fault and there is absolutely no excuse for my blunder. I have been doing drawings for you long enough to know better. I'm ashamed of myself.'

"Immediately he started to defend me. 'Yes, you're right, but after all, this isn't a serious mistake —'

"I interrupted him. 'Any mistake may be costly. I should have been more careful. I'm going to do this drawing over.'

"'No! No!' he protested. 'I wouldn't think of putting you to all that trouble.' He praised my work, assured me that he wanted only a minor change, a mere detail — not worth worrying about. My eagerness to criticize myself took all the fight out of him. Before we parted, he gave me a check and another commission."

The First Person Singular

MANY OF the sweetest memories of my childhood cluster around a little yellow-haired dog with a stub tail. Tippy never read a book on psychology. He didn't need to. He had a perfect technique for making people like him. He liked people himself — and his interest in me was so sincere and genuine that I could not keep from loving him in return.

Do you want to make friends? Then take a tip from Tippy. Be friendly. Forget yourself. People are not interested in you. They are interested in themselves — morning, noon, and after dinner. The New York Telephone Company made a detailed study of telephone conversations to find out which word is the most frequently used. It is the per-

sonal pronoun "I." It was used 3900 times in 500 telephone conversations. "I," "I," "I," "I," "I."

That is why you can make more friends in two months by becoming interested in other people than you can in two years by trying to get other people interested in you.

This was one of the secrets of Theodore Roosevelt's astonishing popularity. Roosevelt called at the White House one day when the President and Mrs. Taft were away. His honest liking for humble people was shown by the fact that he greeted all the old White House servants by name, even the scullery maids.

"When he saw Alice, the kitchen maid," writes Archie Butt, "he asked her if she still made corn bread. Alice told him that she sometimes made it for the servants, but no one ate it upstairs.

"'They show bad taste,' Roosevelt boomed, 'and I'll tell the President so when I see him.'

"Alice brought a piece to him on a plate, and he went over to the office eating it as he went and greeting gardeners and laborers as he passed. They still whisper about it to each other, and Ike Hoover said with tears in his eyes: 'It is the happiest day we have had in nearly two years.'"

It was this same intense interest in the problems of other people that made Dr. Charles W. Eliot of Harvard one of the most successful presidents who ever directed a university. One day a freshman, L. R. G. Crandon, went to the president's office to borrow $50 from the Students' Loan Fund. The loan was granted. "Then" — I am quoting Crandon — "President Eliot said, 'Pray be seated.' To my amazement, he continued, 'I am told that you cook and eat in your room. Now I don't think that is at all bad for you if you get the right food and enough of it. When I was in college, I did the same. Did you ever make veal loaf? That, if made from sufficiently mature and sufficiently cooked veal, is one of the best things you could have, because there is no waste. This is the way I used to make it.' He then told me how to pick the veal, how to cook it slowly, with such evaporation that the soup would turn into jelly later, then how to cut it up and press it with one pan inside another and eat it cold."

Does this attitude work in business? Does it? I could cite scores of illustrations.

Charles R. Walters, of one of the large banks in New York City, was assigned to prepare a confidential report on a certain corporation. He knew of only one man who possessed the facts, the president. As Mr. Walters was ushered into his office, a young woman stuck her head through a door and told the president that she didn't have any stamps for him that day.

"I am collecting stamps for my 12-year-old son," the president explained.

Mr. Walters stated his mission, and began asking questions. The president was vague, general, nebulous. The interview was brief and barren.

Mr. Walters didn't know what to do. Then he remembered that the foreign department of his bank collected stamps, taken from letters pouring in from every continent.

"The next afternoon I called on

this man again," said Mr. Walters, "and sent in word that I had some stamps for his boy. He greeted me radiating smiles. 'My George will love this one,' he kept saying as he fondled the stamps. 'And look at this. This is a treasure.'

"We spent half an hour talking stamps, and then he devoted more than an hour of his time to giving me every bit of information I wanted — without my even suggesting it."

If we want to make friends, let's put ourselves out to do things for other people — things that require time, energy and thoughtfulness.

Be a Good Listener

I RECENTLY MET a distinguished botanist at a dinner party. I had never talked to a botanist before, and I literally sat on the edge of my chair the whole evening while he spoke of hashish and potatoes and Luther Burbank and indoor gardens. Midnight came. I said good night and departed. The botanist then turned to our host and paid me some very flattering compliments. I was "most stimulating," a "most interesting conversationalist."

An interesting conversationalist? I had said hardly anything at all. I couldn't have said anything if I had wanted to without changing the subject, for I know nothing about botany. But I had done this: I had listened intently, because I was genuinely interested. And he felt it. Naturally that pleased him. That kind of listening is one of the highest compliments we can pay.

And that is the secret of success alike in social conversation and in a business interview. Remember that the man you are talking to is a hundred times more interested in himself and his wants and problems than he is in you and your problems. His toothache means more to him than a famine in China. Think of that the next time you start a conversation. And if you want people to like you, be a good listener. Encourage them to talk about themselves.

The Magic of Names

I ONCE ASKED Jim Farley the secret of his success. He said, "Hard work," and I said, "Don't be funny."

He then inquired what *I* thought was the reason for his success. I replied: "I understand you can call 10,000 people by their first names."

"No. You are wrong," he said. "I can call 50,000 people by their first names."

Make no mistake about it. That ability helped Mr. Farley put Franklin D. Roosevelt in the White House. During the years that Jim Farley traveled as a salesman for a gypsum concern, he built up a system for remembering names. Whenever he met a new acquaintance, he found out his complete name, the size of his family, the nature of his business, and the color of his political opinions. He got all these facts well in mind, and the next time he met that man, he was able to slap him on the back, inquire after the wife and kids, and ask him about the hollyhocks in the back yard. No wonder he developed a following!

He had discovered early in life that the average man is more interested in his own name than in all the other

names on earth put together. Remember that name and call it easily, and you have paid him a subtle and very effective compliment. But forget it or misspell it — and you have placed yourself at a sharp disadvantage.

Andrew Carnegie, by the time he was ten years old, had discovered the astonishing importance people place on their own names. And he used that discovery to win coöperation. He had a nest of little rabbits, but nothing to feed them. Then he had a brilliant idea. He told the boys in the neighborhood that if they would pull enough clover and dandelions to feed the rabbits he would name the bunnies in their honor.

The plan worked like magic; and Carnegie never forgot it.

Years later, he made millions by using that same psychology in business. For example, he wanted to sell steel rails to the Pennsylvania Railroad, of which J. Edgar Thompson was then president. So Andrew Carnegie built a huge steel mill in Pittsburgh and called it the "J. Edgar Thompson Steel Works."

When the Pennsylvania Railroad needed steel rails, where do you suppose J. Edgar Thompson bought them?

When Carnegie and George Pullman were battling each other for supremacy in the sleeping-car business, the Steel King again remembered the lesson of the rabbits.

The Central Transportation Company, which Andrew Carnegie controlled, was fighting with the company Pullman owned. Both were struggling to get the sleeping-car business of the Union Pacific Railroad, bucking each other, slashing prices, and destroying all chance of profit. Both Carnegie and Pullman had gone to New York to see the board of directors of the Union Pacific. Meeting Mr. Pullman one evening in the St. Nicholas Hotel, Carnegie suggested a merger of the two companies. He pictured in glowing terms the mutual advantages of working with, instead of against each other. Pullman listened attentively, but was not wholly convinced. Finally he asked, "What would you call the new company?" and Carnegie replied promptly: "Why, the Pullman Palace Car Company, of course."

Pullman's face brightened. "Come into my room," he said. "Let's talk it over." That talk made industrial history.

Men are so proud of their names

> THE LATE Percy Hammond, the drama critic, had an inveterate device he used when he wished to annoy somebody in print. He purposely misspelled the person's name. He would ring the misspelled word and on the margin of his copy would write "stet," thus instructing the linotype operator and proofreader not to be so misguided as to correct the spelling Hammond had used or to change Joseph Brooks Krutch to Joseph Wood Krutch or J. Wood Atkinson to J. Brooks Atkinson. For some strange reason most people feel deeply affronted when their names appear incorrectly spelled in print. And he delighted to make people wince at the idea of being so negligible in Percy Hammond's mind that he didn't even know how to spell their names correctly. — Burton Rascoe in *Esquire*

that they strive to perpetuate them at any cost. Two hundred years ago, rich men used to pay authors to dedicate their books to them. Our millionaires helped finance Admiral Byrd's expedition to the Antarctic with the understanding that ranges of icy mountains would be named after them. Even blustering, hard-boiled old P. T. Barnum, disappointed because he had no sons to carry on his name, offered his grandson, C. H. Seeley, $25,000 if he would call himself "Barnum" Seeley.

One of the simplest, most obvious, and most important ways of gaining good will and making people feel important is by remembering names. Yet how many of us do it? Half the time we are introduced to a stranger, chat a few minutes, and can't even remember his name when we say good-bye. Most people don't remember names for the simple reason that they don't take the time and energy necessary to concentrate and repeat and fix names indelibly in their minds.

Napoleon III of France boasted that he could remember the name of every person he met. His technique? If he didn't hear the name distinctly, he said, "So sorry. I didn't get the name clearly." Then, if it was an unusual name, he would say, "How is it spelled?"

During the conversation, he took the trouble to repeat the name several times, and tried to associate it in his mind with the man's features, expression, and general appearance. If the man were someone of importance, Napoleon went to even further pains. As soon as he was alone, he wrote the man's name down on a piece of paper, looked at it, concentrated on it, fixed it securely in his mind, and then tore up the paper. In this way, he gained an eye impression of the name as well as an ear impression.

All this takes time, but "good manners," said Emerson, "are made up of petty sacrifices."

Remember that a man's name is to him the sweetest and most important sound in the English language.

As a convenience to readers who do not have easy access to a bookstore, orders for "How to Win Friends and Influence People," or any books quoted or mentioned in The Reader's Digest, may be sent direct to

The Reader's Digest Book Service
Pleasantville, N. Y.

ENEAS AFRICANUS

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK

HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

+

Eneas Africanus, one of the most famous of all American short stories, was first published in the *Evening News* of Macon, Ga., in 1919. The story had been offered to magazine publishers while in manuscript, and "enthusiastically returned." It was later issued in booklet form and began at once to spread over the country, promoted only by "word of mouth" advertising. Corporations ordered the booklet in large quantities for distribution to customers; individuals sent it as gifts to friends; and it is now estimated that more than a million and a quarter copies have been sold, reaching every English-speaking country.

The author, now 81, resides on a plantation near Macon, Ga.

Extract from the *Macon Telegraph and Messenger* of October 12, 1872

WHO HAS THIS CUP?

Major George E. Tommey Advertises For His Silver Cup

EDITOR, *Telegraph and Messenger*, MACON, GA.

DEAR SIR: I write to invoke your assistance in tracing an old family Negro who disappeared in 1864, between my stock farm in Floyd County and my home place, locally known as Tommeysville, in Jefferson County. The Negro's name was Eneas, a small gray-haired old fellow and very talkative.

The unexpected movement of our army after the battle of Resaca placed my stock farm in line of the Federal advance and exposed my family to capture. My command, Tommey's Legion, passing within five miles, I was able to warn them, and they hurriedly boarded the last southbound train without baggage. An effort was made to save the family silver, much of it old and highly prized, especially a cup known in the family as the "Bride's Cup," bearing the inscription:

> Ye bryde whose lippes kysse myne
> And taste ye water an no wyne
> Shall happy live an hersel see
> A happy grandchile on each knee.

This cup was hurriedly packed with other silver in a hair trunk and entrusted to Eneas with verbal instructions to find his way to Tommeysville. He drove an old flea-bitten, blooded mare to a one-horse wagon

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full of forage and carried all the Confederate money the family left, to pay his expenses. He was last seen about eight miles southeast of Atlanta.

Our belief is he was murdered and robbed by army stragglers. He had never been over the road, as we always traveled to North Georgia by rail. His geographical knowledge consisted of a few names — places to which I had taken him in the neighborhood, such as Macon, Sparta, Louisville, and the counties of Washington and Jefferson. If given a chance to talk he would probably confine himself to "Lady Chain," the mare he was driving; "Lightning," the noted four-mile stallion temporarily in my possession; the Tommey family and our settlement "Tommeysville." On these he could talk steadily for 18 hours a day.

I have no hope of seeing Eneas again, for he would have gotten back if he had to travel all over the South to do it, but there is a bare chance that the cup may be found, and I write to gratify my daughter whose wedding is approaching. All brides in the family since 1670 have used this cup on their wedding days. If the cup was stolen, doubtless the thieves sold it, and if so, the holder may read these lines. I am willing to waive any question of ownership and purchase the cup at the holder's valuation, if within my power: or, if unwilling to sell, he may loan the cup for a few days.

I shall be greatly obliged if you will publish this letter with a request that all southern papers copy the same.

Your obed't servant,
GEORGE E. TOMMEY
Late Major, Tommey's Legion, C.S.A.
P. O., Louisville, Ga.

Althea Lodge, Fayette Co., Ga.
October 15, 1872

DEAR MAJOR TOMMEY: I read with deep interest your letter in the *Telegraph and Messenger* inquiring of a Negro named Eneas. This man, I am sure, came to my house 20 miles south of Atlanta in 1864. I remember the occasion because he mentioned your name and one of my boys was serving in your command. I offered him food and shelter, but he insisted on sleeping in his wagon. He told me that the mare was famous on the race track and very valuable and he was afraid to leave her. This struck me as singular because she seemed old and broken down. I did not see any trunk, but his wagon was full of hay and he may have had it hidden.

Eneas asked me to put him on the road to Thomasville — or so I understood him — and I gave him directions. I do hope you find the old man, as well as the cup. I took quite a fancy to him. He gave me a vivid description of yourself — whom I had long wished to meet — and of your home, the 12-room house, lawn with its three fountains, beautiful lake, and your hundred Negroes in their painted cottages.

Sincerely your friend,
MARTHA HORTON

Talbotton, Ga.
October 18, 1872

SIR: I kept a livery stable here in '64 and saw the man you are hunting. He drove an old mare he called Lady Chain and claimed she was in foal to Lightning, the great four-mile horse. I took this for a joke along with some of the fairy stories he gave me about the Tommeys, but he was so polite

and humble that I let him stay overnight in the stable. Offered to pay me next mornin an seemed like he had about a bushel of Confedrit money; but I was long on Confed myself and didn't let him put any more on me. He was on his way to Thomasville, so he said, and I give him as much directions as he could carry.

Very truly,
WILLIAM PETERS

Thomas County
October 19, 1872

DEAR SIR: My wife remembered your old nigger as soon as she read your letter in the paper. He was a big talker all right, and sat on our back steps half the night talking about the Tommeys, their race horse, 20-room house, yard with six fountains and a whole tribe of niggers. We fed him and he slept in the wagon. He moved on to Thomasville, about six miles from here, but I don't think it was the place he was looking for. I reckon it must have been "Tommeysville" he was looking for. Major, I took a good look at Lady Chain and you ain't lost much if you never get her back, but if you don't find the nigger, you've lost the champion liar of Georgia.

Respectfully,
ABNER CUMMING

Thomasville, Ga.
October 19, 1872

HON. SIR AND MAJOR: Your man, Eneas, came to my home in the winter of '65 or the fall of '64 in great distress. He said he had traveled a thousand miles to get to Thomasville but it wasn't the right one. He claimed he had lived in Jefferson County, next to Washington County, and as this describes two counties across the line in Florida, I sent him over there. I thought the old nigger was loose in the upper story. He had no trunk when here.

Very truly,
ANDREW LOOMIS

Tallahassee, Fla.
October 20, 1872

MY DEAR SIR: Eneas, your old Negro, was on my plantation in '65. He came here utterly discouraged, looking for a little Thomasville owned by Major Tommey. There are no Tommeys in this county and I passed him along to Colonel Chairs, a friend in Washington County, on the Gulf Coast.

Chairs wrote me that he had had a great deal of fun out of Eneas. The Gulf astonished him. He declared he was in the wrong Washington, because there were no oranges, or scrub palmettos, or big green spiders (crabs) in his, and the water had no salt in it. Eneas talked of Macon and Louisville, and there being a county and town so named, besides another Thomasville, to the north in Alabama, Chairs started him up that way. I am truly sorry the old man came to grief. He was a harmless old fellow, though a picturesque liar.

Yours very truly,
RANDOLPH THOMAS

Louisville, Ala.
October 28, 1872

SIR: a ole nigger name of enus came by hyar in the firs yer atter the war with er old mare and er colt he claim was by the lightnin. He was lokin for a tomusville an I tried to show him the way back to tomusville in Georgia, but he got mad and wanted

to fight and if he hadn't been er ole man I would have busted him open. Mr. tommy, you wont never see yo nigger no more less he mends his way of acktin when you are tryin to help him.

Respectfull, sir, yours
POMPEY WILEY (Colored)
He lef hyar for Macon County.

Barton, Washington Co., Ala.

DEAR SIR: Your Negro, Eneas, came to my place in '65 from a little village named Thomasville to the northeast. I let him have some rations and a piece of land and he planted a cotton crop. He married a young mulatto woman on my place and when he left here about Christmas, 1866, carried a young baby besides the old mare and her colt. The colt, by the way, was a beauty.

Eneas was a puzzle to me, though I have lived among Negroes all my life. His stories of you and your place were marvels. But for the fact that he held the mare and colt in your name, refusing dozens of offers for the latter when in dire need, I should have put him down as a reckless romancer. He began preaching here among the Negroes and proved an eloquent spiritual advocate. He claimed that he had been the pastor of a big congregation at home.

Hearing of a Macon and Louisville over in Mississippi, he gathered up his household goods and left. I do hope you find him. Suppose you make inquiries through the African Methodist Church — he ought to be a bishop by this time.

Very respectfully,
JAMES TALLY,
Attorney-at-law

Sunshine Parsonage
Washington Co., Miss.

MY DEAR SIR: Eneas Tommey was here in 1868 or '69 with a wife and several children. He came up the Mississippi from Jefferson County, trying to find a ford. He had heard of a Washington parish and a Thomasville in Louisiana, and was trying to reach them. He rented a piece of land near here and raised a crop, leaving in 1869 for Jefferson County, Alabama. I gave him a letter to a minister in that county.

Very truly,
(Rev.) JOHN SIMMS

P. S. I regret to say that after leaving here, Eneas, though an active minister of the Gospel, suffered the young horse to be entered in a county race. I understand that he won about $75. Allowance, however, must be made for the old man's distress.

J. S.

Idlewilde, Jefferson Co., Ala.
October 26, 1872

MY DEAR SIR: Eneas — or the Rev. Eneas Tommy, as he called himself — came here in 1869 with a gray mare and a splendid young horse which he claimed was of marvelous speed, and a letter from a friend of mine in Mississippi. He also brought a wife and two children. To the latter he added a third before leaving.

My daughter was interested in the old man's story and made seven copies of a letter, which he dictated, and sent one to every Thomasville in the South. They all came back. By good luck she retained one for her scrap book, and I enclose it that you may see how the faithful old fellow was trying to reach you.

He stayed around here farming and preaching until 1870 when, hearing of a Macon and a Sparta in Tennessee, he moved on. He had no trunk with him and I am afraid your cup is gone.

Very truly,
(Rev.) Amos Wells

P. S. I am informed that Eneas participated in a horse race in Birmingham after leaving here and won a great deal of money. A. W.

The letter of Eneas enclosed:

Marse George: I am loss in er distric called Yellerhama, by a town name o' Burningham. Ef you knows whar Burningham is, fer God's sake come ter me fer I can't git ter you! Me and Lady Chain is plum wore out.

Marse George, I been ter fers one an' den ernuther Thomasville, year in an' year out, tell thar ain't no sense in hit. Evy yuther place is name Thomasville er Macon er Washington er Jefferson. Evybody knows whar I wanter go but me, an' shows me de road; but all I kin do is ter keep movin.

Marse George, I come ter one pond I couldn't see ercross and de water warn't no count. The last Thomasville was out most ter sundown an' I was headin' fer ernuther when I struck er creek a mile wide an' Lady Chain couldn't wade hit, so we turn back.

Marse George, Lady Chain's colt come, back in the second Jefferson, an' he sholy is old Lightnin's colt. I been tryin' him out hyar an' thar an' thar ain't nothin' kin tech him.

Marse George, I got ernuther wife down in de third Washington an' am bringin' her erlong. She weighs 160, an' picks fo' hundred pounds er cotton er day. She b'longs ter you, same as me an' Lady Chain an' de colt.

Marse George, er horse trader told me erbout some more Macons an' Spartas an' Jeffersons up de country an' ef I don't get word fum you by nex' month, I'm gointer move erlong.

Marse George, ef you knows whar I is fum dis hyar letter an' can't come yo'self, sen' fer me. I'm sick o' de road an' wanter git home. Do somp'n an' do hit quick!

Yo' ole nigger,
Eneas

Louisville, Tenn.
October 27, 1872

Sir: Don't you worry about old Eneas. He came here in or about '70 with a gray mare, a long-legged race horse, a young wife and three children, and plenty of money. He give out that he was a minister of the Gospel. They stayed on my place and there were four children when they left.

He was a preacher all right, 'cause I heard him time and again, but all the same he was the biggest liar in Tennessee at that time, and that's a great record for any man. Major, if half he said about you and your place is true, you ought to be President. You must have owned all the niggers in Georgia, and that 40-room mansion of yours must be spread over all three of them counties he has been looking for ever since freedom.

About that Lightning colt. Eneas slipped him into a free-for-all up here and about busted the county. I offered him $500 for the colt, but he said your price was $20,000. Next day he was gone. I was away from home when he left. He owed me $20 I had advanced him, taking a lien note on

the crop. He sent me word that if the crop didn't pay out to send you the bill. Said he had plenty of money to pay the note but didn't have time to wait for it to come due! Say, Major, if he ever gets back, and he will, for you can't lose that kind of man for good, better nail down everything movable — including them twelve fountains.

Yours,
TOM JOHNSON

Washington Co., N. C.
October 20, 1872

MY DEAR MAJOR: Your old Negro has been on my plantation for about a year farming and preaching and romancing. He came straight through Tennessee and North Carolina, touching Sparta, Louisville, Washington and Jefferson Counties in the former, and the towns of Jefferson, Sparta and Macon in this State before he found me. I am known all over this section as "Major Tommy," and as the old negro was looking for "Major Tommey," somebody put him on my trail. He soon had me treed, but was greatly disappointed when he saw me. However, that did not keep him from paying me a year's visit.

The young race horse is certainly a fine animal and should you decide to sell him I trust you will give me the refusal. Eneas won several purses up here in local races. He has a new name for the horse everywhere he goes. He says it keeps him from getting "too common."

When Eneas was not plowing or racing, his favorite occupation was preaching, his subject usually being the wandering of the Hebrews in the desert. He left here for Jefferson, S. C. I am sorry to say I heard no mention of your lost cup.

Very sincerely yours,
THOMAS BAILEY
(Late) Major, 13th N. C. Volunteers, C.S.A.

Extract from *Columbia* (S. C.) *Register*, October 27, 1872

ONE OF THE surprises of yesterday's races came in the free-for-all two-mile dash, which was won by "Chainlightning," entered by an old Negro man calling himself Eneas Tommey. Eneas arrived late and attracted attention by his unique appearance and his limitless faith in Chainlightning. His story and the splendid horse interested some stablemen and they succeeded in getting him entered and a rider engaged. Chainlightning led the bunch by 100 yards at the end of the first mile and by nearly 300 at the end of the second.

Eneas won $200, and then left, going toward Augusta, Ga. It was suggested afterwards that this may have been the man advertised for in the *Telegraph and Messenger* by a Major Tommey, of Louisville, Ga., a few weeks ago. The matter will be brought to his attention.

Correspondence, *Macon Telegraph and Messenger*, October 31, 1872

LOUISVILLE, GA. — Your correspondent on Thursday was the favored guest of Major George E. Tommey, the famous commander of the Tommey Legion. The Major's residence at Tommeysville, as his plantation is called, is one of the old-fashioned, two-story houses with great hall and verandas and two large wings. The broad lawn in front abounds with

roses and among them is a tiny fountain with a spray.

The occasion of the visit was the marriage of the Major's only daughter, Beauregarde Forrest, to Mirabeau Lamar Temple, of Dallas, Tex. The wedding supper was charming in its simplicity and homeliness. The broad back porch between the two wings was closed in with smilax, and the feast was spread on a great homemade table. Seats were placed for forty. Such a display has not been seen in this section since the days before the war. Wine, the famous scuppernong of the Major's own vintage, was the only stimulant visible, for the Major and his good lady are almost total abstainers. Toast after toast was given, interspersed with songs from the Negroes in the backyard by a gigantic bonfire.

A dramatic situation came during the supper festivities. A sudden excitement among the Negroes was followed by cries and a stampede of the juniors. In the red light of the bonfire an old Negro suddenly appeared, reining up a splendid gray horse. The old man was seated in a red-wheeled road cart, enveloped in a flapping linen duster and wore a silk hat. His "Whoa, Chainlightnin'" resounded all over the place. Then he stood up and began to shout about Moses and the Hebrew children being led out of Egypt.

Major Tommey rushed out. The newcomer met him with an equal rush and their loud greetings floated back to us: "Eneas, you black rascal, where have you been?"

"O, Lord! Marse George! Glory be ter God! Out o' de wilderness! De projekin son am back ergin!"

"It's Eneas!" screamed the little bride, gathering up her skirts and rushing out. The wedding party hurriedly followed, and, catching the excitement, the Negroes around began to moan and chant, taking their text from the old man's words.

"Where have you been, sir?" The Major kept asking, through tears and laughter.

"All over de blessed worl', Marse George! But I'm home ergin! You hyar me, niggers? Home ergin!"

But suddenly the old man grew rigid in the grasp of a momentous thought. His voice sank to a whisper audible to only a few of us:

"Marse George, wha's Nancy?"

"Nancy is dead, Eneas," said the Major, sadly.

"Thank God!" said the old man fervently.

"Where is my trunk, Eneas?" The old Negro was making a horn of his hands and giving the plantation halloo. With his eyes set on the shadows beyond the fire, he waited, an inscrutable smile on his wrinkled face. Presently into the circle of light came an old gray mare, drawing a wagon in which sat a yellow woman, hovering a small colony of children.

"I done brought you a whole bunch o' new Yellerhama, Burningham niggers, Marse George. Some folks tell me dey is free, but I know dey b'long ter you, des like Lady Chain and her colt. Marse George, you oughter see dat horse — "

"Where is the trunk?" repeated the Major. "Where did you leave it, Eneas?"

"I ain't lef' hit," said Eneas indignantly. "Git out o' dat wagon, niggers, fo' I bus' somer you wide

open!" The little colony fell over the wheels like cooters from a log, and drawing aside the hay Eneas brought forth a battered hair trunk. He heaved a mighty sigh of relief as he dropped it on the ground:

"Dar 'tis, Marse George, an' I sho is glad to git shut o' dat ol' bunch o' hide an' har!"

The bride danced and clapped her hands: "My cup! My cup! Please somebody, open the trunk!"

Major Tommey sliced off the ancient lock with one blow from an axe. From its snug nest in cotton batting, the bride lifted a shining cup, the cup, Mr. Editor, advertised in your columns a few weeks ago. The bridegroom filled it from a great gourd of water, and the bride accepted the challenge, smiling up to the face of her husband as she sipped of the crystal draught, amid a storm of applause.

Eneas had drawn the Major aside and produced an old strap pocketbook, stuffed with bills.

"Marse George," he began, "de bag o' yaller war money what dey gimme warn't no good over yonner whar I been. Countin' de c'llections I tuck up in de church an' what I winned on de track wid Chainlightnin' an' ain't spent — "

"Keep it, Eneas," said the Major, almost exploding with laughter, and patting the old man on the shoulder. "That bunch of Burningham Yellerhama niggers more than squares us."

Battle of the Titans

Excerpt from The New Yorker

WHILE waiting in the antechamber of a business firm, we overheard through a thin partition a brigadier general of industry trying to establish telephone communication with another brigadier general, and they reached, these two men, what seemed to us a most healthy impasse.

The phone rang in Mr. Auchincloss's office, and we heard Mr. Auchincloss's secretary take the call. It was Mr. Birstein's secretary, saying that Mr. Birstein would like to speak to Mr. Auchincloss. "All right, put him on," said Mr. Auchincloss's secretary, "and I'll give him Mr. Auchincloss." "No," the other girl apparently replied, "you put Mr. Auchincloss on, and *I'll* give *him* Mr. Birstein." "Not at all," countered the girl behind the partition. "I wouldn't dream of keeping Mr. Auchincloss waiting."

This battle of the Titans, conducted by their leftenants to determine which Titan's time was the more valuable, raged for five or ten minutes, during which interval the Titans themselves were presumably just sitting around. Finally one of the girls gave in, or was overpowered, but it might easily have ended in a draw. As we sat there in the antechamber, this momentary paralysis of industry seemed rich in promise of a better day to come — a day when true equality enters the business life, and nobody can speak to anybody because all are equally busy.

Reader's Choice

Outstanding Articles in the General Magazines for **January**

THE American MAGAZINE

HUNTING THE HIGHWAY PIRATES, by William E. Frazer — Well-organized and well-financed freight-truck highjackers offer a new challenge of organized crime to J. Edgar Hoover and his G-men.

KEEPERS OF OUR MORALS, by Beverly Smith — Bowlby, Sumner, and Colvin, the three musketeers of virtue, bruised and battered by the changing times, fight on in rear guard action.

LITTLE JUMBO, by Thomas Sugrue — Billy Rose, driven since his Bronx schooldays by desire for fame and fortune into his place as the nation's greatest showman.

TIME OUT, by Paul Gallico — A demon sports writer calls a halt. He's seen too much and lived too little, he says, so the deadline be hanged.

BANANA NURSES, by Edmund S. Whitman — Glamour and opportunity exist on the Central American banana frontier for young adventurers.

WHEN YOU AND I ARE OLD, MAGGIE, by John Janney — What the Social Security Act means to you and me in dollars and cents.

DEAR IDA, by Eddie Cantor — A wedding anniversary letter from the famous comedian to his wife.

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The American Mercury

MRS. SIMPSON AND KING EDWARD, by Lon Davison — The gentry oppose the King's marriage because Mrs. Simpson is an American and might import barbarian culture to Buckingham's sacred halls.

OUR PAMPERED PARASITES, by Ernest Boyd — An attack upon "free culture" for the masses who have no interest in it and refuse to pay for it.

DR. LOCKE'S CURE FOR ARTHRITIS, by Robert Strunsky — The famous "foot doctor" at work in his crossroads village. Is he motivated by high purpose or love of money?

DEBUNKING THE GAME OF BRIDGE, by F. Dudley Courtenay — A cutting commentary on the "experts" and their unnecessary complications of the game, by the president of a national bridge association.

HOW TO MAKE FLYING SAFE, by Kenneth Brown Collings — who says the air lines, afraid to mention safety too often, should be made to adopt the automatic parachute.

STEEL SINGS THE BLUES, by James Stevens — The author of *Paul Bunyan* says the steelworker has begun to feel sorry for himself and to lose his individual character.

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LANDLORD, by William Seagle — Let the tenant beware of his lease which gives the landlord everything but the right to throw him out of the window.

JUSTICE: MOSCOW BRAND, by Eugene Lyons — "Demonstration trials" as morality plays, a unique contribution to 20th-century political propaganda.

FORUM and Century

IT'S THE SOUL THAT NEEDS TREATMENT, by Winfred Rhoades — Sick bodies are often caused by sick souls. This author shows how one may develop inner strength to face life squarely.

WHY AMERICAN WOMEN MARRY FOREIGNERS, by Marjorie D. Kern — It's not the glamour or the titles, but the fact that the European grants his wife a place in his life and society.

PILLARS OF GOVERNMENT: COUZENS, BUSINESS AND POLITICS, by Oswald Garrison Villard — A man of fabulous wealth who devoted himself to public service on the side of the oppressed.

THE BEST PLACE TO LIVE, by Nina Wilcox Putnam — A lyric in praise of Florida, from Palm Beach to swamps.

THE FATAL TECHNOLOGICAL LAG, by J. George Frederick — Not less but more and quicker modernization and labor-saving machines is what we need, according to this evidence.

CAN CHINA SURVIVE? by Hu Shih — China's new ideas have come from below and her unity is no myth; neither Japan nor Russia will gobble her up.

ANSWER TO "LADIES IN POLITICS," by Eudora Ramsay Richardson — An active political worker points to the growing prowess of women in national affairs.

Harpers MAGAZINE

HERE AND NOW: A WORD TO PARENTS, by I. A. R. Wylie — In a world suffering from rule by grown-up schoolboys, the sooner young people can fit themselves to assume maturity the better.

CAN WE LIVE LONGER? by George W. Gray — Laboratories are searching for a Methuselah formula and here are the facts so far discovered.

THE PROVINCIAL LADY IN MOSCOW, by E. M. Delafield — Intimate impressions by the Provincial Lady whose observations on other lands have already charmed many readers.

TELL THE GIRLS THE TRUTH, by a Fifth-Avenue Buyer — What are the real chances for a woman to find a satisfactory career in business?

SHENANDOAH, PENNSYLVANIA, by George R. Leighton — The story of an anthracite town and of Franklin Gowen and John Mitchell, opponents, who left their mark on it.

BACK TO WORK: WHEN AND WHERE? by C. Hartley Grattan — Prospects for re-employment with facts about regional conditions and a discussion of various proposals.

JAPANNING CHINA, by Willard Price — Will Japan's lacquer take? This observer thinks that in a century Japan may regret she ever set foot in China.

I BEAT THE STANLEY STEAMER, by Hiram Percy Maxim — The story of the first auto race in America.

Hearst's International combined with Cosmopolitan

THE S O S MEN, by Karl Baarslag — Dramatic episodes from the history of the U. S. Coast Guard, the nation's great emergency corps, which patrols 12,000 miles of coastline and saves 15 lives a day.

MODERN MIRACLE MEN: DR. JAMES S. GREENE, by Rex Beach — The man who cures stuttering and has restored thousands to a normal, happy life.

MEN, WOMEN AND OPERA SINGERS, by Madame Frances Alda — Concluding installment of Madame Alda's gay and forthright reminiscences.

HOW FAR AHEAD OF THE HEADLINES IS PEACE ON EARTH? by Arthur Brisbane — Peace will come eventually, because war no longer pays and soldiering is no longer an honored profession.

COSMOPOLITE OF THE MONTH: ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, by James Hilton — The critic and commentator, who has made many enemies and kept his friends, by the author of *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*.

CHRISTMAS IN PARADISE, by Armine von Tempski — Memories of Christmas on a great ranch in Hawaii, where people of many nations join in singing carols and dancing the hula.

CHRISTMAS! by Patience Abbe — The 12-year-old co-author of *Around the World in Eleven Years* writes of the season when "people are kind for at least one day in their lives."

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Scribner's

Fiftieth Anniversary Issue

FIFTY YEARS OF SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, by Frederick Lewis Allen — The author of *Only Yesterday* recounts *Scribner's* history against the background of the times, a significant commentary on magazine publishing and the nation itself.

MAGAZINE INTO MARKETPLACE, by Earnest Elmo Calkins — The story of 50 years of advertising, with comments on public taste and publisher's responsibility.

THOMAS JEFFERSON IN UNDRESS, by Paul Leicester Ford — First published in *Scribner's* for October, 1892, these intimate notes on Jefferson, the human being, mark the beginning of the revolt against hero-worshiping biographies.

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN CARICATURE, by John Ames Mitchell (Dec. 1889) — Comments on what was then almost a new art for America, by the founder of *Life*.

Life in the United States — A series of articles taken, one from each decade, from the files of *Scribner's*, including: *The 1880's:* HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES, by Jacob A. Riis — The historic essay on the slums, written with a bite and power which make it timely today. *The 1890's:* THE ROCKING-CHAIR PERIOD OF THE WAR, by Richard Harding Davis — The famous correspondent pictures the American army at Tampa, waiting to go "over there" to Cuba. The 1900's are represented by articles of more than passing historical interest from the pens of Theodore Roosevelt, Theodore Dreiser, Jim Tully and Josephine Herbst.

Among Those Present

Gustav Eckstein was practicing dentistry at 20, then studied medicine, and is now assistant professor of physiology at the University of Cincinnati. His laboratory is so overrun with wild life, which Dr. Eckstein lives with and observes, that he finds it necessary to place this sign on the door: BIRDS HERE. NO ONE ENTER UNLESS HIS KNOCK IS ANSWERED. USE GREAT CARE IN OPENING AND CLOSING THESE DOORS.

Harry Stillwell Edwards was born at Macon, Georgia, in 1855. Trained for the law, he soon turned to literature, and his success and popularity were such that *Century*, *Harper's*, *Atlantic*, *Lippincott's*, *Scribner's*, *Leslie's*, *Youth's Companion*, *St. Nicholas*, *Life*, and *The Saturday Evening Post* took his stories as fast as he wrote them. He still contributes a column in the Atlanta *Journal*, "Coming Down My Creek."

Nephew of Brig. General Johnson Hagood of the Confederate Army, who was also Governor of South Carolina, ***General Johnson Hagood*** graduated from West Point in 1896, and has been a Major General since 1925. In 1917 he commanded the 7th Regiment, 1st Expeditionary Brigade, Coast Artillery, overseas, and later became Chief of Staff of the Service of Supply. He was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal in 1919, and has devised the Hagood tripod mount and other apparatus connected with seacoast defense.

General Hagood started a furor last spring when his picturesque criticism of the use of WPA funds in a report before the Senate was made public. He retired as a major general in May, 1936, after 44 years of service.

Professor ***Joseph Banks Rhine,*** whose startling experiments in telepathy are discussed in *The Nature of Telepathy*, was at first intended for the Church, but felt bound to leave his seminary because he could not assent to all its tenets. Becoming a teacher of botany in the University of West Virginia, he found himself more interested in searching the secrets of the mind of man than in the secrets of plant life. So he went to sit at the feet of Dr. McDougall, professor of psychology at Harvard, and later followed him to the department of psychology at Duke.

Ernest Hunter Wright is Chairman of the Department of English at Columbia University.

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Sixteenth Year FEBRUARY 1937 Vol. 30, No. 178

"A Broken Spirit Drieth Up the Bones"

Condensed from The Forum

Winfred Rhoades

+

GOETHE SAID, wisely, "He who is plenteously provided for from within needs but little from without." If you really take in the idea that fundamental health comes from what is built up inside and not from that which is so wistfully sought outside, you find that it makes a palpable difference in your day-by-day experience. Not the state of the body but the state of the mind and soul is the measure of the well-being of each of us.

Pains and multifarious crippling disorders are presented to medical men, and again and again they find that treatment of the mind and spirit is more needed than treatment of the body. In over half the general hospital cases, the illness is chiefly psychical and not physical, according to a medical man in a position of high responsibility. And he added that, when a man or woman goes to a physician, the personality condition should be looked into as much as the condition of lungs, heart and digestive organs.

That kind of credo — supposed to be a modern notion — is far from new. Sir Thomas Browne, Feuchtersleben, Eckhart and other great physicians and philosophers through the ages have shown an understanding of it, and 19 centuries ago Plato said: "If the head and the body are to be well, you must begin by curing the soul." The Hebrew of old observed that "a merry heart causeth good healing, but a broken spirit drieth up the bones." And Confucius laid stress on the mind as the reconciler between body and spirit, with healthy life as the result of the reconcilement. Thus to say

that when physical disorders appear in a person, the soul very often needs treatment, is merely to apply what the more thoughtful have always known and what the instinct of man has in all ages led him to practice.

A person is caught in the quagmire of life. He flounders, but struggles helplessly on. In the midst of it he becomes the victim of physical disorders which make it still more difficult for him. He runs for a doctor. The physician finds no organic trouble. What the man needs and has needed from the beginning is a doctor of the soul: someone who can teach him how to look life straight in the face and not be dismayed.

A woman was telling of her physical exhaustion, but the more she talked the more apparent it became that hers was not a case of the surrender of the body to overwork. It was her spirit that had surrendered. Life had not brought the satisfactions she craved. Loving children, she was not married; middle-aged, she had always been dominated by her family; unsuccessful in business efforts, she had been dependent instead of free; her interests were narrow; she had no eager passion which she longed to translate into deeds; her soul was filled with conflict and dread of the future.

To feel sorry for oneself is one of the most disintegrating things the individual can do to himself. This woman's body had small need of doctoring. The physicians could find nothing wrong organically. It was her soul that needed stimulus and the re-education of its responses to the challenge of life. When she was shown ways of improving herself psychically, she began to feel better physically.

It is the soul that breaks down. It is the soul that needs attention. If it is to rule the body effectively, it needs to be fed continually with food to make it strong and healthy. Treat the soul, for its daily food, to little beyond sensational news sheets and high-seasoned amusements, frothy chatter and gimcrack interests, and how shall it grow in power? Pettiness is always the soul's corrupter.

Every thought you let yourself think, every emotion you permit yourself to enjoy leaves its mark and helps either to make you insufficient for life or to give you some greater sufficiency. When the American scholar, Henry Warren of Cambridge, forced his pain-wracked body to serve his mind — when he took the Harvard course successfully, though it required seven painful years and he had to be wheeled from class to class in a chair; when in spite of bodily tortures he then made himself an expert in deciphering ancient Pali manuscripts; when because of his pain he had to carry

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on those studies and write his pages standing before a high desk, with crutches under his arms, or kneeling in front of a chair to take the strain off his back; when, even under such conditions, he put forth translations of the ancient Buddhist scriptures which led a famous swami to visit Cambridge just to pay him tribute for the people of India: when Henry Warren so shaped his life the state of his body was pitiful; but the state of his mind and soul was magnificent.

Let a man make it his habit to refuse pettiness day by day and to choose robustly, and he can little by little develop a soul which shall at last become equal to anything! But people need teaching. That is why every medical doctor needs to be also a doctor of the soul and why the parish minister needs to be a good psychologist as well as a good religionist.

Men and women referred by a great medical clinic to a class in thought control * illustrate this deep need. "What have you got for a philosophy of life?" asks a psychologist. These men and women hesitate and stammer and do not know just how to answer. "Have you got any religion?"—he changes the form of the question. One answers, "I go to the Methodist Church" or "the Catholic Church," or "I'm a Jew" — and would drop the matter there. Another says: "I'm very active in the church, getting up suppers, running entertainments, helping to raise money" — with never a suggestion of looking at religion as anything more than a kind of club affair. The questioner tries to suggest that religion might mean something more: "Do you get from the church any help for meeting your difficulties?"

"I believe in God."

"Well, what does that mean to you? Does it give you the strength that makes you feel sufficient for anything?"

Sometimes depths are then touched. It was a Jewish woman who said: "When Friday night comes we close our doors and light our candles and say our prayers and open our hearts. And then God comes in!" Her eyes filled as she spoke, and the noisy little room became for a moment the very house of God and the very gate of heaven.

Others occasionally make it manifest that they have touched power. But too commonly religion seems to be thought of only as connection with an organization — perhaps a vague hope somehow involved but, for the needs of daily life, the soul practically starved.

The soul that knows true religion loses its feeling of having to struggle alone. It puts aside its

* See "Introducing the Thought Control Clinic," The Reader's Digest, February, '36, P. 35.

dreads and fears. It lifts itself up into a mood of confidence in the universe. It learns how to draw conscious vigor from the source of all life. It not merely believes in God; it lays hold on a power not known before.

No one would think of calling a good surgeon cruel for making a wound and causing pain. Life is a surgeon. It wounds, and administers no anesthetic. It cuts out almost the heart of us sometimes. But many of us never learn our most important and most emancipating lessons until we have been hurt. The sovereignty of the soul: that is what life would teach. The power of the soul over the body is one of its corollaries. The treatment of sick bodies needs to be linked up, much more than now it is, with conscious attention to sick souls.

Colors for Comfort

WHEN Piccard made his first jaunt into the stratosphere, where the temperature is 75 below zero, the gondola of his balloon reached the sweltering temperature of 100 degrees *above* zero. The black paint of his little ark caught the sun's rays and converted them into heat. On his second trip he painted the gondola white, and as white deflects the sun's rays, he shivered in a temperature bordering on the freezing point. For the same reason, you feel warmer when snow is on the ground than when it isn't, temperature being the same. The white spreads the heat around and doesn't let it sink into the ground. When people wear white in summer — or light tints of yellow, blue or green — the sun's attack is thwarted like rain against a pane of glass. Water tanks, tents and summer dwellings should also be of some light color.

We're learning many new ways to use color for our greater comfort, safety or even health. "Mood conditioning" is coming into vogue in room illumination. Blue-green is now common in hospital operating rooms. It rests the surgeon's eyes and makes him a few jots surer with the knife. One hospital recently had a whole floor of rooms finished in color. So popular was this move that nurses as well as patients were keen to be assigned to this floor. An insane asylum in Illinois uses red to perk up cases of melancholia. Blue has good results on neurotics. People with shattered nerves have found comfort in a room bizarrely decorated with gaudy checks and stripes of color; it gives their minds a sensory release from the jitters. Green light has been tried on criminals in a mirrored room to make their guilt seem written on their faces and therefore obvious to the world. In the new colored movies, blue and red, foremost sensation colors, are going to make you feel the way the director wants you to feel.

— Faber Birren in *Coronet*

A Boy Who Was Traded for a Horse

Condensed from The American Magazine

James Saxon Childers

A STOOPED old Negro, carrying an armful of wild flowers, shuffled along through the dust of an Alabama road toward one of the buildings of Tuskegee Institute. His thin body bent by the years, his hair white beneath a ragged cap, he seemed pathetically lost on the campus of an educational institution. Poor old fellow; I had seen hundreds like him. Totally ignorant, unable to read and write, they shamble along Southern roads in search of odd jobs.

At the door of one of the buildings, I saw a trim little secretary hurry up to the bent old Negro: "That delegation from Washington is waiting for you, Doctor Carver."

Fantastic as it seemed, this shabbily-clad old man was none other than the distinguished Negro scientist of Tuskegee Institute, Dr. George Washington Carver, renowned for his chemical wizardry.

Born a slave child, he began life without even a name. He never knew his father or mother. To this day he doesn't know when he was born, though he figures his age as over 70. All his life he has been joyously at work with everyday things, making something out of nothing, or next to nothing. Out of his labors at Tuskegee have come scientific marvels:

From the peanut he has made nearly 300 useful products, including cheese, candies, instant coffee, pickles, oils, shaving lotions, dyes, lard, linoleum, flour, breakfast foods, soap, face powder, shampoo, printer's ink, and even axle grease!

From wood shavings he has made synthetic marble. From the muck of swamps and the leaves of the forest floor, valuable fertilizers. From cow dung, paint.

From the lowly sweet potato he has made more than 100 products, among them starch, library paste, vinegar, shoe blacking, ink, dyes, molasses. Experts say he has done more than any other living man to rehabilitate agriculture in the South.

And more still. Doctor Carver is an artist, especially skilled in painting flowers. His paintings have been exhibited at world fairs, and one is going to the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris. He makes all his own paints, using Alabama clays. He paints on paper made from peanut shells and the frames for his pictures he

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(*The American Magazine, October, '32*)

makes out of corn husks. He has woven gorgeous rugs with fibers made from cotton stalks. He is a skilled musician too — once he toured the Middle West as a concert pianist.

"When you do the common things of life in an uncommon way," Doctor Carver once said to his students, "you will command the attention of the world." There lies the secret of his own achievement.

He was born in a rude slave cabin on the farm of Moses Carver near Diamond Grove, Mo. When he was six months old, night riders carried away the baby and his mother. The raiders took no care of the child; he developed whooping cough and was dying when emissaries sent out by Moses Carver arrived to buy back the stolen slaves.

The mother had already been disposed of; no one ever learned what became of her. The baby was traded back to his owner for a broken-down race horse.

The Carvers reared the sickly child, bestowing his given name, "George Washington." Frail and undersized, he performed household chores, becoming an excellent cook and learning to mend clothes. The Carvers wanted him to have an education, but offered him no money. Without a cent, he set out for a school eight miles away. Alone among strangers, he slept at first in an old horse barn. Soon he picked up odd jobs and entered the school.

In his early twenties, having completed the high school course, he mailed an entrance application to a college in Iowa, and by mail was accepted. But when he arrived, they refused to admit him because he was a Negro. Undismayed, again he worked at odd jobs. Before long he accumulated enough money to open a small laundry.

The next year he entered Simpson College at Indianola, Iowa. When he had paid his entrance fee he had ten cents left, and he had to live nearly a week on corn meal and suet. For three years he worked his way; then in 1890 he enrolled at Iowa State College. Four years later he took his degree in agriculture, having earned every penny of his expenses. His work so impressed the authorities that they appointed him to the college faculty.

It was while Carver was at Iowa State that Booker T. Washington invited him to Tuskegee. In accepting, Carver saw a great opportunity to serve his own people in the South. He saw that the cotton lands were wearing out through failure to rotate crops. He saw debt-burdened farmers facing poverty. He set himself to preach a gospel of native money crops other than cotton; and after study and experiment, he decided that the Southern farmer could get his

Since 1898 the peanut industry has grown until it now runs into more than 60 million dollars a year. Citizens of one Alabama county became so prosperous after following Doctor Carver's advice that they erected a monument to the peanut. Letters come to Doctor Carver from all parts of the world, with such inquiries as how to convert Canadian sunflowers into some chemical product, how to utilize sludge from oil in Oklahoma, how to cure a disease affecting pineapples in Hawaii. Someone sent Doctor Carver a large palmetto root from Florida as a challenge. Shortly he came forth with lovely veneers which a furniture company took, and in the midst of the depression, brought prosperity to itself. A synthetic marble company asked Doctor Carver to locate in another state at his own price. He refused, and the industry moved to Tuskegee, getting his advice free. — *The Chemist*

money with more surety and less damage to his soil by growing peanuts and sweet potatoes. Doctor Carver began to write bulletins and make speeches proving his contentions. After a time, Southern farmers increased their peanut and sweet potato acreage. And then, suddenly, and sadly, Doctor Carver awoke to what he had done. He had increased the supply without increasing the demand. The peanut and the sweet potato were rotting; the farmers who had planted them were losing money.

Almost fiercely the Negro scientist went to work, spending days and nights in his laboratory, seeking new uses for the peanut and the sweet potato. As each by-product was perfected, he gave it freely to the world, asking only that it be used for the benefit of mankind.

Inevitably his work brought offers to leave Tuskegee. In Doctor Carver's office are two autographed pictures from Edison. "He sent me one of them when he asked me to come to his laboratory and work with him," Doctor Carver explained. "He sent me the other, the larger one, when I told him that my work was here in the South, and that I didn't think God wanted me to leave it." Another offer tempted the old Negro with a salary of $100,000. He refused it. He stayed in Tuskegee, where his meager salary is quickly consumed in anonymously paying the bills of worthy boys, both white and black, who are trying to get an education. He continues to wear the old alpaca coat and black trousers which he has so often mended, and neckties which he knits out of fibers that he makes himself.

One of Dr. Carver's first big jobs at Tuskegee was to take over and work 19 acres of the worst land in Alabama. The best methods of farming had previously produced a net loss of $16.25 an acre on this land. Within a year Carver showed a net gain of $4 an acre. Later he produced two crops of sweet potatoes in one year with a profit of $75 an acre. These ex-

periments proved that the world allows to go to waste an almost unlimited supply of fertilizer that most soils need — the muck from swamps and the leaves from forests.

When Congress was considering the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill, Southern farmers pleaded in vain for a duty on the peanut. Finally, a dozen men appeared before the Ways and Means Committee, each consuming his allotted ten minutes. In the background, Doctor Carver, with trembling hands, awaited his time. Last on the list, he shuffled forward to address Congressmen thoroughly tired of the peanut.

The old man took his place behind the table, where stood scores of products that he had made. Simply, smiling his humble smile, he told how he had asked, "God, what is a peanut and why did you make it?" and how he had sought the answer, how he had discovered in the peanut products ranging from face powder to wood stains. As he talked, he pointed to each product that he, the humble old Negro before them, had made in his Alabama laboratory.

Exactly at the end of ten minutes, Doctor Carver thanked the committee, bowed, and started back to his lone place in a far corner. But the Congressmen would not let him go; they demanded that he continue his story. He spoke *one hour and forty-five minutes*. Whereupon the peanut was written into the tariff.

"Money means nothing to him," a friend told me. "Some wealthy peanut growers in Florida were suffering terribly from a diseased crop. They sent Doctor Carver some specimens. He told them what was wrong and how to cure it. After his treatment had proved correct, they sent him a check for $100, promising the same amount monthly as a retainer. He sent back the check, telling them that God didn't charge anything for growing the peanut, and that he shouldn't charge anything for curing it."

One day, after I had seen his rope made from okra fiber, insulating board from peanut shells, and dyes from the dandelion, onion and tomato vine, I asked Doctor Carver how he found time for all his accomplishments.

"Chiefly because I've made it a rule to get up every morning at four o'clock," he said. "I go out into the woods. Alone there with the things I love most, I gather specimens and study the great lessons that Nature is so eager to teach me. In the woods each morning, while most other persons are sleeping, I best hear and understand God's plan for me."

As he turned away to bend over his microscope, I heard him mutter to himself, "God has been mighty good to this poor old Negro."

No one can adequately report the strange feeling of spiritual betterment that one feels when Doctor Carver, with his humble smile, places his trembling hand on your shoulder and says, "Good-bye, my boy, good-bye. And may God bless you." It is a benediction from a simple, a kindly, a noble heart.

✥

Footlight Fever

Condensed from Delineator

Carl Glick

AN EXHILARATING, infectious epidemic is spreading over the country. It's called Little Theater and is today the outstanding artistic movement in the United States. Fifteen years ago there were 60 little theater groups in the United States. Today there are about 2000, building their own scenery, making costumes, experimenting with lights, and often writing their own plays. Adding in the plays given by high schools, colleges, churches, and clubs, the total annual amateur productions in the United States, conservatively estimated, is 500,000.

People take part in amateur productions for the sheer fun of it. In Marshalltown, Iowa, with over 17,000 people, one out of every 17 belongs to the Community Theater. A theater group brings together youth, middle age and the oldsters with time on their hands and the love of make-believe in their hearts. Hard-headed business men, bankers, lawyers, grocery clerks join with debutantes, society matrons and shopgirls.

Kathleen Norris, famous novelist, last winter caused excitement at Palo Alto, Calif., by playing in Molnar's *The Swan*. In Columbia, S. C., the stage appearance of Julia Peterkin, Southern author, brought the "S.R.O." sign on the theater door. Nor are women alone prey to footlight fever. Several years ago Representative Maury Maverick played in *The Bad Man* in San Antonio, and when *Yellow Jack* was put on in Shreveport, La., five doctors and three dentists starred in the cast. Canon C. W. Douglas of St. John's Cathedral, Denver, gave a memorable interpretation of Thomas à Becket in *Murder in the Cathedral*. Memphis boasts 10 teacher-actors.

Add to the actors and actresses the thousands engaged in scene shifting, costuming, designing sets and ushering, and it is certain that not even in the glorious days of Greek drama or the heyday of the Elizabethan theater, were there so large a number as today are engaged in this ideal form of community activity.

Bucket Brigade, Modern Style

Condensed from Esquire

Henry Morton Robinson
Author of "Science versus Crime"

WHEN George Washington was 32 years old he purchased the best fire engine obtainable — a crude hand pump mounted on wheels and fitted with a long brass nozzle. This picturesque but fairly useless contraption he presented to the volunteer fire company of Alexandria, Va., of which he was an active member.

In those days — and long afterward — the fire cock's red crowing went unchallenged; steam pumps and rubber hose were yet to be invented, and those Currier and Ives "bucket brigades" couldn't even get near a really hot fire. But the boys did have fun! Rival companies racing to a fire would stop to upset each other's ladder wagons; dwellings burned down while warring volunteers fought for the honor of putting out the fire. Firemen who arrived at a blaze to discover that the property belonged to a subscriber of another company stood idly around in sweet spectator enjoyment.

But the time has passed when one can laugh at the antics of Volunteer Fire Departments. Today the volunteer dedicates himself to the same tasks and takes the same risks as the professional fire fighter. The great difference between them is that the volunteer receives no cash compensation, and it is this unique combination of altruism and courage that makes him worth painting murals about.

The United States has 12,000 volunteer fire associations with a quarter of a million members. And they aren't confined to the "sticks"; within half an hour's drive of New York City I counted 90 volunteer companies owning equipment worth $2,000,000.

Modern fire hazards involving gasoline, electricity and manufacturing processes are particularly menacing to the small town. Between 1926–35, towns with less than 20,000 population sustained 70 percent of our national fire loss in life and property. For such towns the cost of a paid department is prohibitive. Volunteers are the only answer.

The methods of financing a volunteer company are numerous. Sometimes the members pitch together and buy their own truck — raising money by card parties, fairs and dances. Often the town or county board issues bonds for the purchase of the engine.

Watertown, Minn., has an in-

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teresting arrangement, typical of a small company. This village, population 534, lies in a prosperous farming country which had, until recently, no adequate fire protection. When fire losses and insurance rates mounted alarmingly, the Progressive Farmer's Club raised $6418 and *gave* a 70 h.p. fire truck to the Volunteer Fire Company of Watertown to replace antiquated equipment. In return the Volunteers agreed to respond to all alarms from the outlying districts. Fire protection is free to farmers who subscribed to the truck; other farmers pay $45 an hour for its use. In one year the truck rolled to 25 fires and prevented losses estimated at $50,000.

The members of a smart volunteer company must be intensively drilled. Last year 42 states held fire schools attended by 30,000 volunteer firemen. New York sponsors 19 such schools, attended by 5502 firemen last year. Colorado runs a summer college for firemen; the University of Illinois gives fire-fighting courses in its extension department. Texas seethes with schools and drillmasters, and in Arizona six ex-fire chiefs travel about the state as instructors.

At these schools miniature houses are set on fire so that the action of smoke and gases may be studied. Volunteers climb tall towers carrying hose lines, and descend bearing their colleagues on their backs. They learn how to resuscitate a victim overcome by smoke, how to do the least damage with axes and water while putting out a fire.

Being a volunteer myself I haltingly confess that the V.F.D.'s do a pretty neat job of fire fighting. One of the pluckiest performances I ever saw was turned in by the volunteers of Hempstead, Long Island. A large lumberyard in a thickly settled area was fully ablaze and the wind was blowing the fire toward the center of town. Six minutes after the alarm sounded the volunteer chief had ten heavy lines and a deck pipe deluging the lumberyard. For three mortal hours his men took the flames in their teeth; the paint blistered off the sides of their apparatus, but they held fast. If they *hadn't*, the whole town of 20,000 would have gone up like a paper hat. Finally, in the face of this dogged battling, the fire decided to give in. "Fires are like that," said the chief grimly, after the fire, "they know when they're licked, but they'll bully any man or department that shows fear or weakness."

Another time in Ohio I saw a volunteer fireman go down a 120-foot mine shaft with a hand extinguisher and gas mask to assail a fire smoldering in the pits; carbon monoxide had already killed two miners and was endangering hundreds more. He fought that

fire for two hours, using about 20 extinguishers, and came up victorious at last. For his heroism he received a new suit of clothes from the mine owner, because he was wearing his best suit when the alarm sounded.

Besides putting out fires, the volunteers are called out for many other activities; let a hydrophobic pup rage down Main Street, or a cat find itself marooned on a steeple, and the fire department swings into action. In bee-raising country the volunteers are often asked to capture a swarm of escaped bees.

For all this varied activity the volunteer fireman gets no pay. In some larger companies one man, the "engineer," often has a permanent job, for it is considered poor economy to let every Tom, Dick or Charley drive an expensive truck. Under most state laws, volunteers are insured for $3000 in the event of death, and are covered by disability insurance for injuries received in line of duty. In New York State the V.F.D.'s receive two percent on all fire insurance written by companies outside the state.

The tax economies made possible by this remarkable volunteer system are conservatively estimated at one billion dollars a year. To pay salaries and buy uniforms for the present army of volunteers would mean a yearly outlay of half a billion dollars; the cost of new fire engines, stations and alarm systems, plus repairs on the old, would aggregate another half billion. Yet these charges do not appear on the tax bills of 60 million citizens whose lives and property are protected by volunteer companies.

Fire prevention is one of the jobs of the volunteer fireman. As part of their training, rookie volunteers examine all public, office and factory buildings, take notes on dangerous features and plan effective action against hypothetical fires. These plans are discussed at the weekly drill; painstaking inspection of this type enabled Middletown, Conn., to reduce fires by 65 percent in the past five years. The volunteers also check on available water supplies. A water map, on which all ponds, brooks and cisterns are noted, hangs on the station house wall. In several states where water is scarce, federal relief workers have built cisterns under the supervision of volunteer fire officials.

Besides water, the volunteers learn to use other extinguishing agents. At a Pennsylvania fire school I saw a large tin shed drenched with gasoline; an open tank of gasoline stood in the shed and into this a flaming torch was thrown. A red welter of flame flared up. Then the firemen turned on a heavy stream of sudsy lather — a substance called fire-foam.

It covered walls, ceiling and the roaring tank with a blanket of minute tough bubbles that excluded all oxygen. In less than two minutes that gasoline inferno was completely smothered.

Next, an electric generator was ignited; in this case foam might ruin the machinery, water might electrocute the fire fighter. A fireman walked forward with a small cylinder to which was attached a short hose. As he pressed a trigger a white snowy substance descended upon the blazing generator. It was carbon dioxide, a gas heavier than air. When this falls upon the fire it forms an atmosphere that does not support combustion. It leaves no residue and does not damage the most delicate mechanisms.

As new equipment comes on the market the V.F.D.'s promptly get it: today their trucks are high-geared machines that can travel 80 m.p.h. and hurl 1000 gallons of water a minute. Many companies have a special truck fitted with oxygen inhalators, a vast improvement over the old pulmotor in resuscitation cases. New searchlights, royal blue in color, are supplanting the traditional red lights. The blue ray has greater penetrating power in fog and mist.

During idle hours, the firehouse becomes the center of social activity, a combined lodge room and community house where firemen and their friends congregate for card parties, checker games and amateur theatricals. Parades, conventions and water fights (in which rival companies try to flush each other off the street with point-blank streams) also occupy the volunteer in his leisure moments —when he isn't reading *Volunteer Fireman*, a magazine published solely for his benefit.

Whenever I land in a strange town I always wander over to the fire station, for the free-masonry of volunteers is proverbial. It is this social aspect of the V.F.D.'s that fascinates so many of us; the firehouse is our club and political forum where men forgather in the comradeship that springs from vanquishing a common enemy; moreover, it richly supplies the single greatest thrill in American life — running to fires.

The volunteer fire departments of the United States constitute a modernized defense against the ever-present fire peril, but perhaps more important, they keep alive the spirit of voluntary and independent association, traditionally dear to the American heart. These miniature and self-supporting democracies, composed of modern Minute Men, are banded together on an American principle as old as the town meeting. When the last volunteer company disappears, then, and then only, can we really begin to fear for the institution of self-government.

Imagination Begins at Home

By

Ray Giles

Author of "Turn Your Imagination into Money!"

"HOW DID you get that way? Is there any special method by which you have developed your creative ability?" While discussing the art of getting new and useful ideas, the engineer in our group put this question to an executive noted for his business imagination.

"I owe far more to my parents than to all my formal schooling," he replied. "Early in life they taught me to appreciate imagination wherever I found it and also to exercise my own.

"My father enjoyed discussing new ideas and plans that arose in his business, and he delighted in evidences of ingenuity he observed in other fields. Even now I can hear him chuckling as he said one night, 'Over in Long Island a man named Boyce is making a fortune just by sticking thermometers in automobile radiator caps to warn us if the engine becomes too hot.' When the first vacuum bottles came along he knew their story. For use in his laboratory Sir James Dewar made a container for liquefied gas. A visitor who saw this bottle had enough imagination to see how useful it would be in modified form to workmen who carry their lunches, to picnickers, and to travelers. Once when mother had codfish balls father remarked that a big success in the fish business came when Gorton of Gloucester imagined how women would welcome codfish from which the bones had been removed. And another man father knew had created a substantial business after watching some boys in a lake who were keeping their heads above water by holding old inner tubes. By using imagination he perfected convenient swimming 'wings.'

"Father didn't use these stories as texts for grim do-or-die sermons, nor did he tell them as though he were a walking encyclopedia; he was simply sharing with us his own appreciation of everyday originality in a way that keenly interested us.

"It would be a great thing if all fathers could discuss their problems in this creative spirit. Too many parents complain about the hardships and difficulties of their work and then wonder why their children dread the day when they too will have to go to work. My father hit the happy mean. He never belittled the problem of making a living, yet he always discussed his own difficulties as challenging problems which could be

solved by constructive thought. After describing a situation he'd explain what plans he'd thought of to solve it and ask us for suggestions. No matter how worthless our ideas he would consider them thoughtfully and suggest improvements. He also would tell us about new products that salesmen brought him and ingenious tactics they used to make sales. He'd report stimulating ideas he had read about. As a result we never had that deplorably common feeling that work is the disagreeable price one pays for his passage through life, for we sensed the pleasure and profit of applying our own imagination to every problem.

"In this adventure my mother was equally helpful. Her curiosity in new household products and conveniences was every bit as keen as my father's interest in business. She often directed our minds toward the fun of making common things better. The first crinkled hairpins that stayed better in her pompadour, the snap fasteners that replaced hooks and eyes, oatmeal that was factory-precooked were ideas she liked to point to as proof that a little imagination often goes a long way. And we used to make an amusing and stimulating game of thinking up improvements in our furniture, our clothing, and everything else about the house. So while I was still in short pants I was acquiring the priceless habit of cultivating imagination."

If manners and ethics are taught best at home, surely the development of creative thinking should also begin under the family roof. As with the teaching of courtesy, the ability to originate ideas is probably best imparted by example though it should also be cultivated day after day by encouraging observation, by speculative discussions, and by pointing to imaginative enterprise in simple things about us.

"I will never forget," another friend said to me recently, "how my father used to stress what he called the miracles of little plusses. He encouraged me to look at things with the question, 'What simple addition will make this still better?' Once lead pencils had no erasers. When someone added a rubber tip he supplied a new convenience. A manufacturer boomed into prosperity by merely adding a whistle to his teakettle spouts so you'd know when the water was boiling.

"Father frequently emphasized the important connection between imagination and success in any occupation. He urged me to remember that no matter how perfect a thing may seem there is always a good chance to improve it. I recall, when only 17, pondering over possible improvements in the trolley car in which I was riding. Some years later I

had the satisfaction of seeing one of my ideas — a central exit — come true."

This game of thinking up improvements applies to the simplest objects. Take the chair. Once people sat on the ground, on stones or logs. The simple invention of the stool brought a seat that was easy to move about. Benjamin Franklin put rockers on chairs, quickening the American tempo. After centuries of barbering some benefactor made chairs that could be raised, rotated, and tilted backward. Then, by attaching a cuspidor, the barber's chair became a fixture in the dentist's office! A chair with a single widened arm started a new type of lunchroom and facilitated taking notes in classrooms.

But there is another aspect to this subject. We need originality as a way of life rather than something we lift out of moth balls only at rare intervals or in a crisis. Imagination does more than accelerate material progress; it creates more satisfying human relationships. Too often our lives drop to a humdrum level through lack of originality in what we do. A marriage becomes bogged, perhaps because imagination is needed in its deepest intimacies. Our home life may become monotonously grooved because of a lack of imagination in planning the recreation or in preparing the meals. The child who learns early to think creatively is establishing a life attitude which will manifest itself in all departments of his living and make him a more interesting person to himself as well as to others.

One of the chief hindrances to growth in creative ability is common and self-imposed: failure to practice regularly. Imagination is a gift we all possess in some degree, but, like other talents, it withers if left uncultivated just as it grows through exercise. What better gymnasium for creative thinking can we find than the home? Through its doors come all sorts of new things. Into the kitchen come new food specialties, new containers, new conveniences. Home is the landing field for new ideas in automobiles, music, clothing, games. Many of these innovations are so simple that we wonder, "Why didn't *I* think of that?" For generations women had to mop laboriously under and behind the bathtub until someone thought of a flat tub on the floor that would fit tight against walls and corners. Out of such simple mind-stuff life becomes more agreeable and fortunes, incidentally, are made.

While in a hardware store a man called his son's attention to a salesman who entered with a trained dog carrying samples and catalogues in a saddle-bag over its back. "That may be amusing,"

remarked the father, "but it certainly gets favorable attention because most people like dogs."

Flying across the continent a family paused at an airport. The father had his shoes shined by a white-haired negro who offered him a nail file, saying, "Would you like to use this, sir?" What a simple way to earn more tips! The father challenged his two sons to spend ten minutes in imagining other ways to make shoe-shining more profitable. Ideas suggested were these: Have cleaning fluid handy and offer to clean soiled trouser cuffs or remove other spots for a small charge; make the cushions on the seats softer; have an assistant brush off the customer's hat *before* he leaves the chair to save his time; wear caps and blouses of an unusual color to attract attention, using the same colors in the chairs and brush handles.

Something resembling this simple exercise was practiced in his youth by a department store executive whose record fairly sparkles with novel and effective ideas. He once told me how disappointed he had been when he found that not one subject in the college curriculum included instruction planned to develop his imagination. Reading that Cardinal Richelieu used to spend a day each week to think about nothing but personal development, this young man henceforth reserved one night a week for mental calisthenics to increase his originality.

The brightest quartet of brothers and sisters I know have parents who woke up early in their married life to the fact that their likes and interests were rather limited. They deliberately mapped a course of expansion. It called for inviting new kinds of people into their home, occasional attendance at churches other than their own, now-and-then shifts to new pastimes and hobbies, the reading of books on unfamiliar subjects. Realizing that even their vacations were spent every summer in the same place and with the same people, they resolved to take a completely different type of vacation each year, from which they have gained infinitely greater mental refreshment and stimulation. This family has learned that an ever-increasing range of interests is a continual spur to pleasurable living and imaginative thinking.

But the greatest benefit from inculcating creative thinking in children is the reward to the parents themselves. As a preventive to mental old age, a daily mile trot with your imagination cannot be equaled! So if you have been relying on a rowing machine or youthful clothing or drugstore potions to prolong your youth, here's something far more potent — a frequent setting-up drill with your imagination!

Test-Tube Babies

Condensed from The Literary Digest

Commenting on an article published in The Journal of the American Medical Association

THE ARTIFICIAL breeding of human infants, the mother never seeing the father, may seem like a Wellsian prophecy of a eugenic world. But in truth, it is sober, scientific fact. For five years, Doctors Frances I. Seymour and Alfred Koerner, of New York City, have been active in this field, and can (but will not) point to an impressive number of children who could never have been born but for artificially induced pregnancies, some unknown male having donated sperm for uterine implantation by a physician.

Childless wives who desire children but whose husbands are sterile are logical subjects for treatment. Not all wives are acceptable; each must undergo blood tests, and a thorough mental examination. If hemophilia, the disease in which the blood fails to coagulate and victims bleed to death from slight scratches, appears in a woman's family line, her application is rejected. Women transmit hemophilia to male offspring, although the female herself is immune. Family history is scanned for hereditary deformities, too. If all these investigations prove favorable, and there is no pelvic malformation, the childless wife is deemed worthy of help.

Examination of the male donor is even more severe. He is selected from a middle-age group (a young man in the twenties, perfectly normal to all appearances, may later develop dementia praecox, hence is rejected for breeding purposes). The donor must be a college graduate and a member of a profession in which he has attained not only financial but scientific success. He must be free from structural defects, venereal disease, epileptic heredity, or family taint of insanity. The donors are not paid, and thus far have been men with an interest in genetics. They are preferably married, and preferably childless. The consent of the donor's wife must be obtained; if she has children of her own, the thought of half-brothers and half-sisters is often distasteful.

Usually the sterile husband requests that one of his brothers act as donor, thinking the child might resemble him. Such a request is always denied, for a train of emotional complications might ensue. The prospective mother would almost inevitably learn the identity of the brother as the

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donor. Her affections might be transferred from her husband to the brother. The brother himself might grow fond of the child, sue for its custody; a jury would probably favor him.

Donors are, however, chosen from the same race stock as the legal father, and so far as possible, the doctor makes sure that the two men have the same dominant physical characteristics. This is to avoid the tension which might develop later when the growing child, if of mercurial Italian heredity, might clash with a legal father of phlegmatic German stock. Also, if the father and mother both are brown-eyed, but the child has blue eyes, a certain psychological irritation might develop.

Conceivably, a donor aware of the identity of the mother might employ his knowledge for blackmail. A mother aware of the donor's identity might just as easily blackmail him. Hence all precautions are taken to prevent mother, father, and donor from even catching a glimpse of one another. Hospitalization for both mother and donor is recommended as an aid to secrecy, or, if this is impracticable, the donor appears at one address, the mother at another.

The paternal fluid can be kept in an ordinary mechanical refrigerator, at between 40 and 50 degrees' temperature, for several days without losing its potency. It is mixed with "buffer fluids" which simulate as nearly as possible the natural medium of the motile spermatozoa.

Before insemination is even attempted, the cautious physician who is the middleman in the process insists that both the wife and the legal husband sign a document attesting that the wife requests artificial insemination and the husband consents. The document, not only signed, but fingerprinted, is then deposited in a vault known only to the doctor and his assistant. It acts as a safeguard to the wife should the husband, in years to come, file suit for divorce. Should he prove that he had been sterile during his married life, the fact that his wife had a child would be accepted by juries as *prima facie* evidence of adultery. With the signed document of consent available for subpoena, the wife is protected.

Is a child born in wedlock as a result of artificial insemination legitimate in the eyes of the law? The question never has been raised in the courts, but presumably, with the evidence of the consent document, the child would be recognized as legitimate. Legal adoption would solve the problem of property inheritance, but the husband objects to this procedure, which would publicize the circumstances of the child's birth.

On the question whether the

artificially inseminated wife is legally guilty of adultery, the mother stands on safer ground. New York State defines adultery as "the physical relationship between a man and a woman with a partner other than the legal mate." This interpretation automatically settles the problem, since the prospective mother never knows or sees the donor.

Doctors Seymour and Koerner warn that the surgeon who undertakes the artificial insemination should under no circumstances be the obstetrician in attendance at the baby's birth. If the doctor is unaware of the unusual circumstances of the pregnancy, he can in all good faith make out the baby's birth certificate naming the husband as father, thus giving the child an irreproachable document in the eyes of the law.

✣

Moocher

Excerpt from The Saturday Evening Post

QUESTION: Now, as I understand it, Mr. Gooch, you are what is called a cigarette moocher?

Answer: Yeah. I don't never buy any.

Q.: How do you operate, Mr. Gooch? Do you just ask people for cigarettes?

A.: Naw, that's just bumming. I mooch 'em. I use psychology. Suppose I see a guy take out a package. I say, "Boy, that reminds me. I'm fresh out of cigarettes." The other guy nearly always say, "Won't you have one of mine?"

Q.: But suppose he doesn't?

A.: Well, if the guy is tough, I work the decoy-package trick on him. As soon as he lights up, I pull out an empty package and look surprised when I don't see nothing in it. I shake it, and feel around in it with my finger. Then I say, "Well, by golly, I thought I had one, but I guess somebody else got it before I did."

Q.: And if that doesn't work?

A.: Well, then I whip out a match and light the other guy's cigarette for him and look at it all the time like I wish I had one.

Q.: But supposing he's too tough to fall even for that one?

A.: Then I give him the works. I take out a cigarette of my own and drop it on the floor.

Q.: You mean you actually have a cigarette of your own?

A.: Yes, but I only have to carry one, and I can use that plenty of times. I don't never smoke it. I just drop it on the floor and say, "Doggone it, there goes my last cigarette." Then the other guy offers me one of his, and when he ain't looking I pick up mine to use another time.

— Doug Welch

Finesse in Human Relations

IT WAS the habit of George Roberts, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, to show his subordinates that he was fully aware of their doings by adding to or taking away something from the projects they submitted to him. One of Mr. Roberts' division superintendents, D. W. Caldwell — later a president himself — had obtained permission to build a new station, in which he was deeply interested. Caldwell designed a station according to his own ideas, and to prevent Roberts from making any essential changes he added an unnecessary bay window to the waiting room. Roberts carefully examined the plans and said, "Remove that bay window and you have my approval." Caldwell had what he wanted.

— Chauncey M. Depew, *My Memories of Eighty Years* (Scribners)

✧

ONE OF my recurrent difficulties in stage designing was caused by a certain actor who seemed invariably to dislike the clothes intended for him, and to hanker after those of his fellow-players. In one piece it was absolutely necessary for the balance of my stage picture that he should wear a certain costume. I felt sure he would object to it, so I had it made carefully to his measure and allotted it to a minor character, who at once became an obtrusively conspicuous figure. Soon — as I had foreseen — the leading man drew me aside.

"This costume of mine, you know," he began. "It's fine, of course. But that costume there — right in the corner — oughtn't it to be nearer the center?"

I agreed it certainly should.

"I suppose," he went on, "that it wouldn't do for me to wear it instead of this?"

I admitted that it would look very well. He vanished, and soon returned, attired as I had hoped to see him.

"It's a most extraordinary thing," he exclaimed. "It fits me exactly."

— W. Graham Robertson, *Life Was Worth Living* (Harper)

✧

LISZT, as an old man, very rarely played. I heard him but once, at the home of a mutual friend. Count Hatzfeldt, then German ambassador to England and a great friend of Liszt's, when consulted by the hostess as to how she could induce

Liszt to play, had answered: "Put the piano in the darkest corner of the room, and pile all sorts of things on it. Then he won't think you have asked him in the hope of hearing him play, and perhaps we can persuade him."

All the music was hidden away, and the instrument covered with photographs, vases of flowers, heavy books. After luncheon Hatzfeldt began talking to Liszt about Offenbach's melodies — particularly one song he had improvised for the Empress — he couldn't quite remember it. If there were a piano — he looked about. "Oh, yes, in a corner, but so many things upon it, it was evidently never meant to be opened." He moved toward it, Liszt asking the hostess if it could be opened. Hatzfeldt played a few bars in rather a halting fashion. After a moment Liszt said: "No, no, it is not quite that."

Hatzfeldt got up, and Liszt seated himself, played two or three bits of songs, then, always talking to Hatzfeldt, by degrees broke into a nocturne and a wild Hungarian march. When he got up, he said: "Oh, well, I didn't think the old fingers had any music left in them." His touch was that of an old man — but a master.

— Mary King Waddington, *My First Years as a Frenchwoman* (Scribners)

◆

WHEN Al Smith was Governor of New York, Sing Sing, then the most notorious penitentiary west of Devil's Island, was without a warden. Scandals had been sweeping through the prison, and Smith needed a strong man to rule the place. He sent for Lewis E. Lawes.

"How about going up to take charge of Sing Sing?" he said jovially, when Lawes stood before him. "They need a man up there with experience."

Lawes was stumped. He knew the dangers of Sing Sing. It was a political appointment, subject to the vagaries of political whims. Wardens had come and gone — one had lasted only three weeks. He had a career to consider. Was it worth the risk?

And then Smith, who saw his hesitation, leaned back and smiled. "Young fellow," he said, "I don't blame you for being scared. It's a tough spot. It'll take a big man to go up there and stay."

Lawes liked the idea of attempting a job that called for a big man. So he went. And stayed to become the most famous warden alive.

— Dale Carnegie, *How to Win Friends and Influence People* (Harper)

¶ Take care lest your property go to "laughing heirs"

A Will of Your Own

By

Jerome Beatty

MOST HUSBANDS, no matter how kind and considerate, punish their widows cruelly when they die. Fewer than four out of ten persons who own property have wills, and when men or women die without a will they usually leave a perfect hell to remember them by.

Go into a probate court, pick a case at random and this is about what you will find:

A man dies, leaving a widow, two young children and an estate of $8000 — not including life insurance which, of course, is paid to the beneficiary, will or no will. He meant to leave everything to his widow. But because the nitwit had no will, the widow receives about $1866; otherwise she would have received about $5600. The poorer a man is, the more his widow needs all she can get, and the less likely he is to have a will.

There is nothing the matter with our laws. They take it for granted, when there is no will, that the children must be provided for. So automatically, in most states in such cases, two thirds of the estate goes to the children to be held in trust until they become of age. They *can't* give it to their mother; it can be touched only by court order and then only for small amounts for support and education. If there are no children, and the estate is more than $5000, part goes to the deceased's parents. If they are dead and the estate is more than $10,000, part goes to his brothers and sisters, or, if they are dead, to their children.

Usually the court and legal costs of administering an estate are about the same, will or no will. With bills due, installment payments, funeral expenses, court costs and lawyer's fees, estates of less than $2500 shrink from 40 to 70 percent. Those between $2500 and $10,000 shrink from 25 to 40 percent. So you don't make a will to save administrative costs. You make it to provide mercifully for those you leave behind and keep your property out of the hands of what the Germans call "the laughing heirs" — those who are delighted when you die.

It is not always the husband whose death brings disaster. The wife should have a will, whether she has extensive property of her own or only wants to make sure the second wife doesn't get her

jewels and heirlooms. It is fair for her to assume that if she dies first, her husband may marry a woman who is not at all the sort she would choose as her successor — for that's what a lot of widowers do. She is in no way insulting her husband if she makes sure her property goes to her children. Both father and mother should protect the children from a grabby stepparent. Widowers have a tendency to marry young wives, to become more active socially and to turn over the family jewels to the bride, which instantly in most homes makes the children furious. A will helps to prevent such family discord.

Often the home and other property is in the wife's name, although probably it was paid for with the husband's money. If she dies intestate and there are no children, part may go to the wife's parents or to her brothers and sisters, or to her children by a previous marriage. To divide the property a quick and unprofitable sale may be necessary.

In one case, throughout the depression a formerly wealthy man had hung onto a house worth $60,000. It was in his wife's name and was about all they owned. The wife was superstitious and didn't want to make a will. She was ten years younger than her husband and since presumably she would outlive him, he did not insist. They had no children. Her parents were dead. When she died, a $25,000 share in the home, rightfully her husband's, went to her brother, a good-for-nothing who for years had been estranged from his sister.

How to make a will? The best way is for you and your wife to go to a lawyer after deciding as best you can the details of what you want. The lawyer probably will suggest ideas that you have overlooked. It is better to agree upon a fee before the consultation begins. It may be from $15 to $25 for a simple will, or up to almost any amount for a complicated one disposing of a large estate.

Husband and wife each should know the contents of the other's will, and the reasons for various restrictions and bequests. Many a widow has been puzzled and pained by discovering strange provisions in her husband's will which seemed to show that he did not trust her. When a wife dies, blunt statements in the will as to how her property shall be kept out of the hands of a second wife are distressing to the distraught husband who at that time is quite sure he never will marry again. If the two make their wills at the same time, the reasons for the provisions are clear and the reading of the will after death brings no shock.

The lawyer will give you a carbon copy of each will to be kept for reference. The originals

should be kept in one of three places: in the lawyer's safe, in a safe-deposit box, or in your local probate or surrogate's court where usually they can be filed for one dollar each.

In almost any other place they might be lost or destroyed. If your lawyer is familiar with your affairs, it is just as well to leave the wills with him, so that he can remind you when the wills should be changed.

In 19 states* and Alaska a will entirely in your own handwriting, signed and dated but not witnessed, is good enough if your wishes, in the court's opinion, are stated clearly. Men have written merely, "I want my wife to have everything," and the will has been as good as if it were filled with legal phrases.

On the other hand, wills have been broken on trivial technicalities. In Georgia a man lay dying on a hospital bed in the middle of a room. He prepared his will, and witnesses were called. The most convenient place for the witnesses to write was on a chest of drawers against the wall, six feet back of the head of the bed. They all went around there and signed. The court ruled that because the head of the bed concealed them from the sight of the dying man, they were not actually in his presence as required by law. The will was thrown out.

In Kansas, under almost identical circumstances, the witnesses went outside the room and signed on a table in the hall. The court held the will had been properly executed because the testator could have turned his head, and seen the witnesses, if he had so desired.

It is all such a goofy state of affairs, with laws varying in different states, that it's best to be sure your will will stand up in any court. Today you may scoff at a suggestion that anybody would sue to break your will. But no person is more bitter than he who, expecting a bequest as his family right, is scorned in the will. Particularly is there danger that married children will be influenced by their husbands and wives, when all the estate goes to the mother. And badly drawn wills tempt shyster lawyers to urge the disinherited into suits they may know can't be won, but which they hope will be compromised out of court.

Even when a will is legally drawn, it may not dispose of property exactly as the testator intended. Two sisters owned a good deal of property, left them by their mother. They had quarreled with their father and, determined that he should have none of the property, had made their own

* Arizona, Arkansas, California, Idaho, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, Montana, Nevada, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Virginia, West Virginia and Wyoming.

wills, properly witnessed, each leaving all to the other sister. Then each had attached a note saying that if both died, the fortune should go to a woman friend. The sisters died simultaneously in an automobile accident. The wills were good but the notes, not witnessed, were thrown out. All the property went to the father.

There are hundreds of cases like this: A husband died leaving a will that he prepared himself, which gave everything to his widow. When he made it, he had no children, and he did not know enough to make a new one when, later, a boy was born. As a result of his ignorance his widow got only one third of the estate, the other two thirds going into a trust for his son.

Some states recognize common property that can't be taken away from the surviving spouse. In most states, the widow has the lifetime use of one third of the real estate, no matter what the will says, no matter what documents she may have signed.

Under ordinary circumstances children can be disinherited, but if you feel that way about your children and your estate is large, get a lawyer to tell you how to do it. All they have to do is to break the will on any point whatsoever and they automatically collect two thirds of the estate. Better explain why your children are getting no part of your millions and your lawyer will shape your language so the children won't be able to point to it and prove that you were of unsound mind when you wrote it. Stick to simple and necessary facts, or your preachment and withering indictment may be judged to be only the ravings of a senile old fool.

You may be as well off without a will — *if you take the proper precautions.* If *all* your property is in real estate and in banks, put it in the name of "John Jones or Mary Jones (his wife) or survivor." If you want to leave money to individuals, put it in a savings bank, held by "John Jones in trust for So-and-So." You may draw from that account while you live, but upon your death it becomes the property of "So-and-So." The court procedure is simplified, there is no estate to administer.

You can buy a printed form for a will, but there seems to be a temptation to change it, to get witnesses' signatures in the wrong place, and generally to fix up the document with your own ideas. For that reason, form wills are often broken in court.

Nor is it always wise to ask your bank to help you, for when banks make wills or recommend lawyers, you probably will find the bank named as executor and trustee. This may be perfectly proper, but there may also be a clause absolving the bank from

all responsibility if it makes mistakes. And banks do make mistakes.

Now, lawyers and judges agree that complicated legal language is not often necessary. But they add: "You never can tell when you'll get before a finicky judge, and it's best to make the will absolutely tight."

Suppose you want to leave all to your wife. Take a sheet of paper and write in your own handwriting:

> I, John Jones, of the City of————, do make, publish and declare this to be my last will and testament.
> I give to my wife, Mary, all property of whatsoever kind and nature, whether real or personal, of which I may die possessed. I hereby appoint my said wife as executor without bond, with full power to sell, convey, rent, mortgage, transfer and assign any or all of my said property upon such terms and conditions as she may deem to be to the best interests of my estate.
> (Signature)———— (SEAL)
> (Date)————

In some states, as noted, that's a perfectly good will — unless children are born after it is made.

But *don't* stop there. In some states it's worthless. Make it good in every state. Don't sign it yet. Add, on the same page, this conglomeration of funny, but important, phrases:

> Subscribed, sealed, published and declared by the said John Jones, the above-named testator, as and for his last will in our presence, who at his request, and in his presence and in the presence of each other have subscribed our names as witnesses thereto this — day of ——, A. D. 19—, in the City of————.

Now you come to the situation in which most mistakes are made. When a will is thrown out, usually it is because it was not properly witnessed. Two witnesses are enough in some states, but some require three, so get three adults, none of whom has any interest in the estate, together in one room. You show them the document — they don't need to know what is in it — and announce so they understand perfectly, "This is my last will and testament. Please sign as witnesses." You sign in their presence, and at the end of your signature write, "(SEAL)," for some states require that. Nobody seems to know why, but they do. Your witnesses sign at the end of the will. All four of you must be "in the presence of each other" during that ceremony.

That's all there is to it except that you and the witnesses will stand around and talk about it and each of the witnesses will say, "I think it's a fine thing to have a will. I must get one some day." But probably they never will. Time will prove that you were the only wise man in the bunch.

It is best to select witnesses who are your close friends, so they can easily be found, and those who are younger than you, so they will be likely to survive you.

However, even though witnesses may die, the will can be probated when proof is given that the signatures are genuine.

This rigmarole about the witnesses is necessary because, when the witnesses are called into court, their testimony must prove conclusively that this *is* your will, that there was no forgery, no substitution.

Many wills are thrown out because witnesses testify:

"He didn't say it was his will."

"Yes, he said it was his will and I signed it. Then he took it into the boss's office and I suppose the boss signed it in there."

"We were all together when we signed it. He told me he was making me his executor, but I didn't know that disqualified me as a witness."

If at any time you want to change the will — and you should check it every time a child is born or when the children become of age — you may prepare a codicil, which must be witnessed. But best tear up the old will and make a new one. Don't try to save time and expense by writing alterations on the original document, for a touch of the pen, adding or eliminating, kills it instantly.

What if you and your wife die in the same motorcar or airplane accident? If there are no wills, your children get two thirds of the estate and the remainder goes to the relatives of the spouse who died last. If there are no children, those relatives get it all.

In accidents of this sort, will or no will, the families of the husband and wife may go to court, each attempting to prove that their blood relative died last. To block this, the wills may carry a "common disaster" clause stipulating how the estate is to be divided in the event that husband and wife die within 30 days of each other.

Some parents may want to name a guardian, in case a common disaster makes orphans of the children. Lawyers usually advise against it. In administration of the will, the court must appoint a totally disinterested guardian, usually a lawyer, to see that the heirs' rights are properly handled. This protects children and others and is a wise safeguard. Although there have been cases in which courts have erred in appointing guardians, they usually do an excellent job in selecting them — probably better than you and your wife can do through your wills, for the documents you draw today may not become effective for many years and conditions and personalities may change.

Forget the guardian and do this: state in your will that in case your husband (or wife) shall predecease you, a trust shall be provided for your children if they are too young to handle the estate, placing the trust, usually, in the

hands of a near relative *and* a trust company, one to check the other. Don't choose Uncle John and the Farmer's Trust Company merely because Uncle John is a nice man and you've heard the Farmer's Trust is all right. Consider whether you'd want Uncle John to handle your money today. If you decide he's all right, be sure he will be willing to serve. Ask a lot of questions about the men behind the Farmer's Trust. Too many trust companies have been known to be less than conscientious in handling estates. If you're careless in establishing your trust, your children may reach maturity with no inheritance except a lot of pretty but not-so-valuable bonds.

Your trustees will have the authority to sell or rent your property, for the best interests of the children. If the income is not sufficient for their care and education, the court may give permission to use some of the principal, even though you have made no such provision.

Don't say, "To my brother William I leave $5000." When you make your will you may be worth $50,000. When you die your estate may be so small that Brother William will get all of it. Instead, leave him one tenth of the residue, "which sum in no event however shall exceed $5000." Qualify all bequests in this manner and protect your principal heirs.

You may feel your estate is so small that no court proceedings will be necessary — that your wife and children will settle everything amicably. Probably they'd be willing, and in a few states under certain circumstances this is possible. But in most, the notice of death must be published and banks check these and, awaiting court orders, immediately seal safe-deposit boxes and refuse to pay checks drawn on accounts, even though they are in the names of husband and wife.

But if you just never someway got around to making a will, didn't think enough of your wife to take the trouble, the court awards her only one third of your estate. The remainder must be held in trust for the children.

So, wondering why you did all this to her, your widow must find often-reluctant relatives who will help care for her, or wearily start looking for a job. While you rest in peace under a tombstone which tells what a great fellow you were.

✣

A SMALL DOG whose bark was too loud for the New York apartment of his mistress has undergone a throat operation removing 85 percent of the bark.

—*The New Yorker*

My Fishpond

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly

Stephen Leacock

It is a beautiful, secluded spot, embowered in a little cup of hills, my fishing pond. So steep are the banks, so old and high the trees, that scarcely a puff of wind ever ruffles the surface of the still, black water. At the widest it must be 200 feet — the most skillful fisherman may make a full cast both ways.

Let me say at once, so as to keep no mystery about it, that there are no fish in my pond. So far as I know there never have been. But I have never found that to make any difference to the men I bring there for an afternoon of casting.

They are people who can really fish — experts. And if there are no fish in the pond, at least they never know it. They never ask, and I let it go at that.

If I took out ordinary men, they would very likely notice that they got no fish. The expert doesn't. He knows trout fishing too well. He knows that even in a really fine pond, such as he sees mine is, there are days when not a trout will rise. He'll explain it to you himself; and, having explained it, he is all the better pleased if he turns out to be right and they don't rise.

Trout, as everyone knows who is an angler, never rise after a rain, nor before one; it is impossible to get them to rise in the heat; and any chill in the air keeps them down. The absolutely right day is a still, cloudy day, but even then there are certain kinds of clouds that prevent a rising of the trout. Indeed, I have only to say to one of my expert friends, "Queer, they didn't bite!" and he's off to a good start with an explanation.

At the pond I keep all the apparatus that goes with fishing — a punt, with lockers in the sides of it, a neat little dock built out of cedar (cedar attracts the trout), and, best of all, a little shelter house, a quaint little place like a pagoda, close beside the water and yet under the trees. Inside is tackle, all sorts of tackle, hanging round the walls, and also a waterproof mackintosh or two, for you never know — you may be caught in a shower just when the trout are starting to rise. Then, of course, a cellarette cupboard with decanters and bottles, and gingersnaps, and perhaps a pot of anchovy paste — no one wants to quit fishing for mere hunger. Nor does any real angler care to begin fish-

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ing without taking just a drop (Just a touch — be careful! Whoa! Whoa!) of something to keep out the cold, or to wish good luck for the chances of the day.

I always find that these preliminaries of angling are the best part of it. Often they take half an hour. There is so much to discuss — weights of tackle, the color of the fly to use, and broad general theory, such as whether it matters what kind of hat a man wears. One of my best guests is particularly strong on hats and color. "I don't think I'd wear that hat, old man; much too dark for a day like this."

"I wore it all last month," I said.

"So you might, but that was August. I wouldn't wear a dark hat in September; and that tie is too dark a blue, old man."

I admit that sometimes the guest gets a little restless over the lack of fish. So I say to him, "You certainly have the knack of casting!" — and he gets so absorbed in casting farther and farther that he forgets the fish. Or I take him toward the narrow upper end of the pond and he gets his line caught on bulrush — that might be a bite. Or, if he still keeps restless, I say suddenly, "Hush! Was that a fish jumped?" That will silence any true angler instantly. "You stand in the bow," I whisper, "and I'll paddle gently in that direction." It's the *whispering* that does it. Some of the men I take out begin to whisper a mile away from the pond and come home whispering.

You see, after all, what with frogs jumping, and catching the line in bulrushes, or pulling up a waterlogged chip nearly to the top, they don't really know — my guests don't — whether they have hooked something or not. Indeed, after a little lapse of time, they think they did: they talk of the "big one they lost." "Do you remember," they say to me months later at our club in the city, "that big trout I lost up on your fishpond last summer?"

"Indeed I do," I say.

"Did you ever get him later on?"

"No, never," I answer. (Neither him nor any other.)

Whenever the sight of the pond bursts on the eyes of a new guest, he stands entranced. "What a wonderful place for trout!" he exclaims.

"Isn't it?" I answer.

"No wonder you'd get trout in a pond like that!"

"No wonder at all."

"You don't need to stock it at all, I suppose?"

"Stock it!" I laugh at the idea. Stock a pond like that! Well, I guess not!

After an afternoon of fishing, the guest will say, "I'm glad that they weren't rising. After all, we had just the same fun as if they were."

That's it: illusion! How much of life is like that! It's the *idea* of the thing that counts, not the reality. You don't need fish for fishing, any more than you need partridge for partridge shooting. Just the illusion or expectation.

So I am back in the city and in my club, where we fish all winter, hooking up big ones, but losing the ones bigger still, hooking two trout at one throw — three at a throw! — and for me, behind it all, the memory of my fishing pond, darkened now under fallen leaves.

At least it has made my friends happy.

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As Others See You

Do you sometimes wonder whether people like you? Here is your answer. This series of questions, based on psychological tests, is designed to give you a general estimate of your personal popularity and your aptitude for making friends. Answer each question *Yes* or *No;* then turn to page 74.

1. Do you express your opinion freely and unsought?
2. Do you feel superior to three of your best friends?
3. Do you like to eat alone?
4. Do you read front-page murder stories?
5. Do tests like this interest you?
6. Do you talk about your aspirations, disappointments, and problems?
7. Do you borrow often?
8. Are you a "Dutch treat" addict?
9. When you tell something that has happened, do you give every small detail?
10. Do you like entertaining when entertaining costs money?
11. Do you pride yourself upon your absolute frankness?
12. Do you keep people waiting when you have an appointment with them?
13. Do you honestly like children (not your own)?
14. Do you play practical jokes?
15. Do you think it silly for middle-aged people to fall in love?
16. Do you cordially dislike more than seven people?
17. Do you nurse grudges?
18. Do you frequently use such words as "awfully," "dreadfully," "terribly"?
19. Do telephone operators and salespersons irritate you?
20. Do you consider stupid and uninteresting the persons who do not share your enthusiasm for music, books, sports?
21. Do you break your word as often as you keep it? (Think twice)
22. Do you criticize often, and to their faces, your family, your best friends and your employes?
23. Do you become depressed or discouraged when things go badly?
24. Are you altogether glad of the success of your friends (when you are out of luck)?
25. Do you ever indulge in interesting gossip?

— Eleanor Early in *The American Magazine*

Spanish Militiaman

Condensed from The Living Age
Quoting the Left Review (London)

Robert Westerby

It was hardly light when the corporal came for them. As they were led outside, the prison was silent, as if it, too, were waiting for death. Felipe raised his eyes and stared dully around him. The stiffly pleated mountains looked blue in the distance, with small clusters of trees lying at their feet. Hungrily Felipe looked at them. Behind them was his home.

An officer came from the prison, buttoning up his tunic. He was small and sallow, but with a sort of swaggering smartness about him; his cap was set at a rakish angle.

"How many are there?" the officer said, shouting, as if to keep up his courage.

The corporal saluted. "Thirty, *señor capitan*," he said.

"I'll use the new gun," the officer said, and called loudly over his shoulder.

The corporal looked puzzled. "The new gun, *señor capitan?*" he said.

The officer flushed angrily. "Yes, the new gun," he said. "I'll use it myself. It will kill the whole 30 of them in a second or two. You will see."

Two men came out of the prison, carrying the new gun. In silence they set it up on its short tripod, opposite the line of prisoners. It seemed to stare at them, the dully shining new gun, and the man next to Felipe — no, not man, he was not yet 20 — began to pray out loud, crossing himself, muttering. The sweat was running down his face like water being squeezed out of a sponge.

The officer walked over to the machine gun. His face was serious now, businesslike, and he crouched behind the gun, adjusting the belt of cartridges. Then he looked up.

"About turn!" he shouted, and the line of men turned round raggedly and slowly.

"Five paces forward!" the officer jerked out, and terrified, as if in a trance, the 30 men lurched over the rough ground. Felipe stared straight ahead of him. The plain rolled away before his eyes, rocky and barren, for miles. In the distance, in the foothills, he could see the white twin towers of a church. The world seemed wide and safe, being at war suddenly nothing.

"Halt! *Five* paces, I said."

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The line of men wavered and stopped.

Standing still, with hunched shoulders, Felipe felt death waiting behind him as the officer's fingers went to the trigger of the gun. His heart was beating loudly and quickly, as if it would burst, and for five long seconds he waited, swearing.

Then, shatteringly, the gun spoke.

The hail of bullets swept along the line of prisoners, spat up dust and stones, tore through flesh and bone. Writhing grotesquely in their pain, the men fell to the ground in a wave.

The earth was damply cold to Felipe's body, the stones hard and sharp against his face. He lay flat, his chest pressing the ground, and over him the shrieking bullets tore through the air.

Abruptly the roar of the gun ceased, and Felipe heard the scrape of the officer's boots against the stones. A few yards away a man was screaming, his voice impossibly shrill — then the officer's voice, raised in a shout: "All right! Get up! Get up! All those still alive will be freed."

Felipe pressed himself harder against the ground, his eyes shut, sweat running down his cheeks. Close beside him there was a scrabble of loose stones as a few men staggered to their feet. They turned toward the officer, calling feebly, and Felipe heard him laugh. The gun roared out again bitterly.

"Oh, the poor fools!" Felipe whispered. "It was a trick, and I knew! I knew! And now they are dead."

Cautiously he opened his eyes. He could only see with one. It was funny. The other seemed not to be there, but there was no pain. Blood was trickling slowly across his face, and where before he had seen the plain, the mountains, the little church, his world was now small. Three or four stones, a scratch in the earth where a bullet had passed, his own right hand, and a foot which scraped feebly in the dust, as if in agony, as if it were a live thing. For a few seconds it would remain still, then it would twitch again.

An ant crawled laboriously across the stones toward him. He felt it as it climbed over his forehead. The little insect's feet were like needles, and ran across his face until they reached the open wound over his eye.

Footsteps crunched towards him and there were voices. "There's one!" "Where?" The officer sounded excited, like a small boy who is hunting for bird's eggs or butterflies.

"Oh, sweet Christ, let me lie still . . . lie still . . ." Felipe stared at a stone lying just by his right eye. Two feet, heavily booted, stopped in front of him, almost filling his small world.

"This one?" the officer's voice said, and Felipe's stomach contracted, a chill as of water on his spine.

"Sweet Jesus! Let it be quick!" he prayed. He stared dully at the officer's boots. They were old, split, and starved for polish. Through a crack in the leather he could see gray stocking. The third boot, that of the man shot down next to him, lay still. The ant crawled around in his wound, torturing him, but he clenched his teeth, frozen with fear, and remained motionless.

"You're right," the officer said. "He's no more dead than I am."

There was a whistle as a stick swung sharply through the air, and a thud. The third boot twitched violently, turned over and writhed sideways in the dust, just missing Felipe's face. Then there was a shot, a second's pause, and the boot kicked upward and dropped back. Somewhere above him Felipe heard the officer laugh.

"It is a good gun," his voice said. "Not many were missed, even the first time, and there are many to come."

The feet crunched away, and Felipe was alone.

The sun came up and more ants swarmed into his open wound. He tried to startle them, but he could not. He seemed to have stopped being himself any longer. The sun was hot, burning, shriveling hot. Time went by slowly.

Everything that had happened the day before seemed to have been a year ago . . . the fighting in the streets; the screams of the wounded; his father's white face . . . the Moors closing in . . . but he'd get away now . . . first the prison . . . then the gun . . . then the officer . . . then the ants. . . .

His eye rolled feebly round to where his right hand lay in the dust. There seemed to be no power left in his fingers, movements were hard, hard and painful, yet, setting his teeth, Felipe gradually closed his hand — closed it until the small clenched fist lay outstretched on the stones.

For four weeks he had fought for what he believed in, for four weeks he had been a man.

He was 16 years old.

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Not Knowledge, but Aptitude

IT ISN'T what a man knows that matters, but how near to a straight line he can drive the processes of his mind; how near to a lean and useful muscle he can make that mind; how near he can come to lassoing a truth or method. No man should be judged by what he doesn't know; he should be judged only by how quickly and sensibly he assumes new duties.

— Struthers Burt, *Diary of a Dude Wrangler* (© 1924, Scribners)

Escorts by the Hour

Condensed from Liberty

Frederick L. Collins

"I'M IN New York for 48 hours," purred the young widow, "and I don't want to sleep."

That was easy for Ted Peckham, founder of the Guide Escort Bureau, whose scores of personable youths are at the disposal of unescorted women who wish to see the town. In this case Peckham had three of his boys work in relays. For two days and nights the widow didn't stop whirling on a continuous round of gaiety.

"We solve the extra-man problem — the fourth at bridge and that sort of thing," Peckham told me. "Recently we furnished 50 stags for one big society party. We do a big business with steamship people for short cruises. We even had a call for boys from Claridge's in London."

Peckham, the originator of a service now being copied in many cities, is 23 and industrious. Between classes at Western Reserve University he ran a supper club in a Cleveland hotel, wrote a society column, bought and sold secondhand clothes and rented bicycles. Later, it was he who persuaded the New Haven Railroad to put on those week-end cycle trains — with cycles by Peckham.

When he came to New York to make his fortune, various jobs with $15 a week as top salary was the best he could do. Then, one night, on Fifth Avenue, listening to the dance music in a hotel and wishing he were inside, he got his big idea — that women alone in a great city need help to see the sights and night life.

"I went to the leading hotels with the idea," Peckham said. "They ate it up. One of their greatest problems is women guests who want to go places but have nobody to go with them. Thus, the Guide Escort Bureau was started."

Successful business women, in New York once a month or so, are among the Bureau's most regular customers. Out-of-town women of wealth and social position are equally well represented; and there are many local clients.

"Generally speaking," Peckham says, "the older a woman is, the later she keeps the boys up. Clients 18 to 25 years of age usually go to their waiting families at a reasonable hour. Those 45 to 70 want to stay out all night.

"I try to bring congenial people together. A woman who plays bridge or golf naturally likes a

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companion who can talk those games. Then, too, some women have very definite ideas about the appearance of their escort — ladies seeming to prefer blonds by a two to one ratio."

Peckham chooses his fair client's corsage and has it delivered to her, reserves tables at restaurants and night clubs, makes theater reservations — plans the entire evening. For all this service he collects $5 if the boy wears a dinner coat, $10 if he wears tails, and an additional fee if he stays out all night. Special rates are quoted on summer cruises. The client, of course, pays all expenses. Peckham also has five professional women shoppers who charge $10 for a full day, five interpreters, and a few child guardians.

Cardinal rules for escorts are: don't get tight, affectionate, or confidentially loquacious. The boys get a weekly salary and bonus, the latter depending on how long they work. Most of them have daytime jobs and can't stand more than three nights' escorting a week. Many of them get presents from customers; gifts have ranged from radios and chow dogs to a farm in New Hampshire.

"But we're not running a gigolo business," Peckham stated firmly. "Our boys must be good dancers but they must be good fellows, too. I stick for the most part to Yale, Harvard and Princeton boys because the names mean something to the customers, and every boy must be in the Social Register. It shows the woman that her escort has a certain reputation to maintain."

Despite about 500 letters a week from boys seeking jobs, the university clubs of New York are Peckham's chief source of supply. Boys with the requisite standing and character are put through a thorough schooling. They must be interesting conversationalists, notice their companion's clothes, be able to point out celebrities, and, most important, they must not drink to excess. Peckham has spotters in restaurants and clubs; if a boy misbehaves, he never goes out again under the Peckham banner.

From The Literary Digest:

A Peckham escort must never enter his client's apartment or hotel room, never be in *any* room with her unless there are three others present. If the client gets drunk the escort must call the headwaiter, place his partner in the care of the restaurant staff, and leave. Peckham's men may nod to friends when on duty but never introduce their friends to clients.

Arranging for the service is simple. After ascertaining where the client would like to go and what type of man she wants, Peckham reads his listing until she picks her choice. The meeting

of client and escort is easy, informal. The escort merely announces himself at her address and when she appears they shake hands. While taxiing to their first stop, she hands him two envelopes containing his fee and expense money.

Following Peckham's lead, rival services are already being set up. In Philadelphia, George Washington Hyam, ex-ad man, has selected 30 college men and opened the city's first Guide and Escort Service. In Washington, Lewis A. Nuckols, a former William and Mary student, has employed 18 men "conversant on current topics" for his Erudite Guide and Escort Service. Nuckols is exceedingly sanguine as Washington has a ratio of five females to two males.

Peckham himself is starting branches this winter in Palm Beach, Seattle and Chicago. He also plans to have offices in England and on the Continent. Recently, on a trip to Paris, needy French noblemen battered at his hotel door. He had advertised for several "nice French dukes and about 100 young men from the Almanach de Gotha" with which to open his Paris branch.

"My escorts must be real noblemen," he told them. "I want dukes especially, since the Duke of Windsor has given a new stimulus to that title."

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Smoke Out Your Troubles

BISMARCK was one of the greatest friends tobacco ever had. When Jules Favre visited him to discuss terms of peace after the Franco-Prussian War, the Iron Chancellor asked the Frenchman if he smoked, and offered him a cigar. Favre said he did not smoke. Then Bismarck made his deathless defense of smoking:

"Then you are wrong! When a man begins a discussion which may easily lead to a heated argument, or even a show of temper, it is always better to smoke while one is talking. You see, a cigar held in the hand and nursed with care serves, in a measure, to keep our gestures under control. It is a sort of diversion: as the blue smoke curls upward the eye involuntarily follows it; the effect is soothing, one feels better tempered, and more inclined to make concessions — and to be continually making concessions is what we diplomats live on. It is true that you, as a non-smoker, have one advantage over me — you are more watchful and observant; on the other hand, you are more apt to be guided by the impulse of the moment."

— Stanley Walker in *This Week*

Boycott versus Billboard

By

Fred C. Kelly

THE flowering trees and shrubs along highways throughout the Hawaiian Islands offer a glowing contrast to the blatant billboards which afflict the motorist in other parts of the United States. Many of us on the mainland complain about the state of our highways and wonder why something isn't done about it. In our island Territory, something *has* been done. Billboards and disfiguring signs have been completely eliminated from Hawaii, not by law but by social pressure.

Perhaps the completeness of the victory in the islands in contrast to minor and piecemeal successes elsewhere was due to the fact that the sign makers were most ruthless in exploiting that region of great natural beauty and set up elements of their own destruction. Some ten years ago, the attractive streets of Honolulu were becoming a procession of defacements. Signboards threatened to destroy the native beauty of the countryside. The situation was so bad that the fighting spirit of a group of women, called the Outdoor Circle, was aroused. They were finally spurred into action by one advertiser who erected a huge billboard on the main road between Honolulu and Waikiki beach. There were other signboards equally obnoxious, but this proved to be the last straw. The women of the Outdoor Circle bought newspaper space to announce that they would refuse to buy any articles thus advertised, and called upon all women in Hawaii to join them in the boycott. They pointed out to the advertisers that whatever was destructive of Hawaiian charm was detrimental to the whole community.

Thousands of women enlisted in the boycott and dealers began to note sharp declines in the sales of certain articles. Gradually it dawned on the advertisers that billboards which were driving away business had better be removed. In a surprisingly short time they began to disappear, and eventually they were completely eliminated from the whole Territory. General satisfaction in the achievement is so great that Samuel Wilder King, Territorial Delegate, suggested to Frederic A. Delano, Chairman of the National Park and Planning Commission, that similar tactics might

be successful in the District of Columbia and in certain states where battles are being waged against objectionable signs.

Statistical studies showed that no legitimate business had been damaged by the campaign. Advertisers simply switched funds from billboards to other means of announcement. Business men themselves began to improve the appearance of their establishments; they pulled down garish signs and gave more thought to good taste in store fronts. Stores whose owners who did not join in the movement suffered by comparison, not only in looks but in sales. In short, business men began to make their places attractive because it *paid.*

In the ten years since the disappearance of the billboards, the women's organization has gone ahead with other beautifying projects. They have sponsored planting along the main highways. So effective has been their work that now along hundreds of miles of roads in the Hawaiian Islands the motorist sees flowering hibiscus, oleander and poinsettias, and beautiful shower trees, flame trees and palms — the result of organized effort.

Apparently the women who waged this battle had in their favor no special advantage peculiar to Hawaii. They did not wait to force legislation. They depended simply upon organization and the powerful economic weapon of the boycott. The achievements of these women of Hawaii are not beyond attainment in any American community.

Cut-Rate Sentiment

THE PRETTIEST Mother's Day story that has come to our ears recently concerns a Mr. Bevans and the Western Union Telegraph Company. Reading that Western Union would send to any part of the country, for only 35 cents, a 15-word Mother's Day greeting of the sender's own composition, he called up and dictated this message to his mother in California: "In spite of sentimental propaganda by florists, Western Union, Postal Telegraph, and various greeting-card concerns, I love you." There was a small, cold silence, after which Western Union's young lady said, "That will have to go as a full-rate message, sir. It isn't a Mother's Day greeting." Mr. Bevans replied indignantly, "If that's not a Mother's Day greeting, what is?" "Greetings to the dearest mother in all the world," she replied promptly. This paralyzed Mr. Bevans, and he wound up by sending the message at the full rate. It cost him $1.97. — *The New Yorker*

Germany's Amateur Smugglers

By

Michael Graham

In an effort to maintain the mark at its old value, Hitler some time ago decreed that no capital could be taken out of Germany. Many wealthy citizens, alarmed by the growing insecurity at home, racked their brains to find means of evading the law.

Typical of the ingenious methods used are the following:

THERE APPEARED recently in the *Voelkischer Beobachter*, the official government newspaper, an advertisement stating that a director of one of the large steel companies was looking for a private secretary. Applications with full details should be sent to such-and-such a box number at the paper's offices. A few hours after this advertisement appeared, the telephone rang at the offices of the *Voelkischer Beobachter*, and a gentleman explained that he was the man who had inserted the ad. Unfortunately, he said, he had to go to Switzerland on business, and would they mind forwarding all the applications that came in the next few days to his address there? The very next day this steel official received his package in Zurich. The frontier officials, of course, knew that the *Voelkischer Beobachter* would not think of smuggling out either money or treasonable remarks about Hitler, so the letters had passed untouched. At the Zurich hotel, the official opened the package, threw about 200 of the letters away without even looking at them, opened the other 200 carefully and removed the bundles of money which he had himself sent to the Nazi newspaper.

ONE MAN took all his money out of the bank and spent it all in having a fine set of tools made for his automobile — jack, monkey wrench, screw driver, pliers, and all the rest. These tools, incidentally, were not made of steel, but of platinum. One day he quietly drove his car, tools inside, across the border. Nobody even bothered to look at the tools, but if they had, they would have noticed nothing strange. The tools were thickly coated with oil and dirt.

ANOTHER man deposited his will with a notary public in Berlin, with instructions in large letters on the envelope: "Not to be opened until my death." A few months later he went abroad to a country near Germany. One day he dropped into the Nazi Consu-

late and explained that he would like to change his will, but that his doctor considered him too ill to take the trip back to Germany. Would the consul be so kind as to bring the envelope containing his will back with him from his next trip to Germany? The consul said he would.

It was only after he had delivered the envelope and it was opened before his startled eyes that he discovered the enormity of his kindness. He, a Nazi consul — who, of course, was not bothered by frontier officials — had unknowingly smuggled out of Germany a fortune of almost a million marks.

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PERHAPS the shrewdest and most original scheme was thought up by still another amateur smuggler. A short time ago, the worried Dr. Schacht, president of the Reichsbank, announced that there would be no punishment for smugglers of money if they would confess their crime and bring their money back into the country before a certain date. One morning a gentleman, evidently very nervous, appeared at the office designated for these confessions and admitted that he had hidden away in a safe in Zurich, the sum of 50,000 marks. The officials suggested that he tell them where the money was, and they would instruct the consul in Zurich to get it back. That was the difficulty, the gentleman explained. The Zurich bank would not think of letting anyone open his safe unless he were present. But he would willingly go to Zurich and return with the money. This seemed a little unwise to the officials. What assurance had they, they argued quite logically, that he would return at all? So they compromised. The gentleman would go to Zurich with one Nazi official accompanying him. And since he did not want to travel like an arrested criminal, they would go in the gentleman's car.

They passed the frontier with no difficulty, the presence of a Nazi official assuring the customs men that everything inside was satisfactory. But as soon as they had covered a few miles of Swiss territory, the gentleman stopped the car, opened the door, and said to the official, who was too amazed to speak:

"Get out of my car, and get out fast. You can tell your people in Berlin that I have no safe and no money in Zurich, but I do have my entire fortune—2,000,000 marks — hidden away in this car. Thanks to your presence, the customs men thought it unnecessary to search."

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Foolproofing America

Condensed from Review of Reviews

Webb Waldron

RECENTLY a St. Louis housewife went off on a two-week vacation, leaving an electric flatiron on the ironing board with the current flowing. When she returned, she was astounded to find that the iron had charred its way through the board, had fallen to the floor, had charred its way through the floor and was dangling by its cord into the cellar!

That the iron had not set the house afire was more than a bit of luck. This particular iron couldn't set anything afire — thanks to the Underwriters' Laboratories in Chicago, where electric heaters and stoves, oil burners, alarm systems, wall switches, toys and hundreds of other appliances in common use are put to the most exacting tests for safety. The manufacturer of that electric iron had submitted his first model to the Underwriters' Laboratories and they had rejected it because it *did* set materials ablaze. Redesign had made it safe.

It has been said that the hazards from modern inventions are greater than primitive man faced in the jungle. Your home is full of appliances that might be dangerous or deadly — as is indicated by the fact that half the products submitted to Underwriters' Laboratories are rejected on the first test as unsafe. Of those rejected, about half are redesigned so that they win a U.L. label. When you see that label on something you purchase, you know that it is practically foolproof.

The origin of the Laboratories goes back to the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, where electricity was first used on a grand scale. Fires broke out on the grounds with alarming frequency, and the National Board of Fire Underwriters (comprising today some 200 fire insurance companies) sent an engineer to look into their cause. He found that most of them resulted from faulty electrical installations; and shortly he set up a small private laboratory to test electrical devices. In 1901 the Fire Underwriters made his shop their national testing station.

Since then, testing of mechanical appliances has been constantly enlarged to meet the public demand for safety, the work being supported by fees charged to the manufacturer, and based on the cost of the tests. Civic organizations, engineering societies, mu-

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(*Review of Reviews, January, '37*)

nicipal authorities, and insurance companies have made safety a watchword so that many manufacturers voluntarily seek an authoritative judgment on their product and others are forced by sentiment to obtain it. In 60 cities and in two states, Oregon and North Carolina, there are now laws requiring that all electrical goods offered for sale carry the approval of a recognized testing laboratory.

The Underwriters' Laboratories now have three large plants in Chicago, San Francisco, and New York. The personnel consists of 300 engineers at the plants and 200 traveling inspectors in the field. First a product is tested from specimens submitted by the manufacturer. Periodic inspection and testing of the output at the factory assures that the standard of a product once approved is maintained. Inspectors in 175 centers throughout the country attend to that. In addition, the Laboratories have a fleet of trucks equipped as traveling test stations. Engineers manning these trucks buy up approved products at retail in the open market and test them on the spot as a further check against danger.

In the Chicago laboratories I saw a portable electric heater on test. The cord had already been tried out by running excess current through it, then a special twisting machine had doubled and twisted it several thousand times while it was carrying current, after which it was examined closely for any break or wear. After this test the heater was plugged in on ordinary domestic current and two layers of cheesecloth thrown over the guard. Presently, the cloth blackened, charred through *but did not burst into flame*. This test is made on the assumption that a window curtain may blow across the heater, a child stand with clothing against the guard, or that somebody may lay a handkerchief across it to dry.

Among other tests, the heater was left running an hour as near to a pine-board wall as its base would permit. This test was repeated several times at different distances, for some heaters have focal lengths as do lenses. Still no flame, no glowing embers. It is not entirely a matter of temperature. A badly designed 600-watt heater may set cloth afire instantly; a well-designed 1000-watt heater may be safe in all positions. The heater I saw got an O.K.

Electric stoves are placed in a corner six inches from two pine-board walls, turned on full tilt, oven and all burners, while an engineer records the temperature on the walls. Should they go above 194° F., which is well below the ignition point of wood, the stove is sent back for redesign. Similarly, kerosene stoves are tested

for explosion hazard, tank leakage, etc. Of the 161,895 oil stoves shipped by makers last year, 58 percent were labeled safe by Underwriters' Laboratories. In the previous year, only 26 percent were O.K.'d.

Not long ago a friend of mine got a nasty shock from her waffle iron. The insulation at the hinge had become broken, and her hand accidentally came in contact with a live wire. She might have been killed. U.L. engineers consider no device safe if, under *any* condition, a current in excess of one one-hundredth of an ampere can flow from the device through the body.

My friend's waffle iron had not been passed by Underwriters' Laboratories. They test waffle irons by putting them into a machine that opens and closes them 6000 times while they carry current. Then the waffle iron is placed on a board covered with tissue paper, and allowed to run for an indefinite period without batter, until all parts of the iron get as hot as they ever will. The tissue paper under the iron must not flame. And if any of the metal melts, as sometimes happens, the device must be so designed that the molten metal will not overflow onto the table. Electric coffee percolators, hot-water heaters and bed pads are subjected to similar tests, the latter being buried in blankets and run continuously for 500 hours and also bent 15 times a minute for eight straight hours.

When buying an electrical toy it is especially important to be sure it has the Underwriters' Laboratories' approval. If it has, you will know that every foreseeable risk from misuse has been eliminated. Sometimes children complain that their electric stoves won't cook. Well, it is up to the manufacturer to combine efficiency with safety — if he can. The Laboratories insist ruthlessly on safety. More than 30 requirements must be met by even a very simple set of Christmas tree lights in order to comply with the standards of the Laboratories.

The chances are that the oil burner in your basement is safe — because of 178,853 domestic oil burners produced in 1935, 91 percent were approved by U.L. In 1918, only one make had U.L. approval. Today, 200 different makes are on the accepted list. Each burner is run the equivalent of 30 days' service, started, stopped, started hundreds of times, with special attention to the control that cuts off fuel supply in case of interruption of flame. Should oil continue to spray into the furnace, vaporizing against the hot walls of the firebox, and then the flame suddenly resume, an explosion would be likely.

The muffler on your car was tested by U.L. engineers to make certain that it will not burst and

allow flame to shoot out on the under side of your car. It was also tested for overheating. Your carburetor installation was tested against dangerous flooding and backfire, the gasoline tank for proper thickness of metal, anti-corrosion, strength of mounting. Underwriters' Laboratories are fighting in a thousand ways to protect us from the perils of our own ingenuity.

Not long ago a Chicago housewife struck a match that sputtered and threw shreds of flame about like fireworks. Her dress was burned and she realized that a box of matches like that was a menace. Knowing of the Underwriters' Laboratories, she got their list of approved products and found that certain matches were tested. Her grocer was glad enough to stock them.

This is the sort of thing everybody should do. In the case of appliances whose makers are all well known, virtually all are approved. But with lamps, heaters, hair curlers, and various other electrical gadgets of obscure make, it is wise to look for the label of approval, or insist on seeing the U.L. list of approved products, issued free to dealers or individuals upon request.

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Sales Parrots

THE Willmark Service System, which shows retailers how to sell more goods, recently had their incognito investigators buy things from 1000 different clerks, to see how good they were at "suggestive selling" — influencing customers to spend more than they intended to. More than 300 of them stuck to such clichés as "And what else?" and "Will that be all?" Nearly 150 did make specific suggestions, but they were pretty feeble: "Got plenty of handkerchieves?" "Any coffee, sugar, salt or butter today?" "You wouldn't be interested in any lace collars, would you?" or "Would you be interested in a flashlight?" Some let slip such things as "Here's a cheaper hat that looks twice as good as your old one," and "Do you use an astringent? You're inclined to be oily around the nose, you know."

Willmark believes that suggestive selling, done right, can work wonders. "We have a new model shoe that will look perfect on a small foot like yours" was a line recommended for a shoe store. A midwest drug chain found that only 3.8 percent of their luncheon customers were responding to "Would you care for any dessert?" They switched to "Will you have apple pie à la mode? It's special today," and 22.5 percent bought. A word-picture of a specific food is much more likely to arouse appetite than the vague, colorless term, "dessert."

Diggers into History

Condensed from Fortune

UNTIL Homer's Troy was dug up in the 1870's, there was no science of history, because history had no laboratory in which to measure its material. Geology, physics and chemistry were based upon observed facts, not upon supposition. But students who wished to lay their hands on the past had to rely upon inaccurate reporting such as that of Herodotus, or upon ambiguous historical documents such as the *Iliad*.

Archaeology has provided the historian with a laboratory, and the resulting science of history has recast the entire historical scene. Egypt, Babylonia, Phoenicia, Greece, Rome, Europe and America are no longer considered to be separate historical departments, as they appeared to most of us at school. Rather, the entire history of man is viewed as a single story, whose origins are to be found in the study of fossil remains and whose terminus lies in current events. Between those two extremes there is a segment of time, roughly measured at 15,000 years, which is the archaeologist's particular sphere — that relatively brief era in the world's history during which men have been making *things:* not only implements, but also pots and kettles and amulets and houses and temples and monuments.

Today archaeologists have carried their technique so far that whole civilizations rise before our eyes in the most intimate detail. It is said, for instance, that we know more about the details of life in Egypt of the 14th century B.C. than in England of the 14th century A.D. We even have a fairly complete picture of the great Minoan civilization in Crete, about 3400–1100 B.C., which had almost been lost to the memory of man.

How, you ask, does the archaeologist know where to dig? The answer is: in all sorts of ways. Sometimes he knows where an ancient site is and has longed for years to dig it. Sometimes a farmer turns up an Indian skull with his plow, or a native shop in Baghdad suddenly starts selling genuine and interesting antiques, or a little boy appears at a local museum in Greece with a gold coin. The entire Coclé civilization in Panama was discovered in this accidental way. Sometimes the archaeologist knows roughly where a missing city or trade route should be, and goes out to look for traces of it — pottery shards, old earth-

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(Fortune, December, '36)

works, even local traditions. Airplanes have spotted lots of things — unsuspected Roman earthworks at Caistor right in the middle of England — Inca cities in Peru — lost Mayan cities in Yucatán. When he is looking for old cemeteries, the experienced archaeologist looks just at sunset, at which time faint irregularities in the earth may suddenly and magically disclose the outlines of a cemetery or even of an entire city. In midsummer he can locate sunken walls because the soil is thin upon them and the grass burns drier than the surrounding grass. Per contra, as Omar Khayyam could have told him, grass grows greener over the sites of graves. The archaeologists at Carchemish, on the Euphrates, got a reputation as sorcerers among the natives because they could locate graves so infallibly.

Next step is equipment. The word calls up visions of an elaborately implemented Everest expedition, but the archaeologist's equipment is surprisingly simple. Usually the head archaeologist and his wife go out on an American Export boat and meet a couple of young men in Jerusalem or Damascus and then proceed to the dig with them, carrying a few packing cases and suitcases. The packing cases contain a minicam and plenty of film. This has revolutionized archaeological practice: in a trice, with his Leica, the archaeologist has a record of what formerly took weeks to copy. Equally necessary are surveying instruments, because the foundation of all good digging is an accurate map divided into mathematical squares for reference purposes.

Also in the packing boxes will be dozens of pencils and blocks of paper and India ink; white ink for marking basalt; excelsior or its equivalent for treasures you are going to carry away; paper towels for making squeezes (wet or dry) of inscriptions that cannot be brought home — they look like Braille books when finished. There will also be an assortment of fairly fantastic implements. Grapefruit knives are cherished because their shape fits pottery insides. So are small dental instruments and toothbrushes. A perfect implement for brushing the soil off a vase as it lies in the ground is the household toilet brush. Hairpins are handy for picking dirt out of little cracks.

On the average dig there will be one or two archaeologists, perhaps an architect to sketch ruins and plot the lines of ancient cities, perhaps an engineer, almost certainly a photographer. But on the smaller digs there will be no specialists at all — just one or two archaeologists and their wives. The importance of the wives can scarcely be overestimated. Your average archaeologist treats his wife the way

TODAY the U.S. is the world's biggest digger, with Britain in second place. Yet the amount of money required to maintain the U.S. position is amazingly small, perhaps $250,000 a year. Archaeologists themselves get along on minuscule salaries. Many of them work for years for nothing, in order to get training. Even on salary the younger men may get as little as $35 a month (plus living expenses). Top men (not professors on salary, who get more) might earn $250 a month. Nor are other expenses elaborate, travel often being the biggest. A good season in Mesopotamia won't cost more than $15,000; a small dig in the Near East, a mere $3000. For $1200, you can have a satisfactory season digging Indians out of U.S. soil, and the Southwest is one of the richest areas in the world for archaeological remains. Thus as a patron of this science, a tycoon can obtain a semblance of immortality with much less sacrifice than by the erection of, say, a college dormitory. Which is one reason why archaeology has done as well as it has.

a cowboy treats his horse. He is doubtless terribly fond of her, but this does not prevent him from working her hard. There are any number of opportunities for doing things, from housekeeping and cataloguing (every fragment of a fragment must be recorded) to specializing on coins or pottery by which perhaps to link up apparently separate civilizations.

There are three accepted ways for attacking a site, but only one has real scientific merit. This is called peeling — stripping the earth off layer by layer as if it were an onion. But the cost of this method is often prohibitive, and instead archaeologists often sink pits at random, to get some idea of what is underneath, or else dig a trench straight across the site. As he digs, he stops to explore "features" (*i.e.*, a nest of objects, the corner of a room, the fragment of a pillar).

The archaeologist's medium is exceedingly bewildering. Sites are not nicely striped like layer cakes (except very rarely as in the great Macon mounds in Georgia); the layers wave and dip in a confusing fashion. Often they are not distinct at all, and in a lower stratum one is apt to find the same kind of objects that one found in the next higher one. This may signify the survival of the same people, or it may be that the conquerors married subject women who continued to keep house the way they always had. Sometimes a rich man added a confusing note by digging the foundations of his house deep into a previous civilization, sometimes builders used stones from older houses or temples.

The archaeologist's methods for meeting these and similar difficulties, and his deductions, are worthy of the greatest detectives. Thin walls indicate that the house had one story, thicker walls, two

stories. The base of a single column will give the height of a building, since most ancient buildings were erected in accordance with strict rules. One can sometimes reconstruct a whole temple from one pillar base and a few faint lines of clay. At Akhenaten's palace in Egypt, diggers found only one section of the cement foundation, two column drums, two building stones, each carved on two faces, and a few scraps. But there were red lines on the cement to show where the architect had planned the temple; the columns were luckily of two types; a splinter of cornice showed the roof angle; and the stones, being carved on two faces, must have run through the wall. From these inescapable clues a complete picture of the temple was drawn.

Rather crude pottery in layer five and advanced examples above it in layer four, with marks of burning between, mean that there was a conquest at exactly that stage. Evidence of a decrease in skill may mean that there was no conquest but that the civilization declined. The American Eskimo is an example, the present "civilization" being less pretentious than that of many hundred years ago. An increase in skill with no marks of war, however, shows a new trade route, and an expert knowledge of pottery types will tell you exactly where that route went. Sand in stratified layers means a deserted site and a new settlement. Sometimes the pattern of textiles will be found marked in the earth, though no cloth is left; or a residuum of purple powder tells where a silver vessel lay. In Ur once, plaster of Paris was poured into two empty holes in the soil, holes too perfectly round to be accidental. Hardened, it was dug out — the complete cast of a vanished harp, probably as old as 3200 B.C., and in the soil 10 faint streaks showing where the strings had been.

Archaeologists are ghouls. They love graves and sifting the bones of dead men in the hope of finding buttons or their ancient equivalent. Though most good graves were raided in ancient times, they are still the most reliable sources of museum pieces, owing to the ancient habit of burying the dead equipped with everything they might need in a future life. Another delight of the archaeologist is a city that has been suddenly buried by a volcano, with everything neatly in place, frozen for eternity. Failing this, a good sack and pillage will do, because soldiers don't bother with household pots and pans or local inscriptions, which are the very things diggers cherish.

But the digging is only the prelude to the serious, often laborious work of intelligent compilation after the expedition is back home. Frequently this is done at

night, when classes or executive duties of the day are over. But it certainly must be done unless the season's work is to be set down as a failure. Palestine goes so far as to exact a promise of early publication before it will allow anyone to dig there.

The objects brought home get an elaborate workout. They are cleaned, polished, retouched, fitted together by puzzle experts with phenomenal memories, studied, and set out in glass cases. When this has been done and the paper on Parthian costume or on Mithras has been written, the season's digging is complete.

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Toward a More Picturesque Speech

How Else Would You Say It?

I HOPE that high horse he is on throws him.

A MIND unstable as jelly (Ruth Burr Sanborn) . . . No more memory than a mirror (Braven Dyer) . . . No more prejudice than a sausage mill (Henry James) . . . As close together as two ticks of a clock (Vincent McHugh) . . . As busy as a button (Vermont saying)

THE FINE black bones of winter trees (Rebecca West) . . . Out over the horizon, restless clouds plotted rain (William C. Estler) . . . Lightning stabbed earth's breast with a brilliant blade (Beverley Nichols) . . . The western sky was aglow like some vast foundry wherein new worlds were being cast. (Thomas Hardy)

"IT HURT, but I didn't cry, mother; I just clouded up." (Four-year-old)

THE SECRET was hushed about from place to place. (L. K. Hogan)

SHE CHURNED away like a steamer, with a long brown ripple of Pekingese trailing in her wake (Saki) . . . She wears the burden of her years with a lavender-and-old-lace dignity. (Warwick Deeping)

HE STRANGLED a conscience that at best had never been robust (Rafael Sabatini) . . . I buttoned up the pockets of my sympathy (Somerset Maugham)

BROADWAY: America's hardened artery (Mark Kelly)

HE IS more apt to contribute heat than light to a discussion. (Woodrow Wilson)

QUEEN VICTORIA had an extraordinary power of expressing emotion by her very walk, which had now the beauty of a swan floating on its native lake, now the melancholy grace and splendor of a cloud in transit, now the pride and pomp of a wave marching. At times all the banners and brave music of the world seemed to have gone to make the walk of the Queen of England. (Edith Sitwell)

Adventure in Giving

Condensed from The Rotarian

Ray Giles

ONE RAINY morning last October, 15,000 boys and girls from orphan asylums, homes for the crippled, blind, and otherwise handicapped, piled into Madison Square Garden to shout themselves hoarse at the Rodeo. During the summer thousands of children like them were invited several times to big-league baseball games at the Yankee Stadium. They packed the Garden in April when the circus opened. Very few of them had ever seen a circus before. In a single year they received 81,000 free tickets to hockey games, movies, and theatrical performances, thanks to a retired merchant who makes it his hobby to provide them with the best entertainment in town. A total of 350,000 free seats, worth at least $250,000, have been secured during the last 11 years by Edwin M. Hydeman, who believes that in every community some one person should be doing what he is doing in New York City.

One afternoon just before Christmas in 1925 Edwin Hydeman dropped into a Broadway picture house to see a newfangled talking picture called *The Jazz Singer*. In case you don't remember, it featured Al Jolson, who played with pathos the part of a handicapped boy whose singing won him fame and wealth. It may seem strange that such a picture should mark a turning point in the life of a cultured and prosperous gentleman, yet that is exactly what happened. As Hydeman sat there he felt a compulsion that amounted to a command: "You must find a way to make this picture available to poor and handicapped youngsters."

He went immediately to Warner Brothers' headquarters, and emerged with the promise of a free performance of the Jolson picture to which only underprivileged children would be invited. Ever since, the retired merchant has carried on, and his clientele has expanded each year. Today he is New York's one-man clearinghouse to arrange free entertainment for the handicapped children in 250 institutions.

"Before I began," he explains, "I was struck by the fact that when institutions ask for money to help children it is for everything *except* entertainment. I believe that all children are entitled to the best entertainment, as well as to the best in educational advantages. But no institution would

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(*The Rotarian, February, '37*)

dare ask the public for funds to buy tickets to professional baseball games."

On the other hand, welfare workers from single institutions have little success in asking free admissions wholesale to ball parks and theaters. One objection is, "But if I give to *you*, there'll be no end of requests from others." Another is, "I can't include your group with a regular audience." A third is, "I can't have people say I favor your particular religious or racial group."

The very bigness of the Hydeman plan eliminates these objections. He proposes a *real* adventure in giving, and asks for the whole theater or stadium, to entertain *all* groups. Repeatedly he has called unannounced and unknown on bigwigs in the amusement field and got what he wanted. His first request for the Madison Square Garden brought a hearty "Go ahead!" "But," spluttered Hydeman, "you haven't seen my credentials." "Don't need any!" was the terse reply, and that was that.

Performers agree that no other audiences are so appreciative or so stimulating. The loudest cheering invariably comes from the crippled children; and it's astonishing what mental pictures blind boys and girls construct from the sounds alone. Heads of the institutions say that the joy of anticipation and the glow of retrospection multiply the pleasure of actual attendance many times. Ranging in age between 6 and 16, most of the children are healthy and normal, but hundreds are physically handicapped. In the Rodeo audience there were 125 blind, probably 300 crippled, nearly 150 who had never heard.

The Rodeo ushers were so touched by the delighted shouts of a 15-year-old lad who lay paralyzed on a stretcher that they chipped in to buy souvenir ten-gallon hats for all. At the circus the ushers contributed $73 toward the purchase of chocolate, balloons, and peanuts. That's what Edwin Hydeman likes best about the whole thing: he merely calls attention to an opportunity, and presto! — a chain of givers couples up like a long railroad train.

There is only one major problem: Madison Square Garden isn't big enough. It seats a mere 15,000 and there are usually requests for 50,000 tickets. So the seats are pro-rated carefully to all organizations with a request to favor children who couldn't come last time.

Eleven years ago most of the effort was spent in getting free performances of carefully selected moving pictures. But finding that many charitable institutions could afford occasional parties in neighborhood picture theaters, Mr. Hydeman concentrated on other forms of entertainment. Occasion-

ally he still has a movie party, but it's something special. For example, one theater donated a performance of *The Littlest Rebel*, to which were invited 3500 small girls of Shirley Temple's own age. Shortly thereafter there was a gift theatrical performance of *The Night of January 16th* for an audience of the blind, for whom programs were specially printed in Braille.

To anyone who'd like to become an adventurer in giving, Mr. Hydeman offers several suggestions. "First," he advises, "you don't need special talents in salesmanship and organization; you need only the desire to help. When you explain clearly the problem these children have in getting good entertainment, you'll be surprised at the ready response. Then: if the supply of tickets is inadequate, share them equitably among *all* deserving organizations. Be sure also that the police and fire departments understand what you are doing where their coöperation is required. Another point: it is wise to have some attorney contribute his services to review each affair, for there are legal responsibilities in dealing with the blind, deaf, and crippled."

Every community needs an Edwin Hydeman. Although many towns have no large amusement centers, there are local affairs which would delight the children as much as hockey or big-league baseball do the youngsters of New York. A day at a state or county fair, "repeat" performances of amateur theatricals, local baseball and football; these and other attractions could bring sunshine to underprivileged children everywhere.

Best of all, an adventurer in giving enlarges the giving frame of mind all about him and in ever-widening circles. Edwin M. Hydeman has proved it.

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Will Not Subdivide to Suit Tenants

THREE FOURTHS of the habitable globe is in the hands of six nations. The other quarter is divided among the remaining sixty-odd countries. All told, there is only 57,000,000 square miles of earth, good, bad and indifferent. Of that the British control 13,172,000 square miles, or approximately one quarter. The second largest landholder is the Soviet Union, with 8,144,000 square miles — about one seventh of the total. France ranks third with nearly 5,000,000 square miles, and China fourth with some 4,250,000. Brazil comes fifth and the United States last, each with something like 3,000,000.

—William Philip Simms in N. Y. *World-Telegram*

Punch-Drunk

Condensed from The American Journal of the Medical Sciences

Edward J. Carroll, Jr., M.D.

As a medical student, I became interested in a condition common among boxers, to which they refer as "punch-drunk," "goofy," "slap happy," "cutting paper dolls" or "slug nutty." To study the condition in its natural habitat, I frequented training quarters, helped examine fighters, made friends with all sorts of "pugs," talked with their trainers, and interviewed boxing commission physicians. I sought out reputed "punch-drunks" and studied them.

The course of a typical case, I found, is somewhat as follows: A sturdy young man training in a gymnasium as an amateur boxer, tends to fight rather than box, and so receives some degree of punishment in each of his 30 or 40 short amateur matches. Later, he becomes a professional, meets stiffer opposition, engages in longer fights; but he is young, strong, and is "making good money." After a period of approximately four years as a professional boxer, during which time he has engaged in about 30 to 60 bouts, he begins to "soften up." After being struck on the jaw, he remains dazed for a longer period than formerly, and is more likely to be knocked out ("glass jaw"). After a blow to the head, his legs will be a little shaky and feel numb. His timing begins to fail and his defensive, which had been steadily improving with each encounter, becomes less effective. Though previously he had been adroit enough to go through his fights unmarked, he now begins to develop a flat nose and cauliflower ears. Later his knees tend to give way after a head blow, and a slight dragging of the feet may be noticed as he walks to his corner at the end of a round. The fighter still boasts of feeling fine and capable, but now loses engagements which formerly he could have won with ease.

Meanwhile the boxer's manager begins to notice that he has developed deterioration in attention, concentration and memory. In the midst of a conversation he may go into a reverie, suddenly change the subject, or ask the same question several times. He is apt to become too sociable, and very voluble. Usually an impediment of speech will develop, and the eyes may have a staring expression ("glass eye"). In short, he may continuously simulate a person who is just a little drunk.

In the severer cases, the voice

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(The American Journal of the Medical Sciences, May, '36)

may become thick, halting and guttural, as though there were something held in the mouth. The gait may become unsteady. In a few instances vision may begin to fail or some degree of deafness may appear. Involuntary habit movements of a boxing nature are common, and are frequently displayed, even years later, when the person is abstractly preoccupied or during periods of emotional stress. A punch-drunk, sitting as a spectator at a fight, may vigorously ape the blows of his friend in the ring. Punch-drunks almost universally do not realize that there is anything abnormal about themselves or their conduct, and will hotly resent, often with their fists, any application of this stigma to themselves.

The more intelligent boxers are alert to recognize even early manifestations. The incident which precipitated Gene Tunney's decision to retire occurred during training for the second Dempsey fight. Tunney writes, "I went into a clinch with my head down, and my partner's head came up and butted me over the left eye, cutting and dazing me badly. Then he stepped back and swung his right against my jaw with every bit of his power. It landed flush and stiffened me where I stood. Without going down or staggering I lost all consciousness, but instinctively proceeded to knock him out. Another sparring partner, Eddie Eagan, entered the ring; we boxed three rounds. I have no recollection of this, nor have I any recollection of anything that occurred until the next morning when I awakened, wondering who I was and what I was doing there."

For the next three days, Tunney was dazed and disoriented. He continues, "From that incident was born my desire to quit the ring forever. I wanted to leave the game before I met with an accident in a real fight with 6-ounce gloves that would permanently hurt my brain. The possibility of becoming punch-drunk haunted me for weeks." But the majority of boxers do not have this insight. They will continue to fight until they become so ineffectual that promoters refuse to book them. Some fighters, usually from economic necessity, will then enlist as sparring partners and receive further punishment.

The type of boxer is a large factor in the likelihood of punch-drunk developing. It is most often seen in the wide-open slugging type of fighter who is out to give as much as he can, and thus usually takes quite a lot in return. It is rarer in cleverer boxers who have good defenses. Competent followers of the sport estimate that about 60 percent of fighters remaining in the ring for five years will develop mental and

emotional changes which are obvious to people who knew them previously. A few deteriorate to such an extent that institutionalization is necessary.

Punch-drunk is said to occur among professional football players also. It is probable that no head blow is taken with impunity, and that any knockout, from whatever cause, results in irreparable damage. It is important that athletes entering into competitions in which head injuries are frequent and knockouts are common should realize that they are exposing themselves not only to immediate injury, but also to remote and more sinister effects.

Tax Exempt Security

THE EMPLOYES of the Federal Government are exempt from state income taxes. The employes of states, counties and cities are exempt from the federal tax. Not only that, but certain state officials drawing big salaries out of the kitty provided largely by the income taxes of their fellow citizens are exempt from both state and federal assessments on their pay.

The Governor of New York, for example, heads a long list of high-salaried public officials who do not have to pay any tax on their public salary. The Governor gets $25,000 a year — a figure that would make a marked man of him if he were working for a private employer. But his is what is known as a constitutional office, so his $25,000 is all his own. The Lieutenant Governor, at $10,000 a year, enjoys the same immunity, and so do certain judges.

These learned and public spirited ornaments of the state government draw from $15,000 to $22,500 a year and keep it all, whereas a single-handed clerk or mechanic employed by a business firm at $100 a month is expected to shower down to both national and state treasuries. The members of the New York Legislature receive $2500 a year, or, roughly, twice as much for their part-time work as the taxpaying $100-a-month man, but they, too, are constitutional officers and thus exempt.

And, of course, there are also millions of commissioners, mayors, aldermen, schoolteachers, policemen, firemen, governors, attorneys general, prosecutors, treasurers, sheriffs and patriots of a hundred other classifications who have never felt the pains so familiar to common clay.

— Westbrook Pegler in N. Y. *World-Telegram*

Traffic Cop of the Sky

Condensed from Today

G. Edward Pendray
Science editor of The Literary Digest

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WE WERE STANDING in the little glassed-in cupola on top of the administration building at Newark airport — the highest room on the field. A small, trim plane, in silver and red, slipped out of the cloudy sky, circling.

The man at the console-like keyboard picked up his microphone, speaking into it softly: "If you have a radio, dip your wings."

Across the field the plane wabbled in the air, first right, then left. "Okay," said the man. "The field is clear, but look out for United Air Lines ship preparing to take off. Land in the main runway and taxi in."

I watched the little ship begin the maneuver. "Private plane," Mr. Chris Rauscher, the man at the console, paused to explain. "Has a radio receiver but no transmitter. If he hadn't dipped his wings, I'd have had to give him the light."

He jerked his thumb toward a contrivance like a large, blackened syrup pail, but with two revolver-like handles on it. Pull one trigger and it shows a red light: That means circle the field, but don't land. Pull the other and the light shows green. It means come on in; the field is clear.

"You can see the light three or four miles in daylight; seven or eight at night," said Mr. Rauscher.

Suddenly the cupola roared with sound. Voices shouted confusion from two loudspeakers at once. Mr. Rauscher jotted rapid entries in his book and spoke again into the microphone.

"Eastern Airlines 21, proceed Newark; wind northeast, six miles an hour; barometer at the field, 30.02. United Air liner about to take off for Chicago; watch for it."

That disposed of one voice. Another kept coming in: ". . . ready at take-off: transport United Air Lines trip 29 to Chicago; will fly at 4000. Okay?"

Mr. Rauscher replied: "Four thousand okay; use main runway, circle the field once; wind six miles, northeast. Watch out for Eastern Airlines transport coming in from Washington; just reported over Elizabeth at 3000 feet."

The control man looked out through the glass top of the little room for the Eastern Airlines ship. "There she is!" A metallic speck was growing in the sky,

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riving straight for where we were tanding. Already disappearing vas the ship that had just taken ff.

The control room was full of oudspeaker noise again. Two ther craft were reporting their ositions and altitudes — coming n. Mr. Rauscher was bounding rom one telephone to the other, is eyes roving from the distant orizon to the wind direction and elocity dials standing in front of im. Fifteen ships were in the eighborhood, eight of them coming in.

So much for fair weather. But what if the signal is "ceiling zero" and you are winging into an airport at night, through almost impenetrable fog, with the motors of other ships roaring above and below as you circle the field? It is no special charm that keeps you aloft until just the right moment when the runways are clear for a landing. Could you have seen the charts of the man in the traffic-control tower you would have found that your ship was circling the field at 3000 feet, while the plane from Cleveland was flying at 2000 feet, and so on — all neatly catalogued, all doing as he directed.

Incoming ships, except radioless itinerants such as private planes, communicate with the control room from about 50 miles away. About 150 in all arrive at or leave Newark in a day — about one every five minutes during the busy hours. Not a ship can move to a landing or take-off until the man in the tower gives the signal. If it does, the pilot will be grounded and fined, and may lose his license. One man was fined $300 for stunting over the airport a year ago — an almost unpardonable offense. Another paid $100 for flying at an altitude lower than directed. A private pilot was assessed $200 for a wrong turn.

Directly beneath the Newark control room is another kind of air control, operated by the U. S. Bureau of Air Commerce. Around a huge table hurry three or four men. The entire top of the table is a map of the airport and its radiating airways, covering an area extending to Washington, Pittsburgh, Boston and beyond.

When a ship leaves any airport in the area, word is flashed to the Bureau and a pointed pasteboard marker is put on the map to represent the ship. A man with a calculator then projects the ship's progress, figuring where it should be at 15-minute intervals along the route. As the craft passes various reporting points, its actual position is flashed in and the theoretical positions are corrected if they need it. As many as 20 or 30 markers may be moving on the map at a time. When two markers approach each other, word is flashed to each airline affected to

warn its pilot to be on the alert.

The system, started first at Newark early this year, has spread to Chicago, Cleveland and other airports and soon will blanket the entire country, so that, with the radio-control towers at the various airports, there need never be a collision of airliners on scheduled routes.

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This Age of Ingenuity

A SAFETY RAZOR with a 58-inch ribbon blade has been marketed by a British company. The blade is carried on two small reels, the exposed portion between them forming the shaving surface. When this becomes dull, a twist of a knob brings a fresh section of the blade into use. The blade is made of rustless steel and requires no cleaning. It is estimated that one blade will last six months. —*Popular Science*

MODERN STOKERS have virtually eliminated the smoke nuisance which formerly existed in burning soft coal, but the problem of coal dust still keeps many householders from using this coal in spite of its cheap price. Tests in a Pittsburgh apartment-house basement showed that over 20 pounds of dust settled on the floors for every ton of soft coal handled. Now, by a process developed at the Mellon Institute for Industrial Research, the coal is treated with petrolatum, a by-product of oil refining, and the resulting waxlike surface entirely eliminates dust. Storage tests on the waxed coal showed no dust after two and one-half years.

—*Science News Letter*

THE THUDDING of tires on a brand-new and apparently smooth concrete highway has exasperated many motorists. The reason for this phenomenon is the bulging of the substance used to fill the joints between the big concrete blocks. Recently the Parabond Corp. of America, in Cambridge, Mass., disclosed its novel solution, now adopted by Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts. Parabond is a rubber lastex compound poured into the expansion joints, where it jells. To prevent bulging when the concrete expands, it is thickly interlarded with puffed wheat. The porous globules of puffed wheat constitute bubbles in the mixture, permitting the lastex to give without forming a ridge across the highway.

—*Time*

IT IS the shrinkage of raw oils in paint during weathering that causes the paint to peel and flake off. Recently, a South Bend manufacturing plant discovered a combination of soybean oil and tung oil which, mixed with paint, prevents this shrinkage. The discovery, which has altered all previous knowledge of how paint should be made, promises to make available a paint more durable than any now on the market.

—Adapted from *Science News Letter*

NOW ON the market is the "Visibrella" — an umbrella covered, not with the traditional black silk or

otton, but with thin, transparent ubber. Through it you can see exctly whom you are about to jab.
—Memphis *Press-Scimitar*

LONG LINES of diapers drying in innumerable back yards suggested new market to Johnson & Johnson laboratories. Result — a disposable baby diaper, named Chux, consisting of a processed combination of soft, absorbent hospital gauze and cellulose. After an extensive period of experimentation in large maternity hospitals, the new product is being placed on the market in packages of two sizes. —*Marketing*

A SINGLE summer-weight blanket provides all the bed covering needed even in the most severe weather. For it is electrified and a thermostat maintains any desired temperature throughout the night. Safety features prevent shock (the current is stepped down to 23 volts) and overheating. The cost to operate is four cents a night. —*Review of Reviews*

✣

Tree Trouble

Condensed from the New York World-Telegram

Westbrook Pegler
War correspondent, sports writer and columnist; author of "'Taint Right"

✣

I DON'T KNOW what has come over the trees up around my place, but certainly they lack the rugged self-reliance of their ancestors who lived in the forests and fought it out. The tree doctor has been discovering alarming symptoms in some of them. He thinks the little maples should be wrapped in burlap spirals, something like a colic band, and he says they haven't been getting the right kind of food. Too acid, and the result is malnutrition and a rash on the bark. So he wants to change the formula to something milder and keep a sort of clinical chart on them next summer to see how they do.

The willows are all right now; but they had the borer two years ago and nearly died. The diagnostician caught it in time and brought in the surgeon, who operated at once. The bark has almost closed over the wounds now and the danger seems past, although we are still advised to paint the scars with antiseptic every so often. It keeps out infection.

The only tragedy on the place since the two black cherries were suddenly stricken, and died in spite of all that science could do,

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(World-Telegram, December 8, '36)

is the big swamp maple. This is a stout old tree which has been failing for two years. There has been a little pile of sawdust on the ground near the trunk, and this indicates the borers again. We suggested feeding it some strong, wholesome tree food and, though we dreaded the thought of an operation, we were willing to chance even that if it could do any good.

"No," the doctor said, "I am afraid it is hopeless. This is an old tree and its day is just about done. All you can do is to make it comfortable these last few years of its life. We can trim it a little and give it some sedative, but that is about all."

The agricultural trucks are up and down the roads all the time, and the tree nurses — young men in high lace boots and corduroys — go through the groves taking temperatures, examining the bark and condemning hopeless trees to destruction.

Such eczemas and tumors, digestive troubles, respiratory troubles and infections as attack trees these days turn joy to tragedy in the country. We sat up three months, so to speak, with the two black cherries, and they died in our arms, although in the days before the city people went up into the country, nothing bothered them. They had roughed it successfully for thirty years in neighborly competition with the oaks and pines and beeches. Then suddenly they caught cold and were gone, for all the specialists could do.

Dogs seem effete, too. We had a pair when I was young that had, all told, about 25 pups in a rather full life, all of which lived without medical aid, steam heat, weaning formulas or inoculations. Nor did Peggy ever need the services of a veterinary. When her hour arrived she just disappeared into the woodpile or under the barn and, in due course, brought the puppies home herself. But now they have to go to a lying-in kennel and take their calcium tablets, and the pups get pneumonia, and they can't eat rabbit, because the fuzz gives them rabbit fever and there are distemper and rabies and all.

But those trees — they are a case. I never would have thought that trees would get so high-strung.

If a woman has been loved, hated and envied, her life was worth living. — Akiho Yanagiwara, one of the most talked-of women in present-day Japan.

If You Can't Sleep —

Condensed from Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan

Frederick S. Bigelow
Member of Board of Managers, Hospitals of the Graduate School of Medicine, University of Pennsylvania

MANY of those who suffer from sleeplessness will agree that it is the bad habit of night-thinking that keeps them awake. What can we do to break this habit — to rid the mind at bedtime of worries, excitements and apprehensions?

There are certain simple procedures that should be of inestimable help. The writer has learned, for instance, to employ one seemingly childish device with such effectiveness that when clamorous thoughts come between him and sleep, he can banish them instantly.

Imagine that your mind has taken the form of a large school slate which rests on your knees. Imagine, further, that automatic writing by an unseen hand records before your eyes every thought that intrudes upon your resting mind. Fortunately, you are armed with a damp sponge, and you are quick to erase every thought that appears upon the slate. You are watching the slate with all the alertness of which you are capable; and the game is to erase the writing as it appears, before the unseen hand can even complete a single sentence.

You must keep your slate black and clean at any cost!

Does it sound absurd? Well, it brings results.

Again, nothing could be easier than to imitate the slow, deep, rhythmical breathing of sleep. Do it thoughtfully and critically. Listen closely to the sounds you make and note if your breathing is smooth and regular. You will find something soothing in the very listening. What is more, you will note that this close attention to your own breathing helps to keep out intrusive and irritating thought.

It is quite likely that after a very few minutes, a sense of peacefulness and well-being will steal over you. In a moment or two the rhythm of simulated sleep will become the rhythm of sleep itself.

There are other resources at our command. Every medical man knows what can be accomplished by the proper sort of bath. The unfortunate thing about it is that the more unpleasant your bath the more effective it will probably prove. You are not permitted water of genial warmth, nor a vigorous rubdown. Your

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(Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan, March, '36)

tub must be of such a tepid temperature that you emerge almost shivering. You must pat yourself dry. After this you will find yourself a little damp and chilly.

You make a beeline for bed and put your light out, thoroughly hating yourself. Presently the chilliness begins to abate and a mild, genial warmth takes its place. As you become more and more comfortable, there follows a blissful period of 15 or 20 minutes during which, if you put the brakes on your racing mind, you have a very good chance of falling asleep.

To utilize the same principle when you awake in the night and fail to drop off to sleep again, try this: Throw back the bedclothes and remain uncovered until you have become uncomfortably chilly. Then cover up again and see if sleep does not come to you almost at once as you get warm.

Another resource to invoke is reading in bed. But you must have proper pillows — not mere bed pillows but hair-stuffed cushions that offer a firm support and hold the trunk comfortably upright to make reading easy on the eyes. When reading for the purpose of inducing sleep, the writer recommends non-fiction rather than fiction. Hard books are better than easy ones.

This use of books is to force the brain upon the horns of a dilemma. It is required either t engage in vigorous action tha would tax it under the mos favorable conditions, or to sur render unconditionally to sleep. Readers who have never tried this method will be surprised to see how readily their minds will surrender.

We often hear patients complain that they fall asleep easily enough, but wake in the early hours of the morning and cannot soon drop off again.

The writer would offer these imperfect sleepers one practical suggestion in which he has great faith: he would ask them to form the habit of keeping their eyes closed when they wake. The sharp impact of even moderate light upon the retina may drive sleep further away.

None of these suggestions will put you to sleep — that is the business of nature. They will, however, give nature a chance to go about her beneficent routine without avoidable interference. The mind is a creature of habit, and new habits cannot be established instantly; but ten consecutive nights of trying out any of these ideas should show which are most helpful in your own case. Give them a fair chance, and you may be rewarded far beyond expectation.

Old Age Comes Too Soon

Condensed from Country Gentleman

Paul de Kruif
Author of "Microbe Hunters," "Men Against Death," etc.

A MAN is as old as his arteries. And the easily detectable, sinister event that foretells too-early aging of arteries is high blood pressure. Of course, you can live along for years with a pressure that wouldn't let you get by an insurance examination. Remember, however, the grim fact that where you can expect one man with blood pressure under 140 to die, eight will die whose blood pressure is 200 and over. High blood pressure kills more people of 50 and over than are sent to their graves by cancer; it mortally wrecks the hearts or brains or kidneys of 140,000-odd people in our country every year.

And against that particular form of high blood pressure that is called malignant — a horrible, explosive old age that hits even young people in the prime of living, making them old sometimes 40 years too early, dooming them to die — against that mystery of premature aging, the highest art of healing has been absolutely powerless.

But in November, 1933, a young man of 29 was brought to a brain-and-nerve surgeon at the University of Michigan Hospital. It was believed he had a brain tumor; he was mortally sick, dreadfully, prematurely old, much too far gone for walking. This doomed man had been in bed for four months with continuous, excruciating headaches; four times he had stiffened in convulsions. His sight was wrecked; he couldn't count the fingers of a hand at two feet distance.

Examination showed no such luck as a mere brain tumor. Eye specialists through their ophthalmoscopes saw terribly old arteries, bursting arteries that leaked hemorrhages looking like tiny flames. Chemical tests showed kidneys damaged irreparably. "Why not send the poor devil home? It's a better place to die," said an assistant. "No," our surgeon answered. "I'd like to try an experiment." And the man and his wife, realizing that it was their only chance, both said yes.

What could our surgeon be trying? Well, blood pressure goes high because the arteries, the twigs at the ends of the branches of the great tree of blood vessels in the human body, these tiniest arteries, become narrowed so that the heart has dreadful labor to pump blood through them. Now, the walls of these arteries are gov-

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(Country Gentleman, November, '36)

erned by the sympathetic nervous system, the involuntary nervous system that acts without the brain willing it. In certain people, for some unknown reason the sympathetic nerves are sick, constantly irritable, and the overexcitement of these nerves cramps the arteries so that not enough blood can get through them.

Our surgeon reasoned that if he simply cut out part of this man's sympathetic nervous system, he would stop those too excitable nerve impulses and blood would flow more easily through the relaxed arteries. That system *used* to be important for us, in the dim past when to exist we had to fight or flee. Then those sympathetic nerves acted automatically to cramp down the blood vessels in our abdomens so blood would run faster in the running muscles of our legs and the fighting muscles of our arms. But now a big part of it has become a vestige, no longer necessary.

So our surgeon cut down through the big muscles on the right side of this dying man's backbone, snipping out a bit of his eleventh rib; and, in the very middle of the man's body, in front of his backbone and between his lungs, he removed thin strands of sympathetic nerve stuff. The patient surviving and miraculously better, our surgeon seven days later repeated on the man's left side what he had done on his right.

Three days after, doctors could hardly believe their eyes. The eye doctor could see signs of healing at the back of the sufferer's eyes. And so it was with the man's kidneys, too. It was unprecedented.

The patient himself knew best the improvement. On November 25th, 15 days after the experiment's beginning, now alert, clear-headed, he walked out of the hospital and back to work. Today, his blood pressure is normal; he is without pain, steady-handed, and his eyes and kidneys are as good as new.

Now there began a parade of desperately sick people, sent to our surgeon by doctors who could do nothing for them. His second operation went smoothly, but it did not ease the tension of the blood and in a few months the patient was dead. But on a day in October, 1934, our surgeon again pitted his scalpel against a death that was more than certain. A woman for five years had been going downhill, with a blood pressure never lower than 240. For two years her memory had been slipping and she had attacks of complete mental confusion. When her talk made sense she complained of terrific pounding headaches, and now it was believed that her brain was softening. All waited for the apoplectic stroke they were sure must come.

This woman on the far side of despair was wheeled into the op-

erating room. Now the splanchnic nerve operation, right and left, both in one session. In two weeks, no longer vacant-eyed, she talked clearly, to tell them that those pounding headaches were gone. In three weeks and a half she was walking, and her blood pressure had dropped to 150. Today she is well and doing all her housework.

Of all the dangers of high blood pressure, the greatest is that to the human heart. The failing of the heart is the finish among thousands of sufferers whose brain and kidneys seem for years able to defy this high pressure. Overburdened, the heart's muscle swells bigger and bigger. Till at last the breaking-point, with an enormous ballooning, a dilation of the blood pump — heart failure.

This was the state of the heart of a 49-year-old Danish-American woman, with a blood pressure of 250 and frightful headaches. The X rays showed that her heart was enormous. Now the splanchnic operation, August, 1935. Now it is May, 1936. Her headaches are gone. She is doing her housework. And the X rays show her heart back to its normal size.

Mind you, our surgeon has had failures. Yet doctors are astounded. "If you were getting *one* recovery out of a hundred, in the kind of cases you are operating, you'd be doing better than we could do," one of the medical professors told him. But our surgeon is returning 35 out of every 100 to self-support, to useful work. Three years ago doctors could only advise victims of this malignant sickness to take to their beds.

But what is this going to mean for those hundreds of thousands who do not have this sickness in its malignant form, yet who die — old too early — in their forties and fifties from the triple threat of high blood pressure to their kidneys, brains and hearts? Will they, too, undergo this strange new operation? Of course not.

Yet for them there is hope, too. For, very often, the first serious symptoms of high blood pressure follow the worries that come with the strain of modern living. The sympathetic nerves are governed by that strange bottom part of our brains, the diencephalon, and it is the overstimulation of this deep part of the brain that's responsible for the narrowing down of the arteries by the sympathetic nerves. We must begin at the source, then — begin to guard the sympathetic nervous system from strains and worries, looking toward the time when more and more of us will grow old very slowly and stay young very long.

ONE MEETS SUCH

Excerpts from The Talk

Technique

A MR. FRANKLIN, a regular diner at the Grand Central Childs, seems to have solved the problem of what to do about spaghetti. He is very fond of the stuff, and always orders it when it's on the menu. Then, from his breast pocket, he produces a medium-sized pair of scissors, with which he trims off the dangling ends of each forkful. It's as simple as that.

Refuge

A MYSTERIOUS MAN has recently been waiting on the doorstep of the Metropolitan Museum every morning when it opened. He was well dressed, but always unshaven, looking as if he had just got out of bed, flung on his clothes and made a dash for the Museum. But once inside, all he did was sit on a bench, unfold the *Times*, and read for an hour or so. One morning he noticed a guard looking at him, and said testily, "I suppose you're wondering why I come here. I'm trying to stop smoking, and I have to be some place where they won't let me smoke, see?" He brooded for a while, then amplified his explanation. "On Sunday mornings, when you people are closed, I go to church."

Deduction

A LADY living in the country reports that one day recently her maid told her that Macy's driver wanted to speak to her personally. She found him in the kitchen, nervous but determined; he wanted to know if she had any Brazilian postage stamps that he might have for his son's collection. She happened to have some, and gave them to the fellow. "What made you think of asking me for them?" she said. "Well," he told her, "I read in the paper that you had been entertaining some people from Brazil, and I was pretty sure they'd write you a bread-and-butter letter."

That Black Eye

MR. ROCKS GRILLO is, to the best of our knowledge, New York's sole exponent of the tricky art of painting black eyes. He is the proprietor of a barber shop on the Bowery and every week treats about 20 people who come to him with a "mouse" (the professional word for contusions of the eye). Conducting his patron, for the sake of privacy, into the chair farthest from the door of the shop and while he is still mumbling vague and sheepish excuses, Rocks slaps a hot towel over his face, dries it off, and sets to work applying, with his fingers, a mixture of waterproof pigments. They come in tubes, and Rocks buys them in an art store — that's all he'll tell. The secret of his success is in mixing his colors (they are light red, dark red, yellow and white) and his knowledge of how every type of skin behaves after injury. The skin of a Chinese gets yellower, for instance, and dark-skinned

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Negroes turn a lighter black, so to speak. It takes only a couple of minutes to fix up the average mouse, but Rocks keeps his patrons in the chair for 10 minutes at least. "Gotta stall," he told us, "Make-a seem beeg, hard work." The application, with ordinary face washing, lasts three or four days, so the sufferer has to come back several times. Rocks says that a black eye lasts 16 days, no more, no less. His fee for each treatment is 50 cents.

Business booms for Rocks the mornings after Election Day, Christmas, New Year's Eve, the Fourth of July, and (banally enough) St. Patrick's Day.

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Bedizened Booth

GLANCING PAST the change man into his booth at Grand Central subway station one night, we were startled to see draped curtains, a small tapestry, tropical fish in an aquarium, half a dozen mirrors, lots of pictures, and an electric toaster. Noticing our bemusement, the change man, who was small, spectacled and gnomish, invited us in. We entered, feeling like Alice in Wonderland, and found that the place also contained an electric clock, linoleum on the floor, a desk, a hatrack, an electric fan, fresh carnations in a milk bottle, a china swan with a plant growing in it, a celluloid parrot on a perch, a lace curtain on the door, and a bread box.

The inhabitant of this remarkable place followed us around beamingly as we looked. Finally we asked for an explanation. The gnome hopped back onto his stool, began pushing out nickels to late travelers, and told all. The name is Max Schaeffler. He is 65 and came to this country from Austria when he was 25. For 20 years he sold life insurance in the Ghetto; then went to work for the subway as a guard because he was tired of climbing tenement stairs and arguing with people. He liked being a guard. "I vass all time seeing new kinds pipple. It vass recreation." After an automobile accident in 1930, however, he wanted lighter work, so the subway people put him in the change booth. "So soon I see it, so big, so nice, I wanted make it should correspond with it," he told us with enthusiasm. We blinked. "Right away I begin to fix it up artistic," he explained.

People's reactions to the strange booth vary. Women are more impressed than men, Mr. Schaeffler says, often stopping to exclaim, "Isn't dot *gorgeous!*" or "*You* must haff a nice time!" Men are inclined to be sarcastic. Mrs. Schaeffler came down to look at the booth once, and sourly asked why he wasn't that neat at home. The subway officials don't object — in fact, they're rather awed.

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Bootleg Tonic

AWHILE AGO somebody was telling us that there was a private detective, a Mr. McCumiskey, who made his living going around from barbershop to barbershop in New

York, smelling out falsely labeled hair tonics. True enough, there is such a man, working for the Association for the Protection of Trade-Mark Rights, a staunch alliance of ethical hair-tonic manufacturers. However, any nosework done by Mr. McCumiskey is only incidental to the real checking up, done with test tubes and reagents.

It seems that a couple of years ago six of the biggest hair-tonic manufacturers, alarmed by dwindling sales locally, chipped in to investigate the tonics being dispensed by a thousand barbershops in greater New York. Turned out that 91 percent of the tonics investigated were bootleg. These inferior tonics were actually found in the bottles of the reputable manufacturers.

So each of the manufacturers put into his product a small amount of some harmless chemical which, if treated with a certain reagent, would make the tonic change color. The investigators went around with kits containing test tubes and reagents, and tested. To the excitable element among the barbers sudden changes in color were miraculous, and they sometimes broke down and prayed. To date the Association has destroyed over 50,000 bottles of bootleg tonic. To virtuous barbers, olde Englishe scrolls are presented.

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Should We Mind Our Own Business?

¶ Of EIGHT inventions which Dr. C. M. A. Stine calls "milestones of railroad progress," none was invented by a man whose business was railroads. Morse, who invented telegraphy, was an artist. Pullman was a Chicago street contractor and the railroads were reluctant to adopt his sleeping car. Eli H. Janney, who patented the first automatic car coupler, was a clerk in a dry-goods store. The automatic block-signal system was originated by a retired textile manufacturer, Thomas S. Hall. Westinghouse was a 23-year-old carpenter-machinist when he invented the air brake. A physician invented the vestibule buffer, eliminating open platforms. The refrigerator car was largely developed by packers. And the first electric locomotive was designed by Moses G. Farmer, a schoolteacher.

"Boss" Kettering, head of General Motors' research department and one of America's greatest inventors today, says, in fact, that "no man ever invents anything in the field in which he is trained"—he knows too much about the obstacles. Only in a field where his ignorance leads him to believe anything is possible *is* anything possible, insists Kettering who, incidentally, helped develop the fever machine now used by physicians to cure pneumonia, paresis and St. Vitus's dance. So mind your own business if you wish—but possibly if you do, you won't amount to much in it or in anything else. — *Ladies' Home Journal*

Bootleg Coal

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly

John T. Flynn

In the anthracite counties of Pennsylvania about 20,000 men are engaged in the business of stealing about $32,000,000 worth of hard coal annually. About 13,000 of them are taking it out of the properties of the great coal companies, another 2000 prepare it for market at bootleg breakers, and about 5000 truckers pilot it as far as 300 miles to market.

It's all done in the open — no concealment, no scurrying to cover when police come. The police pay no attention. Business people in the region buy the coal at bootleg prices and approve the bootleggers. Even churches are warmed with stolen coal.

Here in just seven counties of Pennsylvania is all the anthracite in America, but the supply is vast. It is one of the greatest treasures in the world, for which Hitler would give his right arm and Mussolini a dozen Ethiopias.

For the bootlegger the important fact is that this coal is not found in vast caverns, hundreds of feet below the surface, but in veins or seams which start somewhere near the surface and curve down and then up to near the mountain surface at some other point. Beneath the curved vein of coal is a layer of rock and then another vein of coal and so on down, down, hundreds of feet — a monstrous layer cake.

In many places the end of these coal seams comes right up to the surface. This cropping up of the coal gives the bootlegger his opportunity. The crop may not stick right out of the ground, but an experienced miner can tell by the rich dark dirt that it lies hidden under a few feet of earth.

For years, during periods of unemployment, miners have been permitted to take coal for their own use from the mines' refuse piles, piles that loom like black mountains beside the bright green ones. With the crash of 1929, the number of miners on the refuse banks increased and many began to go to the coal croppings. Soon miners were filling sacks not only for their own requirements but to take to the grocery for victuals. The companies kept their eyes shut. After all, the need was desperate.

Next, men were mining enough coal to sell here and there for cash. Soon the hills were filled with unemployed miners working the croppings as deep as 40 or 50 feet. The work was carried on

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(Collier's, December 5, '36)

with stealth, in densely wooded areas in the hills. The coal, packed in 100-pound bags, was stored in the brush until trucks could take it away, hidden under straw. This was in 1932.

The next stage was a rudimentary organization. Coal has no commercial value until separated into uniform sizes — barley, pea, egg, stove, and so on. This preparation is carried on in what are called breakers, immense rambling structures outside the collieries where the coal is washed and then run over giant perforated frames or sieves and "sized." And so bootleg breakers appeared — crude but adequate plants where from 20 to 100 tons of coal a day could be made ready for market.

The extent of the business today is indicated by the fact that into New York City alone each week roll about 1000 trucks of bootleg coal. It goes also to Baltimore, Philadelphia, Harrisburg and countless other points.

You can hardly understand this business until you have gone into the hills and talked with the men and seen their ramshackle plants.

Here is a hole in the ground four feet wide going down 40 feet, above it perhaps a 10-foot platform built of small timbers freshly-hewed from the near-by woods. On the platform is a rusty windlass unrolling a rusty steel cable into the hole. Two men grind laboriously at the windlass and presently the cable fetches up a battered oilcan — in appearance like the household garbage can. It has been filled with coal by two more men working in the "mine."

This is the rudest structure. You see more elaborate shaft towers surmounting holes 100 feet deep, where the cable runs over a drum fastened to the jacked-up rear wheel of a dilapidated automobile.

The profit? On the average, these bootleg miners net $2.25 to $3 a day each.

As you drive the 30 miles from Shamokin to Mahanoy City there is an endless succession of holes, hundreds and hundreds already abandoned. They run right up to within four miles of the door of the state capitol. Roads, cemeteries, buildings, railroad tracks have been burrowed under, with little regard for the consequences. At Shenandoah I saw a public road caved in. The breakers, too, are everywhere — hundreds of them — worked with all sorts of odds and ends of lumber and metal.

The breaker man is the capitalist of the industry. He has funds — at least enough for his rude plant and a truck or so. And he is making money. One breaker man told me he sized 120 tons a day, which he bought from the miners at $2.25 to $3 a ton and sold for $5.75. His only expenses were pay for 12 men at $2.50 a

day, and fuel for engine and trucks, plus his obsolescence.

It will be the breaker man who emerges as the magnate of this lawless industry. This, perhaps, is the ray of hope in the dangerous situation, for then the haze of human sympathy which now protects the wretched miner toiling in his black hole will be dispersed and the law will pounce on the breaker man.

But why, you ask, have the coal companies so long permitted this mammoth larceny? Well, for one thing, public opinion stands behind the bootleggers. When the companies started making arrests, the squires — which is what Pennsylvania still calls her justices of the peace — either imposed small fines, which were seldom paid, or a few days in jail. This latter merely meant a free meal in jail, after which the sheriff would let the culprit out the back door.

About 1934 the companies attempted more effective methods. One sent employes out under police protection to dynamite the bootleggers' holes; but the companies have always avoided provoking bloodshed, and when 500 angry miners surrounded the police, the dynamite party retired.

Not long after this, 40 state police accompanied a group of company workers to demolish a bootleg breaker in a lonely spot. At the first appearance of the police a truck with a bell went speeding through the highways and side roads summoning the bootleggers from their holes. They came scampering from every section of the hills. Within a half-hour nearly 3500 warlike men swarmed around the invaders. For a moment the little valley trembled on the brink of war. As the police and workers drove away, hundreds of cars carrying the aroused bootleggers followed them all the way into Pottsville, ringing bells, tooting horns, hurling imprecations upon their apprehensive heads.

The companies next tried getting indictments for larceny. Grand juries refused to indict. Prosecutors refused to press the cases. The companies asked the state legislature for a law prohibiting the conveyance of coal by truck more than 25 miles from the mine. An army of from 10,000 to 15,000 miners and sympathizers marched on the state capital and the bill was defeated. Today the bootleggers have an organization, the Independent Miners Association, and its membership is large.

Now let's hear the companies' side of the case. Said an official of the Philadelphia & Reading Company, the largest in the region and the chief sufferer: "This is an attack not merely on our company but on the very industry itself. We pay our labor — union labor — a minimum of $5.96 a day for miners and $4.62 a day for labor.

We have to sell our coal in competition with bootleggers who work for $2.25 a day. We can't do it.

"We are also subject to countless laws and regulations of the state and county for the protection of workers and the public. We must pay for compensation insurance and fire insurance. We must provide mine inspection and safety appliances. The bootleggers have none of these expenses.

"We pay taxes on the land we work — 80 percent of all the taxes paid in these regions. That is to support government to protect life and property. We do not get this protection. The government aids and comforts these who are destroying the very property out of which it gets its taxes. Of course what is happening here is just plain stealing."

I talked this over with the bootleggers. They said: "We may be stealin' but we're not stealin' much and we're puttin' our labor into the job. For what? Two and a quarter a day, enough to give our families something to eat. There's no work around here. Should we let our families starve?"

It's all very confusing, but this much is clear. The practice leads nowhere. It is neither socialism, communism, fascism nor capitalism. It solves no problem. Instead it creates many problems. The wage and safety standards for which the miners' unions fought for years are breaking down. The situation is fraught with trouble. We may even see civil war in the region if the companies attempt to drive the miners from their holes. Here is a great human and industrial and social problem for which a solution must be found.

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HERE are the right answers (as far as popularity is concerned) to the questions on page 32. Check your answers against these, and for each of your answers that agrees score yourself one point. The higher the score the more likable you may presume yourself to be. The highest possible score, of course, is 25; but don't feel unpopular if you don't make it. You can total up to 17 and still be pretty well liked.

1. No	6. Yes	11. No	16. No	21. No
2. No	7. No	12. No	17. No	22. No
3. No	8. No	13. Yes	18. Yes	23. No
4. Yes	9. No	14. No	19. No	24. Yes
5. Yes	10. Yes	15. No	20. No	25. Yes

How New York blundered as George Washington timidly took office

The First Inauguration

Condensed from The North American Review

Malcolm R. Eiselen

IT WAS early in 1789 and all the preliminaries for launching the new government of the United States had been arranged. The expiring Congress of the Confederation had chosen the place, New York City, and set the date, March 4, 1789. Public-spirited citizens had at their own expense fitted out Federal Hall on Wall Street, to house the new government. The presidential electors had been chosen by the several states and in due course had cast their ballots. At sunset on March 3 the guns of New York's famed Battery had sounded the death salute of the old Confederation. Then, the next morning, the city awoke to a humiliating embarrassment. Neither in the House nor in the Senate could they raise a quorum, and without a quorum the electoral votes could not be counted. According to law the President's term had begun; according to the Constitution, there was no President.

Vignettes of History —XXXIV—

Frantically, letters were dispatched to the absentees, but transportation was slow and the members apathetic. Day after day, a handful of senators and representatives gathered in Federal Hall, counted the vacant seats, and adjourned to the more congenial surroundings of a nearby tavern. It was not until April 6 that both Houses were able to raise a quorum. Not until then, 33 days after his term had actually begun, was George Washington officially proclaimed President of the United States.

General Washington, at Mount Vernon, had been awaiting the inevitable news of his election with profound misgivings. He was reluctant to leave the peace of the plantation. His finances, after his long years of Revolutionary services, were at a low ebb. His aged mother was in her last illness. Even more, he mistrusted his ability to guide the nation upon the hazardous path which lay before it. When, on April 16, he finally set out for the federal capital, his diary sadly recorded the

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Jeffersonian Simplicity

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S inauguration in 1801 was the first held in the new capital city of Washington. The setting left much to be desired. Washington was still little more than a frontier hamlet, a clearing in the forest. Only one wing of the Capitol building was finished. A mile of swamp lay between it and the Executive Mansion, which was anything but palatial. The occupants had to climb a ladder to get to the second floor, the roof leaked, and the floors, built of unseasoned wood, were beginning to sag. Abigail Adams had used the East Room as a convenient place in which to hang the family wash. The structure was surrounded "with a rough rail fence five or six feet high, unfit for a decent barnyard." Pennsylvania Avenue was merely a stretch of "yellow, tenacious mud."

Jefferson's predecessor, John Adams, had been driven to his inauguration in a gilded coach, drawn by six white horses. Jefferson, attended only by a small body of militia and a few personal friends, quietly walked from his lodgings to the Capitol to take the presidential oath.

The mild tone of his inaugural address — a plea for conciliation between men of all parties — came as a pleasant surprise to the Federalists, who had regarded all Jeffersonians as "apostles of atheism and anarchy, bloodshed and plunder." But the outgoing President was not present to hear it. John Adams felt that Jefferson's election foretold the dissolution of the Republic, and rather than witness the triumph of his successor, he sat at his desk until midnight on March 3, signing appointments of Federalists to public office. Then he called for his carriage and had himself driven hastily from the city.

departure: "About ten o'clock I bade adieu to Mt. Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity; and, with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York." In a letter he wrote, "My movements to the chair of government will be accompanied by feelings not unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of his execution."

Scarcely less were the misgivings with which the members of Congress awaited Washington's arrival. They were starting upon an uncharted path of national existence. Vital questions of procedure would have to be decided. For instance, what title should be used in addressing the chief executive? Many felt that the mere title of President was too plebeian. Fire companies and cricket clubs, it was pointed out, had presidents.

A week before the inauguration, a Senate committee was appointed to report a title which would better accord with Washington's personal dignity and the prestige of the new office. The committee deliberated and came forward with the soul-stirring title, His Highness, the President of the United States of America, and Protector of their Liberties. The more democratic House would have none of it. Washington was consulted and suggested the even more re-

sounding title of His High Mightiness. This too was rejected, as were His Elective Majesty and His Excellency. One member suggested that if the President were to be known as His Excellency, the Vice-President ought to be designated His Superfluous Excellency. Another, with an eye to certain of Vice-President Adams' physical characteristics, suggested that he might well be called His Rotundity. The question of title never did get settled, and to this day the President of the United States may be addressed in whatever terms good breeding or partisan animosity suggest.

It was not until April 30 that all was in readiness for the nation's first inauguration. The day dawned bright and clear; the streets were thronged with festive spectators. The military were forming for the inaugural procession. Meanwhile, in the Senate chamber, all was in confusion. At the last moment, there had been raised a momentous question of etiquette. When the President appeared to deliver his inaugural address, should he be received by Congress sitting or standing? Some of the Senators said that it should remain seated as did the House of Lords during the speech from the throne. Others believed that it should stand, as did the House of Commons upon that occasion.

Suddenly, in the midst of the

Jacksonian Circus

WHEN Andrew Jackson assumed office in 1829 it was with the unrestraint of a circus procession. There has never been another inauguration such as his. Jackson was the first President who was not descended from an old and aristocratic family. He was a typical frontiersman, from west of the mountains, and he was idolized by his backwoods followers. They poured into Washington from 500 miles around to share in his triumph. The streets were crowded with men in coonskin caps and buckskin jackets; men who spat accurately, swore eloquently, and sang loudly the praises of Old Hickory.

Respectable Washington was scandalized. Jefferson's inauguration had smacked of revolution, but this was sheer anarchy. The only uniformed light infantry in the District refused to escort Jackson to the Capitol, and again an outgoing President, John Quincy Adams this time, refused to participate.

The ceremony at the Capitol ended, the whole crowd of Jackson's admirers — 10,000 strong — followed him to the White House. They pushed into the grounds, they forced their way into the White House through all the doors and windows. In their eagerness to be served with refreshments, men in muddy boots leaped on satin-covered chairs, overturned tables, and pulled draperies from their hangings. Jackson himself was glad to escape through a window. Peace was not restored until tubs of punch had been placed around on the lawn to lure the mob out of doors. When it was all over, the White House looked as though it had been through a tornado. The damage to glassware, furniture, rugs and draperies totaled several thousand dollars.

debate, it was recalled that they had forgotten to send the proper committee to escort the President-elect from his lodgings to the Capitol. Hastily the committee was dispatched, but there followed more than an hour of anxious waiting. In the interval, it was discovered that there was no Bible upon which to administer the oath of office, and a messenger was sent posthaste to a near-by Masonic lodge for a copy.

General Washington finally arrived, escorted by a large procession of distinguished citizens. Eyewitnesses noted with surprise that the General, who could face the entire British army without a tremor, was visibly perturbed, that his hand trembled and his voice shook so that it could scarcely be understood. Washington would have preferred that the oath be administered in private, but he was overruled and the official party proceeded to an open balcony, looking down upon Wall Street, where a large crowd had assembled. Washington stood with bowed head, his hand upon the Bible, and as the prescribed oath was finished he solemnly added, "I swear, so help me God." Then he bent over and reverently kissed the book.

The new President bowed his acknowledgments to the people and withdrew to the Senate chamber. As he entered, the entire assemblage, all questions of procedure forgotten, spontaneously arose and remained standing throughout the reading of the inaugural address. It was not a great inaugural as such things go, for Washington was never a master of the spoken word. It was, however, a significant one. It served notice to the American people and to the world that the political anarchy of the Confederation period was now ended, and that the nation had at last achieved a real government with both the power and the courage to act.

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When Oliver Wendell Holmes was still on the Supreme Court bench, he and Justice Brandeis took walks every afternoon. On one of these occasions Holmes, then 92, paused to gaze in frank admiration at a beautiful young girl who passed them. He even turned to look at her as she continued down the street. Then, turning to Brandeis, he sighed: "Ah! What wouldn't I give to be seventy again!"

—Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, "The Nine Old Men" (© 1936, Doubleday, Doran)

Service for Shoppers

At the entrance of a Cleveland department store is a shelf upon which a "Patrons' Engagement Book" reposes. It is a loose-leaf book in which customers write messages for friends they expect to meet, changing appointments or canceling them, giving information. It serves many emergencies.

Marshall Field & Co. have issued a series of primer books on quality to teach intelligent buying to consumers. Each booklet is devoted to a single product (the first four cover furs, carpets and rugs, silks, and shoes) and tells with colored illustrations exactly how the merchandise is made, what goes into it, and how these components differ in the shoddy and the high grade lines. The name of the store appears only at the bottom of the last page—"Quality Facts published by Marshall Field & Company." —*Printers' Ink*

Several stores have a "busy business man reminder" service. Birthdays, holidays and anniversaries are given by the man to the store. A few days before the event a tactful young shopper calls the man and reminds him of the date, and at the same time offers to do the shopping. To assist in this, personal data about the man's family is on file. For instance, the card reminding him of his wedding anniversary may read: "Wife — Mary. Tall; blonde; size 36; prefers lavender." The man gets the credit for his thoughtfulness, the shopper for her sales, and the store makes money.
—*Dry Goods Economist*

A "Bureau of Human Relations" has been inaugurated at Hearn's Department Store in Manhattan. In the morning, customers can have free consultations with a psychologist about their children, jobs, marriages or love lives. Afternoons they can hear the psychologist lecture on social problems. —*Merchandising Digest*

Marshall Field & Co. has a Bride's Registration Bureau where the prospective bride leaves a list of patterns she would like in glassware and silver, the kind of china she prefers, the linens she most admires, etc. Also she indicates the color scheme of her kitchen, bathroom and bedroom. Her friends are invited to glance at her list so they can choose what she most desires. The secretary of the Bureau tells her friends what has already been chosen, thus avoiding duplication of wedding presents.
—*Economist*

A number of department stores have developed "twin insurance," under which the store will give any required number of extra layettes in the event of multiple births. The only stipulation is that the first layette be bought at the same store. —*Advertising Age*

At Bullock's-Wiltshire, a shop in Los Angeles, your car is parked for you (without charge) by a polite

attendant and driven up to the door when you want it. And suppose you buy a dress, leave it to be altered, but need it the next morning. You need not trek back into the store, hunt up the salesgirl who waited on you, and wait for the package. Instead, you drive into the motorcourt, hand a ticket to the attendant, and before you can powder your nose he is back with the dress. Still another service is their advisory system. While you are in a fitting room trying on a dress, advisers bring all the accessories — and anything else you may want — for your inspection. You can even have lunch served. —*Vogue*

TO SOLVE the problem of dancing at moderate cost for young people, a long-established department store in the heart of Des Moines opens its tearoom at six o'clock for dinner dancing every night except Sundays and holidays. For one dollar it serves a four-course dinner with dance music by a nine-piece orchestra, plus a ticket to any one of the three motion-picture houses. By nine, the dinner crowd has scattered to the movies, more rugs are rolled back to make larger dancing spaces, and young people pour in for the "late dance" from 9:30 until 12. This costs one dollar a couple. Soft drinks and sandwiches may be purchased.

Since the store management must keep all entrances open, with special elevators running and guards on duty on each floor, it cannot possibly make money on the project. But this unusual service has made of Younkers' in Des Moines a social institution and a rendezvous for women's groups.

—Anna Steese Richardson in *Woman's Home Companion*

FOR THE benefit of late shoppers with a dinner or theater engagement for the evening, a Los Angeles department store advertises: "Drop in at our Galleries de Charme and we will present you with a quick make-up facial gratis." —*Merchandising Digest*

To Be Interesting, Be Yourself!

YOU MAY FIT your talk to the company you're in; but unless you yourself are interested, you are sure to be dull company. Otherwise you are not natural. Talk that springs from true conviction is interesting because an honest piece of goods. I remember the one time I ever talked with Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth. Not three minutes were necessary to learn the secret of the charm of her conversation. Several women were standing about uttering inane comments and bits of small talk that didn't mean anything, and didn't interest anybody. But what do you suppose Mrs. Longworth and I talked about? Mainly about the difficulty of learning to stand on one's head! That was a subject that happened to interest her at the moment and therefore it was what she started to talk about. Because she was being natural rather than artificial, she made everybody about her feel comfortable. — Fred C. Kelly

I. Palm Springs—the "sun-drenched diadem of the Golden West."

Life on the Desert

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post

Frank Condon

FOR MANY YEARS, I held an honest belief that deserts were dismal and sandy wastes, filled with cactus, tumbleweeds, and Joshua trees. Then a friend urged me to try just one desert, Palm Springs in Southern California.

"Take a run down there in your car," he said, "and loaf in the sun a few days." He added that it was a magnificent place to cure my cold. I started without further argument.

Five miles from Palm Springs, I came upon a spectacle that instantly changed my notions about deserts. I was chugging along peacefully, looking for signs of a village, when around a turn there came a lady on a bicycle. She was young, slim, chic, exotic. She was riding along serenely, and wasted not a glance on me; yet I observed at once the economy of her apparel. She was garmented in an ordinary desert riding suit, consisting of a pink upper section and pink shorts, and if a good costume roller had rolled her costume up neatly, he could have squeezed it into a fair-sized fountain pen.

"So this is the desert," I mused. "It is easily seen that I know very little about deserts."

In Palm Springs I soon learned that the town is a haven for artists, writers, actors, sufferers from rheumatism, thrombosis, sinus, and plain citizens hunting a coat of long-term tan. One of the sights which early greet the visitor is the manly man with the handsome form. There are any number of these desert athletes, clad sparingly in bathing trunks, their lives devoted wholly to chest expansion and tan. During the hustling midday hours they stroll slowly down the main street, known as Palm Canyon Drive, slapping their handsome legs idly with a newspaper, chests inflated, and as they pass majestically, visitors from the East turn to regard them.

Palm Springs is a one-street town, the old coach road from Los Angeles to El Paso, but there is a second thoroughfare, Indian Road, one block distant, and if the village were an ocean liner, Indian Road would be second cabin.

Beyond Indian Road lies the silent desert, part of it owned by

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(The Saturday Evening Post, December 5, '36)

persons who intend soon to erect small bungalows and rent them by the season for $900, and the rest in possession of an Indian tribe. There are 52 of these Indian warriors still living, and among them they own 33,000 acres of sand and sage. That is quite a jag of ground for Indians to own, when there are so many white men around. Caucasian companies are formed from time to time, the idea being to help out the aborigines financially and cut up their land into house lots, but not much progress has been made. One chief has been heard to say: "Any time I do business with the white brother, I lose something."

In summer, when the temperature goes to 125 and 130 degrees, only a skeleton population of sun-drenched druggists, grocers, and oil-station boys try to stick it out in Palm Springs. But from a few hundred in August, the population climbs up to the thousands in winter. In the swanky hotels, you may hire a room and three meals for $15 a day, and if you demand a luxury suite, you can go a good deal higher and offend nobody.

Since the visitor cannot sit on his veranda and look at the purple mountains for six months, Palm Springs is ready with amusements. Doggy people can look at the whippet races, attend the society circus, the bicycle races, swimming meets, golf tournaments, skeet shoots and tennis matches. Early risers may ride spirited horses across the dunes or join the merry souls who go in for cowboy breakfasts — a local institution whereat a real cowboy prepares a real breakfast on a real rock, without removing his hat or chaps.

People drift into the village from all over America, but the great host of winter visitors come from Los Angeles, which is only 115 miles away, and the smaller towns of Southern California. There is a widespread belief that if there is anything wrong with the physical machinery, the good old desert will cure it pronto. Therefore people sit in hotel windows and breathe hard, or peel down to shorts and sprawl in the soothing sun.

For really bad coughs and colds, or practically anything, they supply sun-bath cabinets, made of Philippine sea shells, which are expected to filter the sunshine, removing the wicked rays and centering the good ones on the patient's nude and defenseless form.

Male visitors notice almost at once the peculiar effect the desert has upon women — large women, small women, young women and old ladies. The minute they arrive, the lovely creatures feel a powerful urge to put aside their own clothes and wear whatever male garments come to hand. Psychologists have tried in vain to fathom this eccentricity, as it is a

nous fact that ladies' clothes e cooler and more attractive an men's.

There they are in the warm sunine, their noses slightly peeled, earing male coats, hats, shirts, nd trousers, and a great many of em add nothing to the scenery. nly an old stick would find fault ith the slim gazelles as they skitr down the road to the post ofce in shorts, but there is no greater elusion in the world than the ntented belief of a broad and derly female that she looks all ght in father's *culottes*.

When the visitor has sunned imself all day and is ready for a risk evening, he can attend the ovies, take wife or sweetheart ver to the bowling alley, or arch while at archery. Far out on the at of the desert, there will be ound the night clubs, where the isitor may listen to the quaint owboys wailing the plaintive unes of ranch and prairie. A desrt cowboy can sing for seven ours without fatigue, and he alays seems to be singing the same ong.

For those seeking stronger meat, here can be found roulette, blackack and craps. These games are ot considered lawful in Califoria, and so there is a cheerful elenent of secrecy, but by climbing nto the car and heading out into he desert one will presently find he wheel spinning, hear the gentle licking of chips among the cacti, and see people in evening clothes squandering their increment.

Living in the desert seems to make commonplace people do the strangest things. There is a dry volatility to the desert air that seeps into a man's veins and inclines him to harmless forms of idiocy and, therefore, you will find middle-aged citizens in kiddie cars, and not even sensible kiddie cars. At Palm Springs is to be seen an inane vehicle with small pneumatic tires and a steering handle, and the grown-up playboy doesn't sit normally, like a child, on his regular haunches and pump along with his feet. No, sir. He lies down flat on his back, as if about to be buried, and, with his chest facing the heavens, he shoves himself down the main avenue, looking along the side of his nose for traffic. If you strike a lucky day, you will see seven or eight of these in a single block, and will, from that time forward, feel better about your own personal habits.

Riding bicycles is a steady and popular diversion, and not content with the time-honored machine, some genius has invented a bike with a rear wheel shaped like an egg. This contrivance the tourist operates by bouncing up and down — a very fine exercise indeed for sufferers from liver complaint, torpid digestion and housemaid's knee.

Motion-picture executives ad-

mire to hold week-end conferences on the desert. If Marlene Dietrich or Gary Cooper needs a yarn in a hurry, and a producer, a director and a couple of story men can dig one up before Monday morning by thinking in Palm Springs, the studio cheerfully pays the bills.

Whenever a motion-picture star works too diligently in the studio, she staves off nervous prostration by scurrying down to the desert for a week. Naturally, she brings along some eye-arresting garments and dawdles in the sun, sometimes in the presence of cameramen. Local photographers take pictures of her for the Sunday papers and mail them all over America, England, Finland, France, Germany and Japan, and a surprising number are printed. If a hotel photographer takes the picture, he skillfully runs in the nai of his hotel in the caption, and t newspaper editor runs it out aga and no harm done. Foreign nev papers do not know or care whe Palm Springs is, and about half c all readers, foreign and domesti believe it to be in Florida.

In spite of this confusion, Palr Springs is the dude in the famil of desert towns. Where else wi you find sea-shell cabinets fc ailing matrons, sky-blue pool surrounded by slim nymphs, kic die cars for business gentlemer bicycles with egg-shaped wheel grand hotels, and semi-nude ger tlemen strutting the boulevar with all muscles unfurled? Wher else can you purchase perfum among the dunes at $80 a bottl or find a broker's office with direct wire into New York?

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Don't Be Too Smart

A FRIEND of mine, who goes about the country delivering speeches before business organizations, used to wonder why people did not laugh more heartily at his stories. One day he wished to quote briefly from the Bible, and couldn't remember the exact scriptural phrase without reaching into his pocket for notes. The crowd laughed uproariously.

Thus he discovered an important secret — that it is easier to make a crowd laugh at you than to laugh with you. Since then he regularly appears to forget his Bible quotation and frantically consults his notes, to the great delight of his audiences. He has added a whole repertoire of seeming blunders such as slight inaccuracies in quoting famous passages of poetry, and he tells stories of personal experiences that make him out a hopeless blunderer. Wherever he talks now, his speech is a great hit. Everybody likes a man who makes mistakes or who has petty human weaknesses better than if he were too smart. — Fred C. Kelly

Here and Now: A Word to Parents

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

I. A. R. Wylie

SOME YEARS ago I wrote an article airing a theory concerning the art of living which my own childhood seemed to illustrate.* That childhood, highly unconventional from any educational point of view, taught me to do things effectively at the age of 10 which very few accomplish at all at 20. By the time I was 11, I had made extensive bicycling tours through England, entirely alone. Once I stayed away for a week and nobody knew where I was or seemed to care much. Though I made friends with anybody, nothing untoward ever happened. My worst experience was when I spent my last penny on a pair of passionately desired brown shoes and had to ride 50 miles with only a boiled egg for nourishment. I was an inveterate theatergoer, and one well-remembered week I attended six performances in London. I went alone, and let myself into our house with my own latchkey. At 14 I was given £100 and a return ticket to Norway. But finally, under the spur of conventional disapproval, my father yanked me back into childhood. On my return from Norway, I was sent to a finishing school, where I was considered incapable of crossing a road unchaperoned. To the three years spent there I owe the best part of my subsequent mistakes and weaknesses.

My article got me into a lot of trouble. Some of my fan mail suggested that I was a liar. Anxious mothers inquired whether they should cast Johnny, aged 10, out of the nest to fend for himself. Their qualms made me realize how complicated life had become since I had tackled it. At 10 I had done things easily which nowadays would tax the capacity of an experienced adult. Even a circus rider would hardly venture to coast down Regent Street on a bicycle, as I did. And it takes a trained diplomat with the life history of all his grandparents to get himself across a frontier. Passports, speeders, kidnapers, all make the business of living for Johnny, aged 10 and on his own, serious and even dangerous. I sympathize with him. But it is still my contention that he was put into this world to live in it, and the sooner he starts the better.

Our present method of prepa-

* "Learning How to Live," Harper's, February, '29; condensed in The Reader's Digest for May, '29.

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ration for life results in a cruel paradox. In the university town where I live, the students are, from my point of view, playing a delightful game in sylvan seclusion, a million miles from reality. But from their viewpoint, they are floundering in a sea of problems for which nothing has prepared them. I am not arguing for a harsh, unhappy childhood and, even less, for the so-called modern education that treats a child's most exasperating display of personality as sacred. I am arguing for a shorter childhood and for an education that is adapted to the capacities of those to be educated. I believe that children should fend for themselves as soon as they can stand and coördinate their movements, take responsibility, accept the consequences of ill-judged and anti-social actions, and face themselves and their world squarely, quickly, and without illusions.

It can be done. I did it. And I was not a "bright" child. I was not even a very well-balanced child. I was naturally extravagant and violent tempered. But by the time I was 14 I had learned that I had to control my temper or suffer the consequences, and that if I spent my money on riotous living (or brown shoes) I had to go hungry.

In the Middle Ages boys commanded armies — certainly with no more disastrous results than those attained by our best se agenarian generals. Queen Eliz beth at 15 was not only able express her decided opinions excellent Latin, but she was figl ing for her life against the mc astute enemies in her sister's cour In those days men and wome lived for all they were worth fro the moment they could stand up right. They had to. Their expec tation of life was too short fc dallying in nurseries. Their worl was too dangerous. Such men an women, so vigorously prepare are today's crying need. Instea the world is populated by a her of Peter Pans who have nev grown up and don't want to.

I have heard it argued that i these difficult days it is better t keep children back as long a possible, because no one wan them. That is certainly tru There is no place for half-bake adolescents crammed with unc gested learning, false standard and incapacity to think and a for themselves.

If I had a child I should set as the limit of my responsibiliti as guide and philosopher. After ward I should be prepared to ac as friend, even to the extent o lending him (or her) my father' £100 to see how far round th world he could get with it. O course, if he had been brought up as most children are he would b totally unfit for such an experi ment. But I am supposing tha

has been self-sufficient for 5 ars, and that his education has cluded a working knowledge of e world. I should expect him to ow at least two of its languages, politics, its finances, its mor-, and its lack of them. I should pect him to be able to handle mself like a man under all rea-nable circumstances. It is not possible. I know of one young an who, before he went to Har-rd, was given a very small al-wance and complete liberty. He aveled alone over Europe, tak-g a job when he could get one, d returned a full adult, head d shoulders above his contem-praries.

My imaginary offspring will be by the time he returns from s "Wanderjahr" of which he as made either a success or a ess, or a little of both. But he as seen the world with his own es, instead of with the eyes of is prejudiced elders; he has had form his own ideas concerning , he has learned what part he is kely to play in it — whether at of a fool or a wise man. If he ere brilliant intellectually I should hen help him to a university areer. His experience of real life ould preserve him from the os-ifying influence of the average cademic mind and from the choolboy standards of the aver-ge campus. If, on the other hand, e were not brilliant — let us say natural-born car washer — I should expect him to wash cars efficiently, and not run round in them at my and the community's expense.

But whether he were brilliant or stupid, I should be reasonably sure that he would be facing the violent changes that lie ahead as a useful adult, working and thinking honestly on his own level. The curse of a deliberately delayed maturity is just this — it delays our discovery of our level until it is too late. Young men and women of average well-to-do families, coddled through school and college, imagine that because they go to cocktail parties, drive cars, and make conducted trips to Europe, they are worldlings who know their world. They know, of course, nothing that will help save it or themselves.

Before 1914 we lived in what seemed a secure world. We could afford — or thought we could — a race of men who regarded life as a football match in which decent fellows "played the game." Today only lunatics can harbor such illusions. We are fighting our way through what the Future will probably call the Second Dark Ages. If our civilization is to escape the final disaster, we have got to grow up fast and see to it that our children grow up in time to take our places.

The time has gone past when any nation can afford these perennial children. Nor are they happy

in themselves. Their faces are tense, overstrained, prematurely aged. Paradoxically, too much is expected of them. The father who has scrimped and saved, crippling himself so that his son may have a carefree childhood and a "college education," expects great things in return. If he runs a taxi or a grocery, his son must run a bank or a State, regardless of the fact that he has never learned to run himself.

The result is a physically mature man with the mind of a schoolboy, bluffing his way through, into positions where he is a social menace, terrified of failure, and thus ruthless and unprincipled in his methods to attain success.

The gangsters, the grafting politicians, the dishonest financiers who are the bane of American life are in effect nothing but just such overgrown schoolboys stuffed with childish fairy tales and expectations of what fairyland owes them. We have whole nations of schoolboys (and schoolgirls) stampeded into schoolboy excesses and follies under the leadership of oth schoolboys who, suffering from a inferiority complex, are hell-be for power. Only physically adu children wishing to escape realit could have thrown themselves u der the menacing dictatorship o a Hitler, himself a schoolboy.

We need adult minds — young people who have grown up quickly and are mentally and morally ready to take the helm. Thei task is to live from the word "go" to a good finish. Our task is to se them quickly on the course, letting them go by living our own lives, exerting our own capacities taking our full share of the present. Our own "here and now" i our primary concern. The future is not. It belongs to our children It is their "funeral," their party their whatever-they-choose-to-mak of it. The quicker they fit them selves for the responsibility, th more likely there is to be a future The call to youth today is no "play the game," but "stop play ing the game and get down t living!"

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Devotion

WHEN Marie Taglioni, a ballet dancer, left Russia for the last time, her belongings were sold at auction. Her ballet slippers were purchased for 200 rubles. These shoes were then cooked, served with a special sauce and eaten at a dinner arranged by ballet enthusiasts. — Walter Winchell in N. Y. *Daily Mirror*

Broiler Factories

Condensed from Scientific American

Philip H. Smith

FACTORY production of eggs and broilers is here. Chicago boasts three chicken factories, one in the congested loop district housing 23,000 hens on six floors. A prominent Eastern hotel has a roof-top plant from which broilers go down a chute to the kitchen. Thus the henhouse is being industrialized and moved bodily into the heart of big cities.

These large-scale broiler factories employ "battery brooding" — the confinement of the birds in wire cages. After the chicks attain mature growth the males are sold as broilers, the females put into rows of single cages to become individual producing units. As the egg is laid it rolls into a tray to be recorded. When a hen's production drops below standard, she is marketed for meat and her place is taken by a better worker.

The cages are so designed that the birds stand upon wire mesh and reach outside for food and water; there is no waste of food, no litter to be scattered. The droppings fall through the wire and are carried away by endless belts. The cages are built in units, four tiers high, to economize space. When confinement in cages was first tried, the birds suffered from rickets — because of lack of sunlight. This was corrected by feeding cod-liver oil in the diet to provide vitamin D. No physical ailments seem to result from lack of exercise.

Another problem was to curb cannibalism among day-old chicks confined by the hundred. This apparently was induced by the sight of blood where the pin feathers came through the skin. Ruby-colored glass at the windows and similarly colored light bulbs, which neutralized the blood color, ended this trouble.

The advantages of the factory system over the open-range method have been definitely established. Artificial light provides a 13-hour working day, stimulating egg production; temperature and humidity controls eliminate the winter influence and there is no longer a seasonal fluctuation in output.

Natural conditions limit bird density to about 100 per acre — to exceed this encourages disease. Caged birds standing on wire are kept away from disease-carrying soil and litter; unit water-supply

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(Scientific American, January, '37)

receptacles also prevent infection. At one plant, 16,000 birds are housed on less than one acre and all labor is performed by two men. The total cost of this labor is paid for by the sale of droppings for fertilizer.

The egg factory makes possible production at the center of consumption, reducing transportation costs and breakage, and assuring freshness to the consumer. At present, 30 percent of the nation's eggs are consumed along the northeastern seaboard, yet only 14 percent are produced in that territory. The Pacific Coast states, for example, shipped 38,000,000 eggs solely for New Yorkers in 1934. Why not ship the feed from the low-cost producing centers and not the perishables? Further, production which eliminates seasonal fluctuations in output could do away with the need for cold storage of eggs and poultry for winter consumption.

Already there are thousands of broiler factories, large and small, in the United States, housing about 1 percent of the nation's 400,000,000 birds. Two new plants now being engineered for metropolitan districts will go into mass production with 50,000 and 123,000 hens respectively. Intensive research is increasing the efficiency of battery brooding. For example, it has been found that music steps up egg production. Much in the physical structure of a hen does not contribute to egg output nor the prompt development of flesh, hence breeders are working to make hens "confinement minded" — to eliminate the non-essentials and fit the bird more perfectly to its life work.

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Ringside Beds

COLLEGES whose football bowls stand empty between grid seasons are watching with interest the program of building low-cost dormitories in the "under the seats" area of the University of Ohio's stadium. Since 1933, a growing number of students have been eating and sleeping in the horseshoe dormitories, at a cost of only $3.25 a week, and recently another section of the stadium's insides was converted into living quarters for 120 men, making a total of about 300 residents. It is estimated that more than 2000 students could live within the concrete walls if all available space were used. Under the coöperative plan the students pay about $125 a year; a coöperative board handles the buying and all the residents share the work. The only paid employes are two cooks. On football Saturdays most of the stadium residents work selling programs, taking tickets or helping on the field. — Cleveland *News*

Bluebeard of Paris

Condensed from "I Found No Peace"

Webb Miller

Well-known foreign correspondent, European News Manager of the United Press

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THE MOST monstrous criminal character in modern annals was probably Henri Désiré Landru, whose head I saw chopped off at dawn on February 25, 1922. He was convicted of the cold-blooded murder of ten women and one boy, whom he had hacked to pieces and burned in his cook-stove at Villa Gambais near Versailles; he had been the lover of 283 women.

Over a period of five years Landru had pursued the grim business of systematic love-making and slaughter. Relations duly reported the mysterious disappearances of his "fiancées" to the police, but each time the circumstances and the name of "the man in the case" were different; the police found no clue, and did not connect the disappearances as the crimes of one man. The disorganization of civilian life during the war favored Landru's schemes. The husbands of many of the women were at the front; others, whose husbands had been killed, were only too anxious to listen to offers of marriage. Then by pure chance, in April, 1919, the sister of one of the missing "fiancées" caught a glimpse of Landru in Paris, followed him to his apartment, and informed the police. Without realizing they had made one of the greatest catches in Parisian criminal history, the police took him in custody.

The whole fantastic story began when, on the way to the station, detectives caught Landru attempting to throw away a little notebook. It was the famous *carnet* containing the key to the entire series of astounding crimes. It looked like notations of business transactions, and remained a mystery until police compared the names of women in the *carnet* with the names of scores of women missing since 1915, and found that ten tallied.

Then the police pieced together a bizarre drama. They learned that Landru had lived in 11 different places in Paris, under at least 15 names (he sometimes adopted the name of his previous victim). He was the son of a respectable Parisian business man who had become insane in later life and committed suicide. In youth Landru was studious, bright and normal; but as he attained manhood, criminal tendencies asserted themselves. He served two brief prison terms for petty fraud, and about 1914 hit upon the unique idea of

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wholesale love-making as a business. By matrimonial advertisements and offers to purchase furniture, he came in contact with hundreds of women, and made violent love to every one of them. At first he seems to have confined his operations to swindling his enamored victims.

Henri Désiré's courtships were so skillfully ardent that he was able to propose matrimony at the second or third meeting. His diary revealed him at times courting seven women simultaneously, maintaining a passionate correspondence and turning out love letters by the score. A bundle of such letters were found in his villa ready for use.

During this time Landru maintained a separate home for his wife and son, and was a good husband and family man. He explained his frequent excursions to the villa as "business trips." Neither wife nor son knew the nature of his business, and often unknowingly helped dispose of the property of his victims.

Landru's unforgettable trial, in the fall of 1921, was better than anything the *Folies-Bergères* ever put on. All Paris stormed the doors. Landru maintained an imperturbable dignity; under questioning he would smile deprecatingly and say, "It's an affair of honor. I do not kiss and tell." One day he sent for the judge, saying he was remorseful and wanted to talk. At last, buzzed the prosecution, Landru is going to confess. But to the judge Landru sighed and said: "I must tell you. I am remorseful about all the 283 infidelities to my wife." The story ricocheted around the courtroom to roars of laughter.

But day by day the prosecution unraveled the cryptic entries in the "death *carnet*." The first was the name of the respectable widow Cuchet, whom Landru met through a matrimonial advertisement. After a whirlwind courtship she went to live with him at the fateful Villa Gambais at Vernouillet, under promise of marriage. Then came the stark inscription, "One round-trip, two single tickets to Vernouillet," with the cost. Mme. Cuchet and her 17-year-old son disappeared from the face of the earth from that day forth. Some of her furniture turned up in the apartment of Landru's wife. Landru's wife and her son's sweetheart were wearing Mme. Cuchet's jewelry when Landru was arrested.

Entries in the *carnet* marked with monotonous regularity a fatal jaunt to Vernouillet and the disappearance of one more victim. The majority were widows, but one was a 19-year-old girl; and at the time of Landru's arrest Fernande Segret, an attractive girl of 29, was wearing the "death ring" — the engagement ring Landru had used for nine other fi-

ancées. At the same time he was engaged to Jeanne Falque, from whom he had borrowed 2000 francs. Despite Mlle. Segret's knowledge that she had narrowly escaped the fate of ten predecessors, she refused to testify directly against him. "He was always affectionate and respectful to me," she said. "I loved him and would have married him." At the trial she avoided his gaze. When she finally looked at him she swooned in the witness box.

As climax to a crushing array of circumstantial evidence, a celebrated criminologist produced 256 fragments of human bones from the ashes of the cookstove at Villa Gambais, and testified that they came from at least three bodies. Another expert testified that the soot in the chimney contained a high content of fat. An ash can yielded bits of half-melted corset ribs and buttons from women's clothing. One closet contained scores of bottles that had contained tissue-destroying fluids. Neighbors testified they had often seen dense clouds of nauseating smoke coming from the mysterious villa.

Alienists and scientists who examined Landru confessed they could not understand his uncanny attraction for women. Except for his extraordinary eyes, which were large and serpent-like in their fixity and brilliance, he had no outward feature to account for it. He was 55 years old, of medium build and sallow complexion. At first glance his only unusual features were his remarkably shaped bald head and his Assyrian beard, of which he was inordinately proud.

Parisian men about town tried to elicit Landru's system of winning women. But he smiled mysteriously and said: "Our relations were mostly of a business nature, and those of a private nature are a matter between them and me."

Henri Désiré Landru was sentenced to have his head cut off in front of the Versailles jail at dawn on February 25, 1922.

About 4 a.m. that morning, word came that Anatole Deibler, the famous executioner, had arrived with his guillotine, and we hurried to the prison. Four hundred troops had drawn cordons at each end of the street and permitted only possessors of little mimeographed tickets to pass. The only light came from the few electric street lights, and the flickering candles in the workmen's old-fashioned lanterns as they bolted the grisly machine together.

Nearly 100 officials and newspaper men gathered in a circle around the guillotine; I stood 15 feet away. News arrived from the prison that Landru, whose long black beard had been cut off previously, asked that he be shaved. "It will please the ladies," he said. He wore a shirt from which

the neck had been cut away, and cheap dark trousers — no shoes or socks.

Just as the first streaks of chilly dawn appeared, a large horse-drawn van arrived and backed up within a few feet of the guillotine. Deibler's assistants pulled two wicker baskets from it; placed the small round one in front of the machine where the head would fall, and the large coffin-shaped one close beside the guillotine.

Suddenly the great wooden gates of the prison swung open. Three figures appeared, walking rapidly. On each side a jailer held Landru by his arms, which were strapped behind him, supporting him and pulling him forward as fast as they could walk. His bare feet pattered on the cold cobblestones and his knees seemed not to be functioning. His face was waxen, and as he caught sight of the ghastly machine, he went livid.

The jailers hastily pushed Landru face downward under the lunette, a half-moon-shaped wooden block which clamped his neck beneath the suspended knife. In a split second the knife flicked down, and the head fell with a thud into the basket. As an assistant lifted the hinged board and rolled the headless body into the big wicker basket, a hideous spurt of blood gushed out.

An attendant standing in front of the machine seized the basket containing the head, rolled it like a cabbage into the larger basket, and helped shove it hastily into the waiting van. The van doors slammed, and the horses were whipped into a gallop.

Since Landru had first appeared in the prison courtyard, only 26 seconds had elapsed.

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So That's How It Started!
— VII —

¶ In 1904 a French scientist named Benedictus dislodged a bottle from its shelf in his laboratory, and it fell to the floor with a crash. It shattered, but to the scientist's astonishment it retained its shape. None of the particles was scattered. Benedictus remembered he had been using collodion in solution in this bottle. By some chance the solvent had evaporated, leaving a skin of cellulose nitrate on the walls of the bottle. A few days later he read in his newspaper of an auto accident in which a young woman had been seriously cut by flying glass. The two events connected themselves in Benedictus' mind, and laminated safety glass was the outcome.

— Byron C. Foy in *Scientific American*

Raw Deal in Furniture

Condensed from Today

E. Jerome Ellison and Frank W. Brock
Authors of "The Run for Your Money"

WHEN you shop for furniture, look out for "borax" — or you may wind up with a houseful of furniture that looked fine in the display room but warped, sagged, split or even collapsed shortly after you got it home. Though advertised at half the price of apparently similar stock in honest stores, it often costs more in actual cash than well-made furniture. The "borax" racket, according to the estimates of men who have spent six years fighting it, takes 50 millions a year from American shoppers in large cities and small.

You can't always spot a borax shop by the cheap, gaudy exterior which characterizes most of them. One of the largest and most dignified-appearing furniture stores in Detroit is a borax center; the same is true in Philadelphia, and in other large cities. But there is one way you can always spot the borax gyp: it is almost impossible to purchase advertised furniture at advertised prices. "Bait" merchandise, used as window dressing, may be either well-built furniture or cheaply made "flash goods" priced absurdly low; but in either case, if it's in a borax store you can't get it out at the advertised price.

The borax industry has the most elaborate technique of sales entanglements in the entire field of commercial fraud, a vicious combination of brazen deceit and vast ingenuity, perfected by decades of practice. In New York, there is a case record which is typical of thousands to be found in complaint files of Better Business Bureaus and furniture trade organizations all over the country. Mrs. Stanley spotted an illustrated advertisement of a sumptuous bedroom set, offered at the astonishing price of $49.50. She and her husband asked to see it. "Show Mr. and Mrs. Stanley two or three suites in that schlag mahogany," said the floor manager.

The salesman was certain that the advertised furniture wouldn't suit anybody of the discerning taste of the Stanleys. Upstairs, they were shown something "much better," *for $129.50*, which they bought. Mr. Stanley made a down payment of $50 and signed an agreement to pay $4 a week. The furniture was delivered and in a few weeks began to fall apart. The Stanleys realized they had been duped — but it was too late, for the "sales contract" of a borax house is one of the most rigid legal documents known.

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(Today, January 16, '37)

The suite had been thrown together in one of the "factories" which are found everywhere — lofts in New York and Chicago, shanty establishments in Los Angeles, St. Louis or Seattle, or sheds in southern lumber towns. The overstuffed chair of a borax set has thin webbing, untempered springs, padding of moss, excelsior or even sweepings from barber-shop floors. In a borax bureau, dovetailing appears only where it can be pointed out, drawer bottoms are paper thin, "mahogany" is stained gumwood, and "carvings" are of a plastic composition. In an honestly built overstuffed chair, the frame will be of No. 1 ash, doweled together and braced with corner blocks which are screwed and glued. In the borax counterfeit, the wobbly frame of nondescript lumber is *nailed* together like an orange crate, and has about the same resistance to stress and strain.

Borax houses are invariably installment houses — "borax," in fact, derives from the German *borgen*, to borrow. But there is a difference between the borax store and the honest installment house. The "contract" the Stanleys signed was, because of certain small type on the reverse side, actually a wage assignment, which enabled the seller to collect directly from Mr. Stanley's employer without irksome legal procedure. This insures "protection" in case the Stanleys grow tired of their "bargain."

But the Stanleys were obviously easy marks. What happens when the customer is not so easily duped? All right, we give you the case of the Jersey housewife who saw exactly the dining-room set she wanted in the window of a borax store, priced at $75. Cash in hand, she entered the store to buy it. Four salesmen did their best to show her the folly of such a purchase; she was shown whole floors of "superior" sets which were "far greater bargains;" but she stubbornly insisted that she wanted only the set she had seen in the window. The salesmen ultimately yielded, accepted the cash, and promised immediate delivery. Two weeks went by, with daily complaints from the customer that the furniture had not arrived. Finally an entirely different set was delivered. The original set, she was told, had been "recalled to the factory because of imperfections," and no more like it were available. She sent the substitute furniture back, and demanded a refund. Six months later she was still demanding; she was finally forced to accept a typical borax imitation of the set she had liked. Of course, she might have taken her refund demand to court, but legal talent comes high.

A New York investigator, posing as a customer who was "just

hopping," recently dropped in at a notorious borax shop. The "shopper" is a setup for your seasoned borax salesman. This one quoted recklessly low prices — chairs at cost, a library table at half cost — to plant in the prospective customer's mind a picture of superb bargains. Usually, as in the case of our investigator, he returns in a day or so to buy. "Sorry," said the salesman, "we sold the last of those low-priced tables this morning" — and then the usual, "but we have here *another* extraordinary bargain" — at a higher price, of course.

If a customer is quoted the same price in two or three stores she may begin to imagine the item is worth the price asked — so borax stores frequently work together, telephoning descriptions of customers and prices quoted. One New York dealer manages this system to perfection. If a victim balks at the price, he sends her to the store across the street. He owns both stores.

Sometimes a borax shop will actually let something go at an apparently low price — 100% profit is better than nothing, and they can still undersell honest furniture houses operating at the markup of approximately 50% which is necessary to cover all expenses and a legitimate profit.

Even the sales talk is phony. "Show Mr. and Mrs. Stanley two or three suites in schlag mahogany" contains two code phrases: "schlag," meaning that the Stanleys are easy marks, and "two or three" meaning that the sale is to net the store a profit of 200% or 300%. It might have been "Show them those number 26 chairs from the Schnook shipment." "Schnook" again means "sucker," and the first digit of any number mentioned indicates the profit, in terms of cost. Thus "26" means 200%. Markups of 200% or 300% are not unusual in the borax trade; they may reach 400%. Since borax prices are quoted on the spur of the moment, the furniture is tagged only with its cost, in code.

Code lingo makes possible the turnover or "T.O." system, a device which borax stores work to the limit. The larger stores are equipped with hidden push-buttons by which stranded salesmen may call for help from a "T.O. man," whom he introduces as sales manager, general manager, or president. In a difficult case, three or four T.O. men take turns.

The borax code language, a mixture of American slang, German, Russian and Yiddish, is the same the country over. "Schmeiss" means "waste no time on this customer; he's too smart." A disgruntled customer with a noisy complaint is a "shryer." Since shryers embarrass salesmen who are hard at work on other victims, the floor man who meets him calls

out: "Mr. Verlier! Telephone for Mr. Verlier!" "Verlier" means "scram," and salesmen hurry prospective buyers to other floors. "Have you seen Mr. Inman?" is translated "Is the sale in the bag? If not, call a T.O." An inquiry about "Mr. Steigen" indicates that the shopper is an investigator; it means "hold your tongue."

Borax advertising is full of tricks. A St. Louis store ran a picture of a piano labeled "The Beautiful New Kimball"; lower down, in a box, appeared "Baby Grand, $227." Of course that well-known instrument was not on sale at that price — but it got people into the store.

Borax is no easy octopus to slay. Once a West Coast retailer offered to repurchase at a higher price a long list of items offered by local borax stores. He proved that the advertised goods could not be purchased. The racketeers survived even this onslaught, and are still in business. In Better Business Bureau cities, professional shoppers are sent to purchase borax merchandise, and their findings are turned over to the local newspapers. Some of them will bar borax advertising for a time. Local trade groups, such as the Associated Furniture Dealers of New York, have for years campaigned against the borax menace.

The only sure way to avoid borax trouble is to know your dealer. If that's impossible, shy away from the scoundrel whose prices are elastic, whose advertised items are not for sale, and who wants a wage assignment instead of a sales contract. Be suspicious of the store which advertises furniture for half what it would cost at stores you *know* are honest. When the salesman in a store you're not familiar with steers you to "something a little better" — watch your step!

"Mercy" Store

For 22 years a store in Waller, Texas, has sold merchandise at exactly cost price — and has prospered. Over the entrance are the words: "God's Mercy Store." A placard informs the customer concerning the creed of the store: "All goods are sold to you at cost, nothing added as profit to the store. The store is kept by free-will offerings. Anything you add to your purchase is received with thanks." Near the door is a box in which one may drop his offering. Many add as much as 20 percent and still come out ahead on their buying. Others give nothing; yet the proprietor is making a good living.

— Frederick A. Schminke

The Worm That Turned

Condensed from John o'London's Weekly

W. Gilbespy

THERE WAS once a worm that turned — into an explorer. His ancestral home, a field by a brook, had been ideal once. The soil had been porous and full of worm food — humus; warm and moist, though never wet. Then the farmer who owned the land moved; ditches filled, the land was flooded and many worms drowned. In winter the whole was frozen into a solid block of ice; few worms survived.

But one of the survivors was a pioneer. He left his birthplace and settled on land to the west. Since he was not anxious to make a breakfast for the early bird, he had to sink his new shaft and be well out of sight before dawn. The surface of his new home was a combination of sand, clay and fine gravel. Untouched for years, soaked by winter rains and baked by summer heat, it was nearly as hard as concrete. But the worm had to get in it or die.

So he pushed out his nose till its needle-like point found an entrance between the hard-packed grains of sand; it was not easy. Another push and another; he kept on till he had gone down half an inch. Then the ground was too hard for pushing; he had to *eat* his way down. Soil and sand went down his gullet to a crop that was lined with skin like hard leather. Grit in the crop acted like tiny grinding mills which crushed the sand to paste, the process being facilitated by digestive juices which turned particles of decayed vegetable matter into body-building material. The rest passed through his body in the form of "worm casts," excellent fertilizing material for the soil.

The explorer did not rest for one moment all night. Even so, half his five inches remained above ground when the birds began to twitter ominously — then the worm struck luck in the form of a long, straight root of red clover, relic of the days when the field had been cultivated. That root had been slowly disintegrating the mineral matter around it by the gases of its decomposition. The result was a narrow shaft, lightly packed with soft matter. The nose-needle found its way into that — to safety.

The rest was easy, but only for a worm. He was stronger, in proportion to his size, than any crea-

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(John o'London's Weekly, September 26, '36)

ture which walks, swims or flies. For ribs he had 200 rings which encircled his mighty little frame; the lower edges acted as feet. Contracting the ribs in front, he expanded those behind till they had a firm grip on the sides of the tunnel. Then he pushed; and kept on pushing, contracting and expanding his ribs, widening and smoothing the tunnel at each move forward. Drawing upon his own chemical laboratory, he enameled the sides of his tunnel as he completed it.

Though sightless, his skin was sensitive to light so he did not go up to the surface till nightfall. Then he emerged, partly for a change of diet, also to drink the dew and bathe in it. With his wonderfully sensitive nose-point, he found microscopically minute portions of withered leaves and shriveled roots which he turned into nutritious food, no matter how decomposed they were.

Just before the faintest glimpse of dawn would have warned him to hurry below, he was alarmed by a tiny shrew. So sensitive is the worm to soil vibration that the tread of those wee feet was enough to send him back to his burrow. He retired tail first, pausing only to drag a scrap of dead turf over the mouth of his hole, partly to hide it and partly to prevent evaporation.

He had work to do down there. Though there was food around him, he always kept a storehouse, hoarded scraps of dead leaves and roots. Each was carefully coated with digestive juice and packed neatly away. That first vertical shaft had been only the beginning of his mining; he needed tunnels in every direction. Each led to further supplies of food, admitted air to improve that food, and provided avenues of escape from the centipedes and slugs which would follow him.

There was not much to fear from moles until more worms should come into the new land and make the soil porous. Then the mole, driving his tunnel with comparative ease, would eat many of them. But, on the other hand, when the mole drives his tunnel close to the surface he gathers far more foes of the worm than worms themselves.

The explorer was not alone for long. The conditions which had driven him to the higher ground bade other worms follow, and in due time the pioneer found a mate. Reproduction was slow, and there probably were not more than 100 worms to the acre that first year. They had no communal activities; each drove himself endless tunnels for food and safety. But the more each aerated the subsoil the more he benefited his neighbors.

Once the rain had been held near the surface till it evaporated, souring and packing the earth so hard that no air and little mois-

ture reached the depths. Now tunnels admitted both, their reaction freeing potash, lime, nitrogen, phosphates and other plant food.

What had been barren land was now rich with herbage, providing in turn more food for more worms — more little grinding mills to crush inorganic matter into fertilizing materials. So arose beauty and wealth from desolation.

The worm knows nothing of the incalculable benefits he confers on mankind — that unless he worked, man would soon starve. He is no boaster; he can only work miracles.

From The Baltimore Sunday Sun:

The amount of soil brought to the surface by earthworms is enormous — in some places as much as 18 tons per acre in a year. Charles Darwin tells of fields that were at one time closely carpeted with small stones and boulders, which after a few years disappeared from view. Digging in the soft soil which had replaced them, the stones were again encountered at a depth of some inches. The worms had deposited their little mounds of earth at the surface; these in time were leveled out and themselves surmounted by other mounds. As the years went by, the earth crept up and up, over the tops of the pebbles. Archaeology owes a debt to the earthworms, for thus were buried many objects that otherwise would soon have been destroyed.

It is in their mode of reproduction, however, that earthworms are most incredible. When breeding time comes, they seek another worm. Any worm will do, for each worm is both male and female — that is, each individual carries in its body the sperm of a male and the ova of a female. On meeting, each one secretes quantities of viscous mucus which in a short time dries and forms a thick band about the body. There is an exchange of male sperm, then the worms separate, each still wearing its thick band of dried mucus, which now begins to slip forward over the body. As it goes, it collects quantities of albumin from special glands on the under side of the body — nourishing material for the worms-to-come. When the band has worked up to the 14th segment of the body, it there collects eggs which are carried along, too. Farther and farther moves the band until it passes over the little receptacles where the sperm was stored, which now passes out to fertilize the eggs. The band is nearly off, now, and as one end slips free of the head of the worm it contracts as if drawn tight by an invisible drawstring. In a moment the other end slips off and is drawn tight also, forming a tightly sealed cocoon. In this the eggs develop.

— Gilbert C. Klingel

Front-Page Girl

Condensed from "Ladies of the Press"

Ishbel Ross
Author of "Promenade Deck," "Highland Twilight," etc.

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ON ONE of his rare visits to the offices of his famous New York *Herald*, the elder James Gordon Bennett saw a few hapless women sitting about the city room. "Who are these females?" he said. "Fire them all." Mr. Bennett was notoriously averse to women journalists, but even today, with 12,000 women editors, feature writers and reporters in the country, the prejudice against women in the city room is strong. Wherever possible they have been steered into the quieter by-waters of newspaper work, and in these fields they have arrived in a convincing way. But a few of them have survived the storms of prejudice and reached the main current of life, news, excitement. These are the front-page girls, and they are the best refutation of all the criticism that has been leveled at the woman reporter.

In the beginning, newspaper women had to go into dizzy self-exploitation before they could make themselves heard. One of the most embarrassing interviews of history was obtained by a termagant newspaper woman named Anne Royal. She sat on the clothes of John Quincy Adams, then President of the United States, as he bathed in the Potomac, and refused to budge until he had answered her questions. The "stunt" age was launched by Nellie Bly, a dynamic little figure who, for Joseph Pulitzer in 1889, went down in a diving bell and up in a balloon, posed as a lunatic, a beggar, a factory hand, a shop girl and a Salvation Army lass. Her great coup was her trip around the world in 72 days, outdoing Jules Verne's Phileas Fogg, and causing far more stir than the recent circumnavigation in 18 days.

In the nineties there was the general feeling that only a homely woman would barge out of the home and neglect her social life to write for the papers. But William Randolph Hearst took the stuffing out of this tradition by employing handsome girls. Elizabeth Jordan, working for Joseph Pulitzer, so overawed Benjamin Harrison's butler with her elegant costume and ostrich feathers that she marched in and got a presidential interview when the doors were closed to all other reporters. Today, the more smoothly girls fit into the social scene the better their editors like it, and some

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gorgeous peonies have bloomed among the typewriters and tickers. But the girl reporter must not be *too* beguiling, for beauty and sex are threats to any city room. When she starts the copy boys writing poems, her stock begins to go down.

Though dozens of women reporters crowded the press rows at the Hauptmann trial, there were only four at the trial of Harry Thaw 28 years earlier. A cynical colleague, wearily watching them spread their sympathy like jam, dubbed them the "sob sisters," and the name has stuck. But one of them was Dorothy Dix, who is credited today with an audience of 35,000,000. Her column is syndicated in 200 papers in America, Canada, England, the Philippines, China, South Africa and Australia, and is translated into Japanese and Spanish.

Women have had some magnificent news beats to their credit. In 1922, Dorothy Thompson was in Budapest as the assistant of Capt. James Pedlow, Red Cross Commissioner for Hungary. She was also correspondent for the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. After the collapse of the second Karlist Putsch, the press of the world was clamoring to interview the Emperor Karl in the castle at Tata Varos. Instead of working through official channels and being turned down like her colleagues, she went to Capt. Pedlow. "I want to get into that castle to see the King," she said.

"What do you think I am?" Capt. Pedlow demanded.

"An Irishman," said Dorothy, "with a sense of adventure." The captain accepted the challenge, and, as Red Cross officials, they drove through the cordons of troops without trouble. Inside, they were warmly received, for they were the first persons to bring news from the outside world. The entire cabinet was there, and royal etiquette was maintained. Miss Thompson talked with the deposed Empress, 26 at the time and pregnant with her eighth child, and found her superb in her courage under stress. No one interviewed Karl again before his death. It was a scoop that made Miss Thompson's rivals gnash their teeth.

One girl reporter had herself arrested for disturbing the peace of Pennsylvania, so she could spend three days in the Reading jail, where there had been a riot. Another spent a night at the deathbed of a consumptive to get the story of a new treatment of the disease. The patient died at 3 a.m., holding the reporter's hand.

Impersonation has always played a part in tabloid reporting. When a student with a newsworthy name disappeared from Smith College, another girl reporter, Helen Nolan, spent six weeks on the campus,

though reporters had been ruled off the premises. Disguised as a student in a rented coonskin coat and bandana, she opened up the campus angle of the story, cementing her sources over the teacups.

The grim gaslit mansion on Fifth Avenue, New York, where the six Wendel sisters led their curious ingrown lives, was not open to a reporter from 1896 until the day the Lady Lon Chaney of the press bluffed her way in. Edna Ferguson of the *News* learned that Ella, the last of the sisters, was in the country — and that all house repairs were handled by a carpenter who lived along the street. She telephoned the Wendel caretaker that the carpenter was sending her to look things over for repairs. When she crossed the threshold, time seemed to have stopped; she was in a Victorian world of grandfather clocks with wooden works, gas brackets, tin bath tubs. The legend was that there were two tables in the dining room, one for Ella, one for her dog. Miss Ferguson confirmed it, and turned in the first story on the interior of the house in 35 years.

When Percy Rockefeller's daughter was married, society reporter Inez Callaway of the *News* was not invited — but she was determined to be there. An hour and a half before the ushers arrived, a woman in deep mourning stepped into the church and knelt in prayer. She seemed so devout they hesitated to disturb her. Next morning the *News* had an accurate word-picture of the wedding, seen through Miss Callaway's veil.

In Chicago, Maureen McKernan was assigned to interview a visiting Maharajah and Maharanee for the *Tribune*. Their Highnesses were staying at a local hotel, with a large native staff, most of whom sat cross-legged outside the suite, keeping out reporters. The rival reporters left, but Miss McKernan persuaded the management to take her on as a chambermaid. All day she made beds with only middling success. At six o'clock she took a pail of water and marched boldly into the suite. The Maharajah and his retinue were sitting cross-legged, enjoying their evening meal; the princess, her face uncovered and a diamond visible in her nose, was sorting laundry. They finally managed to maneuver Miss McKernan out of the suite — but not until she had her story.

Though some of these exploits may seem a bit brazen, such relentless pursuit of the news is an essential part of newspaper work.

But the greatest scoop of all was never reported. It was made by the "loveliest reporter in New York," Imogene Stanley of the *News*. In 1923, when royalty was still more or less divine, she was assigned to go to Quebec and get

an interview with the Prince of Wales. All the debutantes in town were gathered in the dining room of the Château Frontenac. The Prince sat at his table, his nervous glance flickering over the room. Across the room sat the girl in green, her blonde beauty luminous against the dark panelling of the walls. Their eyes met for a moment. That night she danced again and again with the Prince, rained questions on him, got candid answers.

She had a story any tabloid editor might dream about. She was the one newspaper woman who had danced with the Prince of Wales. But she never wrote the story her paper wanted; she refused to use the capital "I." The Prince had not known she was a reporter until she "confessed," and she would not betray his trust. Next morning she was "the mystery girl in green" on front pages from Alaska to Australia.

Though today the ladies of the press do nearly everything their male colleagues do, the successful front-page girl is still the exception, not the rule — and their triumphs are all the more remarkable because they *are* the exceptions. Gaining recognition has not been an easy victory, but they have progressed from stunts, crusades, and exploiting the "woman's point of view" to sound achievement on a basis of common sense. They no longer have to climb skyscrapers or wear false faces to get their stuff in the papers. They do it on a workmanlike basis.

❖

Mental Erosion Next?

EVERY HUMAN BEING is endowed with a limited and infinitely precious stock of attention-power; and life today is such that — unless the individual is singularly obstinate and cunning — this power of the mind may easily be dissipated or conventionalized by endless competitive demands. By newspapers, by electric lights, by telephone, by radio, by moving pictures, by airplane and motorcar and church and school and State, by a thousand appeals, admonitions, and interruptions, the mind is assailed and distracted. We hear a good deal about the agricultural problem of soil erosion: hillsides denuded of fertile topsoil by the actions of streams, or great regions of Middle Western richness scoured off by dust storms. Surely not less serious is the matter of mind erosion: the dust storms of daily excitement and of continual triviality can easily blow away the sensitive topsoil of the spirit. — Christopher Morley, *Streamlines*

Are We Going Communist?

A Debate condensed from The Forum

I: America Rejects Communism

By Everett Dean Martin

Director of Cooper Union Forum, New York, largest center of free discussion in America

A MAN is known by the dilemmas he keeps. Communists believe that the American people must decide whether this nation is to be communist or fascist. This is like asking an innocent man whether he prefers to spend his life in Sing Sing or Dannemora. It is a dilemma based on two fallacies — first, that liberal democracy is dead and, second, that there is a real difference between communism and fascism.

The difference between communists and fascists is a verbal and accidental one. They have in common three principles, all so destructive that it matters little which pressure group puts them into operation. These are (1) revolution, (2) the dictatorship of a faction, (3) the corporate state.

Both are revolutionary movements. Both hold that the existing forms of constitutional government must be destroyed. Both advocate violence as a means of establishing the control of a desperate minority faction. Both hold that terrorism is justified on the ground that the revolutionary party is the self-appointed representative of the masses. The fascists prefer to speak of the masses as "the nation"; the communists prefer the name "proletariat." Both alike would exterminate "bourgeois liberals."

Communists would persuade us that fascist dictatorship is that of the big reactionary capitalists, while that of the communists is a dictatorship of all workers. Neither argument has the support of fact. Fascist and Nazi leaders may have had at the beginning the support of a few capitalists, but the great majority of industrialists in both Germany and Italy were "bourgeois liberals" and supported neither fascists nor communists, but the *status quo*. Moreover, it should not be forgotten that Mussolini is a former socialist and that the Nazis are National Socialists. Industrialists in Italy and Germany soon discovered that they had lost under dictatorship all constitutional and legal guar-

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antees of the rights of private property. This is not surprising, for there are no rights under a dictatorship.

On the other hand, it is not true that communism means the dictatorship of the workers. It is a dictatorship over the workers by a gang of radical politicians who themselves love Labor and hate work. Russian communism was not in fact established by a spontaneous uprising of the working class, but by a conspiracy in which politicians manipulated a force of deserting soldiers and land-hungry peasants. The workers rule in name only. Communist bureaucracy is daily entrenching the rule of a new class of labor politicians over the mass of Russian workers.

You cannot put dictatorship over on a nation with a Puritan background. Our people have learned from the united opinion of the great political teachers of the English-speaking world — Locke, Burke, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln — that dictatorship is tyranny, the worst of all forms of government. They have had ample opportunity to see how it works in both Nazi Germany and communist Russia — concentration camps, nightly arrests, innocent people held without trial, condemned by revolutionary tribunes without opportunity to know what they are accused of or who is the accuser, cruel and unusual punishments, terror, suspicion, and favoritism. I would remind communists that we have a Bill of Rights in this country, formulated to prevent precisely the inevitable practices of all dictatorships. If you think that Americans do not prize this Bill of Rights, just try to take it away from them. I note that communists are among the first to seek its protection whenever their right to make radical propaganda is challenged.

Our struggle for constitutional liberty goes back to the 13th century. This is the cultural inheritance of all English-speaking peoples. It is our distinctive contribution to modern civilization. Perhaps liberalism was dead in Russia, Italy, Germany — in fact it had never time enough in those nations really to live. But it has had time with the English-speaking peoples, and it should be remembered that all over the world in the 18th and 19th centuries, wherever men have struggled for freedom, the ideas for which they struggled were those of English-speaking peoples — parliamentary government, a demand that the ruling power obey the law, and a bill of rights.

It is sheer dogmatism to say that these principles are merely evolved in the interests of the ruling capitalist class. They existed long before there were any capitalists, for they are the political expression of a philosophy of hu-

man relationships which history has shown again and again is the only alternative to tyranny, stagnation, and terror. With these ideas has come all modern progress — industrial, scientific, educational. Liberalism is not dead so long as Americans still insist on assuming the responsibility of adulthood and on doing their own thinking.

II: Communism Is On the Way

By Earl Browder

General Secretary of the Communist Party in the United States

TODAY, when the vast majority of our population has not yet faced the issue fundamentally, it is easy to argue, as Mr. Martin does, that Americans do not want communism or socialism (which is really what communists propose as the next stage of social development). But the question really is whether Americans desire deeply such things as the present capitalist system cannot or will not give them, and whether their struggle for these things will finally lead them to socialism.

The Communist Party declares that the issue is democracy vs. fascism, not socialism vs. capitalism or communism vs. fascism. Communists in America and in every country where traditional democratic institutions are endangered by the rise of fascism are completely on the side of democracy. We do not say that democracy is dead; but we do say that the upper circles of monopoly capital have decided to try to kill it, that they have turned to fascism. We point out Hearst in the United States, together with the Liberty League, whose strategy has been adopted by the Republican Party, as the example of the fascist trend. Communists most emphatically are *not* advocates of violence as a means to the "control of a desperate minority faction." They have always warned that violence comes from the desperate minority of reactionaries against the mass of the people. For communists, the "principle" of revolution was taught in its entirety by the Declaration of Independence, by Thomas Jefferson and Tom Paine, and all we add is the deeper understanding of the rôle of classes, the forces of production, and the details of modern society.

Communists do not advocate the dictatorship of a faction. They advocate the widest democracy: universal suffrage; direct and secret election of all government officials; equality of representation; the principle of recall and referendum; the equality of peoples; unconditional freedom of worship, speech, press, and assemblage; and governmental guarantee of work, education, and leisure to every citizen.

The American people have created a tremendous system of productive forces, almost equal to that of the rest of the world combined. But the potentiality of well-being for all the people which is inherent in this tremendous national wealth is denied

realization, and periodically the whole system stalls in a crisis that brings intense suffering to tens of millions. The American people are conscious of this problem, and are conscious that its source is the monopolistic ownership and control of our productive system by a small group of rich families, the monopolists, Wall Street. The rising Farmer-Labor movement, for example, is the first stage of the people's organization to resist this oligarchic supergovernment, to regain control over their own lives, and to search for a solution of the main and central problem of making machinery serve the well-being of the people instead of their degradation.

We communists believe that the majority of the people will eventually come to accept the communist contention that the final solution of the problem must be the social ownership and control of the productive forces, that is, that new social and economic order known as socialism, which is the transitional stage between capitalism and communism. That change from capitalism to socialism is what is known as the revolution.

The charge that communists advocate violence is merely a repetition of an old slander. Communists do not advocate force and violence but on the contrary want to abolish it from the social world. The Communist Party is a legal party. Of course, communists are not pacifists; they believe in fighting when necessary to defend democracy and liberty.

It is not the communists who would make the issue communism vs. fascism. We reject even the milder slogan of socialism vs. capitalism. We say that at present the dominant issue is the defense of democracy against the rising forces of reaction, fascism, and war. On this issue the communists are without reservation on the side of democracy and call for the broadest united front in its defense.

The American people are not yet ready to make the decisive change from capitalism to socialism (and eventual communism). But through the necessary organization to defend their living standards and democratic rights, under the conditions of a capitalist system which more and more breaks down and refuses to function, the American people will in the not distant future not only learn the necessity of socialism but will have found the power to make their choice effective. And, when the majority of Americans want socialism, they will get it.

III: Rebuttal by Mr. Martin

MR. BROWDER says communists do not advocate violence. But Lenin said in *The State and Revolution:*

> The liberation of the oppressed class is impossible not only without violent revolution but also without the destruction of the apparatus of state powers. The state must be replaced by a special repressive force of the proletariat for the suppression of the bourgeoisie.

That bloodshed is contemplated is indicated in the same book:

> The suppression of the minority of exploiters by the majority of wage

> slaves of yesterday is a matter so easy, simple, and natural that it will call for less *bloodshed* [italics mine] than the suppression of the uprising of slaves, serfs, and wage laborers.

Marx said: "The arming of the whole proletariat with muskets, rifles, cannon, and munitions must be carried on immediately." I could quote hundreds of such passages from the leaders of communism. The record in Russia is further evidence. Trotsky, in the *History of the Russian Revolution*, boasts of his success in arming the proletariat in the *coup d'état* of March 25, 1917. Violence is the very nature of communist dictatorship, and Marx and Lenin did not deny it. Moreover, placing the blame for inevitable bloodshed on the intended victims is as if an armed burglar should enter your house and say, "Now I do not desire bloodshed. It is you who will be responsible for violence if you resist."

The statement, "Communists are completely on the side of democracy," is a little unconvincing in view of the fact that the Russian communists gained power by stabbing a provisional government in the back on the very eve of a constitutional convention elected by universal suffrage of the Russian people — and, by the way, after the communist candidates had been defeated six to one. Stranger still, these passionately democratic communists are even now supporting the Stalin dictatorship after 17 years in the only nation where communism prevails!

Everywhere in classic communist writings one finds hostility to the "bourgeois" democratic state. The present smiling championship of democracy by communists is all part of a revolutionary technique taught by Marx and followed by communists whenever they need liberal support. The plan is to combine temporarily with the liberals against an exaggerated menace of fascism.

The Constitution of the United States was not produced by revolution. The so-called American Revolution was not a social revolution but a struggle for national independence. And practically every provision in the Constitution is to be found in the constitutions of the several States, many of which existed long before the American Revolution.

Neither does communism represent the organized workers of America. The American worker is neither class-conscious nor is he revolutionary. He sends his children to high school, along with the children of other groups; he has bourgeois ambitions; he enjoys bourgeois movies; he wants to have his own home and motorcar — and many thousands do. He is a superpatriot. He votes for the New Deal or for the protective tariff.

Americans have never known here the inherited and traditional class distinctions that prevail in many countries. Economic differences, even bitter conflicts, are not uncommon, but Americans resent the very idea of class.

I have never feared lest communists gain control of America. But I confess some concern over the spirit of communist propaganda. It tends to divide people into factions, drive them to extremes, force sensible men to take sides on issues which are at best half true, and cause the community to lose its judgment.

MY GREAT WIDE BEAUTIFUL WORLD

EXCERPTS FROM THE BOOK

JUANITA HARRISON

Arranged by Mildred Morris

"Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,
World, you are beautifully dressed.

"You friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With the wheatfields that nod and the rivers
that flow,
With cities and gardens and cliffs and isles,
And the people upon you for thousands of miles?"

— W. B. Rands

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MY GREAT, WIDE, BEAUTIFUL WORLD

The first months of her wanderings Juanita spent in England, France and Italy, working in private homes and getting acquainted with the common people. In the autumn of 1928 she set out for the Near East via Central Europe.

Brno, Czechoslovakia, Sept. 9

I HAVE SPENT 3 days in Czechoslovakia and It have been the greatest of all the trips I have ever had. The Big Fair are on. they formed the Parad under my window at the Y. thousands of people in their native cloths. each Valley Town were diffrent and all have their own musice the men were just as gayly dress as the women. on the way to the fair Growns they sang and danced but the Real Bohemian life begain at the Fair Grown. the French cannot tuch them in having a good time. Of course I was not a tourist. I were just one of them.

Inside the Grown everybody were dancing on the big wooden floors the girls in their wide skirts and they delighted to see how far out their skirts would whirl. A fellow who spoke a little English asked my why I was not dancing. they begain playing a walz and we just walzed and walzed but the big skirts nearly noked me down.

Its a great country for dill pikles. all over there was little stands with pikles broiled corn sausage broiled on coals. I ate too many dill pikles but the dancing got it down. then I had to leave to get my train.

Budapest, Sept. 17

I LEFT BRNO on the Express of 10 coches I was in the 6th. at 2.30 when we were going by a little station a swich engin ran into ours and 26 People were killed and many died from inguries. I was studying Bradshaw's Continenal Guide all of the sudden I was throwd across the compartment and hit my head. all the others jumped up and begain talking fast but I thought about nothing but this book and kept calling my book, my book I was stunted. I found it and then went out all the phesants came running across the fields as clean as pins with white handkerchiefs on their heads. they was not allowed to come near until the doctors came. it was about 10 miles from a Town. it was a hot day and it happen in a turnip patch we used the turnip tops to

JUANITA HARRISON is an American colored woman who undertook, at the age of 36, to work her way around the world.

Born in Mississippi, she had a few months of schooling before she was ten. Then began an endless round of cooking, washing and ironing in an overburdened household. But as she worked, clothed in a woman's cast-off apparel, the child lived with a dream of visiting templed cities in foreign lands which she had seen in the stray pages of a magazine.

Juanita began her travels when she was 16, moving wherever she could find employment as a maid, until her journeying extended to Canada and Cuba. Wherever possible she attended classes at the Y.W.C.A.

In June 1927, with slender savings in reserve, Juanita started to work her way around the world.

Juanita spells by ear and knows no rules of grammar. Yet no traveler has given clearer, truer pictures of the people in the nations she visited. For her there existed no barriers of class or race.

Her first position in France was with my mother, who suggested to Juanita that her written experiences might interest a larger public than her immediate friends. It was then decided that I should arrange her Odyssey for publication. Part of her story first appeared during 1935 in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

— Mildred Morris

put under the engured ones heads. I stayed with a German Girl that had been torned into thread from the waist down She lived a half hour in that half hour I just loved her she were not more than 21 and had beautiful great blue eyes. she were well dressed and had a beautiful engagement ring on She kept saying the same thing over and over But I couldnt understand. I called to a phesant woman for her

to come and thought perhaps she could understand. the woman came but couldnt stand the sight and ran away. I had to hold her head up I was praying for her. I felt heartbroken. finally she died on my arm. had I been killed it would have been absolutely nothing compared to that girl. I went around to the other side of the train after the Girl died where there was many more ingured and dead. I gave water, shaded their faces from the sun, rub their hands. there were a man about 30 that was caught under the wheel He had his senses for nearly an hour and keep his eyes right on me He called Wasser, Wasser and I went under the coch and poured the Water down his throat. I cannot forget his eyes and I must keep the light burning all night.

In route to Syria

THE FIRST and second Class are the same the World over but it is the 3rd class that are so interesting. Through Roumania the train stoped only a few minutes at the Towns and we had just time to go to the deep wells with wooden Buckets and get a drink as they have no water on the trains. A Phesant woman got on She sat in frount of me she gave me an apple. I was very glad as I felt very hungry. in my case I had a warm dress as I know I would not need it farther on she was just my size so I open the case and gave it to her and she took from her bag 8 lovely apples and 4 Pears. for me. a Family of Turks got on 4 men and the Grandpa and 2 woman with their faces covered up to their eyes each have a baby and 4 little girls with red handkerchiefs on their heads and many colored bead braclets on their rists. They have much of their Households goods with them. The women got off and are having a time Counting their children. How nice to be away from the Turks and their Thousan Children the womens black cloths smelt rancy.

The minute you leave Constantinople the whole world is going to change. We traveled all night through the Desart the moon shine. Four old Shephards are in my compartment and one Young He sings. they are so kind and gentle To me they look like the Shephards of the Bible times we stretched out to sleep and were very close to one another they had on their long wool Kimono like coats and staffs. At each little station the Phesant sell mellons Tomatoes red onions and boiled eggs with a little salt in a Paper and dark Bread.

Here I get the First sight of Camels the Sun are getting low and they make a beautiful Picture across the Desart with the red bundles on their backs. Now we are at a little Station High on the rim of a mountain with the level Plains miles away it is really

rand and the Condoctor a Fine oung man have just spreaded s beautiful Red rug on the Grown id took off his shoes and are aying with His Face toward the tting Sun He is on his nees bow- g His Face down to the rug It is autiful to see and will live in emories I hope for ever.

The Turkish men are ever so entleman to the Women Pas- ngers and take most of the Care the Children, they are very soft eaking People. they are your riend you must know their Buis- ss and they want to know yours. hey think I am Italian. On the ng trips one ofen get without od. When I was without they ave me watermelon seeds that ad been soaked in salt then asted they were amused watch- g me try to eat them. A man ding 1st class had several Hun- red dollars stolen But I have left ange in my coat and went out nd never have it been taken.

Baalbec, Syria

T THE STATION there were women oaning moaning shaking their- lves all sitting on the floor I ask hat was the matter It was be- ause one of the Family was going o another town It was like going o America to them just a nights ourney but they might never see hat one again they dont read or rite so its just like a person dy- g no way of getting in touch ith them.

At Aleppo they thought I was Chinese. Here they think I am Aribian I have no trouble getting into the little Court yards and visit the families after the day are over at dusk when the Family come in. you can see in most of the Yards a Camel donkey Sheep and Chickens or geese and a black goat. I had a pleasant visit last evening I smelt bread burning while walking through the narrow walled streets and went into a Court yard and I hear girls singing. There is always high walls and a big wooden door to go into the yard. In a dark corner were 3 Baalbec Girls Baking bread they patted the dough out with their hands. they roll the bread out very flat and stick it on the side of the big earthen jar to bake it. this jar is for an oven the coals was at the bottom and they stick the round thin dark dough on the inside of the jar and it browned nicely. I had visited the flour mill in the afternoon the open mill was by the dusty road the dust is the same shade as the flour. an oxen pulls the thing around to grind the wheat men walking around with their kimonos flying open and I thought to myself I dont want no bread in this country. But when the Eldest Girl took one of the thin cakes and gave it to me I had to eat it and found that it tasted ever so good. they were sitting there Baking in the dark night and just laughing and Talk-

ing. These women are very inquisitive they stay in so much. I could make them understand. They were puzzled that I didnt cover my face and went out in the streets alone.

Jerusalem

I HAVE a single room at the Y.W.C.A. it is so lovely here about 4 blocks from the main gate of the old city. I take my meals at a Jewish Restaurant. it is cheaper than the Y. and I dont hafter wash and pray before I can eat. they always have good icecream. When we are in our own country we get more Holiness out of the Holy Land than when we are Here. One have so much to overlook and I have to think hard to get down to the Days of Our Lord.

It will be a long time yet before the old city will be clean and there are so many flies. I get up early and go out to buy the Grapes and Fresh dates just when they take them out of the boxes from under the leave and before the flies wake up. I love going through the old streets after the Sun sets then the flies and beggars have gone to rest.

Living are quite dear Here I save 50 cents a day by sleeping at the Y. and save 50 cents a day by not eating at the Y.

Every Friday at 3. p.m. from the Armenian Monastery start the Procession along the way of the Cross lead by Priests their monks nuns children from the Convent and Christians the Police keep the way clear. We went on stoping at each Station of the Cross but through the winding up and down covered old streets are many things to take your mind off. but most of the time I tryed to picture the day of Our Lord. on the way you meet a donkey loaded with tins of water or a drove of black goats and there are the Moslems making noise at their tin making and the Jews selling their ware. I got the best part inside the Church. I had a scarf over my head and looked so nun like.

It is sad to visit the Wailing Walls. But when you go into the Mosque and a Moslem take you to a window and say look down at the Jews it made me laugh they did look so funny the men in their long yellow and black striped dresses with round hats and a fur brim and beards and long curls hanging down over each temple and the women in their coloured shawls.

Cairo

I HAVE been buisy seeing the City the men and Boys look funny in their night shirts under it they ware an under shirt and a cotton vest and a pair of baggy white troussers. and the women the vail and bracelets on their ankles I would like to know what each mark mean on the faces some have

ttle strips cut it must have been ainful some are tattooed some ave their hair shaved off on the op. some one large ear ring in the per part of the left ear. all this re the men and Boys.

Sat. 7 a.m.

JUST open my blinds to look on he Park and the Porter at the ark Gate with His rug on the round was saying his Prayes a nan about 50 dark skin real white air a red fez and a soldiers uite He as neat as a pin He cer-ainly did pray long and it look o beautiful there in the beautiful ark with His face towards the un.

I like Cairo so much and have a very interesting young Lady riend Jewish who has worked in a Postcard shop and speak 8 lan-guages. Of course I had to take Her to a few places in Cairo she did not know about altho she has lived here 16 years. By making myself so native like with my vail I go to a native wedding feast nearly every week.

Port-Said Mar. 6

I AM in just a block of a beautiful Greek Church so pray daily. I thought that all of Port-Said was modern until I got out to the Native quarters there the streets are filled with children billy goats kids chickens ducks cats and flies the children sit on the side walks their backs covered with flies and the chickens jump up and pick the flies. I started through the quarters with my hat on but found I was out of place so went back and got my Vail then everything went lovely.

Last night was the last fasting day of Mohamonds so Today are the beginning of the 4 day feast. In the native quarters everything was so gay all the dirty children were washed hair comb their little red Fez blocked and redder than ever. all the Boys had new and clean night shirts on and the Girls Pink green and orange colored dresses with hands red with Henna even the flies had gone.

I went to a circuis. it was 5 cents to go in and 5 for a box seat. the greatest trouble was keeping the ring free of Kids. The actors are usually a family. they had a fire eater he also walked on sharp nails. but the real joy was to see how the children had the way of the tent.

Well I hate to give up my room. the Greek man that have a room next to me say his prayers so lovely every night and morning then he sing. I met an Egyptian that have a lovely shop and gave me a little box of expensive amber paste. He invited me to dinner and said I will have my cook to cook a nice English chicken and rice and after we will go to a nice apartment of a friend and have an auful good time. I went without food all day so to enjoy it. he had

it served in his shop with all the little things, radishes, olives. while we sit there he say, "You are not the cold English type," my heels was just smiling, how I was going to get out of going to the apartment after. When the time came to go I said, "We'd better not go together, you are so well known here. I'll come behind," and he said, "You're quite right, a wise little girl." so he started ahead through the dark streets and I disappeared I went down to the Y. and left next day.

Colombo, April 7
The Salvation Army Hostel

I WENT to the Circuis and sat where men only sat. the man at my left had very long hair he bought 3 leaf of Betel and gave me one. It is a green leaf with a nut like nutmeg and a pink dab of paste like tooth paste and two pieces of tobacco leaves. I chewed the Betel then when I got home with a red mouth the girls they are refine and speak English wanted to know where I got it and when I told them they were shocked. it sweetens your breath but it made the inside of my mouth sore and when I begain to eat my dinner with red pepper I jumped out of the Chair so I have had my fill of Betel.

I went to see the funeral of a very Rich Person and the next day out to see how the body had burned the logs was red hot and only a few bones could be seen watchman keep the fire going. o my way a Hindoo funeral wer going they are a poor class the have no Prest. they get quit drunk the nearest kin and friend are the drunkest then they danc sing and play music. along at th grave the Son was given a wate jar full He stagared around th casket with it on his head and th water would fall on the body o his mother. Then his drunke friends break the water jar at th Head of the grave and he sit or the ground a barber shave off hi hair and put it in the casket all th time they are making a loud noise I was the only woman at th grave and it was pouring rain.

I have learned that the high castes would like very much t walk and save their Rickshaus fare like I do but of course thei caste wont allow it.

Madura, Sat. 29.

YOU GET so much of the Hindu life here. I followed behind a rich Hindu family when I visited the grand Palace. they were as interesting as the palace. The women with diamonds in each side o their nose and great diamond ear rings but bare feet the girls with nose rings and the man almost naked with marks on his body and long hair they came in a swell auto. I enjoyed going to the Great Temple at 6 p.m. when the Elephants was brought in for the

ht and given their bath then
y are chain in the stalls. But
one thing I would like to be
a Mrs. Cow they are the ones
at have the right away then I
uld know my Children would
the best of care. on every
ach are a nice bed of straw for
e calf but the Children sit on
e floor. every one seem to be
ding a Cow on the Streets. Two
ndu Women were pleased with
e when I stoped at their door
d Kissed their pretty new born
lf. A Hindu never pass a cow
do not kiss his hand and touch
e cow as much as to say you
ar old Holy Saint.

Madras, India, General Station second Class Waiting Room

N THE trip here I was in a coche
r women and Children. their
esses are about 8 or 10 yards
aped about them. most of the
me their breast are free but
ey have an extra two yards or
over their sholders to cover it
d their head when needed. next
e are a young wife. on each arm
e 11 bracelets and in each ear
ear rings. the ear flaps over
ith the weight of the rings then
e have a silver ankle bracelets
he has a head dress to cover her
ce.

At most of the Stations when
e train stoped a monkey would
mp in every window they were
pretty and fat if you be eating
ey would slip up and take it
out of Your hands. An Indian woman got in the train and wanted me to get out — she thought I was low cast — I have a red shawl and bare feet looking auful casty — plenty of high class Indian women ride in the 3rd they dont want to mix with the Europeans — then they say to a low cast on a bench you get down there and lay down — when I didnt get down she sat and looked at me with a puzzled face. In my red shawl and black vail on my head no one would think I had seen Broadway.

Bombay in the Train for the North, July 1

WELL I wasnt alone long here. the coch filled up with lovely looking Jains and Parsees. One Himlain Lady have a nose ring with pearls. it touches her chin. We have just crossed an inlet of the sea and the Parsees had offorances to throw in of sweet smelling flowers and a handfull of something that look like salt peter. I wished a piece had droped by me so I would know what it was. a young mother with a little boy she has barefoote Pretty little feet. not having the offerense of flowers she threw in money. and seem sad because it fell on the tressel we are crossing. Each sect try hard to sit together they prefer to be uncomfortable all crowded on one seat than to be comfortable sitting with one

of the other sect. an elderly Mohamedan got on She have a tight fitting waist to hold Her anousmas bust and the stomack a great roll of fat are free to the air. one woman legs are covered with brass bands from her knee to the instep arms from the elbor to the rist. Most of the women are rich I can tell by their Jewlry and long pants many of them use a black tooth paste.

Ahmedabad Station

WELL I pass a better night last night than If I had been in a palace bed room. The night Policeman make a nice corner on the Platform so comfortable for me. I had to open my umberella over my head as there were thousand of Birds. many people were sleep- on the floor of the station and on the grown under the trees. This is the Land where every body take up their bed and walk. About 10 lovely fat milk cows also sleep in the Station yard. There are droves of those lovely light gray monkeys with black face just like children all around.

They have flies up here Mohamedans worship them. all the People carry their brass water jugs polished so you can use it for a mirrow. The white oxen take the place of mules and Horses. the Water Buffalow are the milk Cow you see many in the rivers with just their head out.

Jaipu

I DIDNT see not one Eurpean Pe son here. I meet a nice Hindo Studient who took me throug the Maharaja's Palace and th Elefant stable. When it was co I went back to the City wall fo the afternoon Bazaars. it are High pink wall all the Building are Pink the houses on side street are white with elefants painte a bright color on each side th front door or a God or Godnes some houses are a pail green. Th Wide Streets look like a carniva many different carts drawn b white Bullocks Camels and Ele fants with two bells that swin and tinkle as it step. A marriag procession passed a Band then i a little high two wheel cart wit two white Bullock sat the Youn Couple dressed in red silk an gold their backs together th Bride's face covered and th Groom smiling and talking. Thi is one of the three best sport that I like. a funeral first the wedding second and bullfight third are my full joy. I had lunc of cantlops sitting in a woman' Fruit stall but there were 5 cow trying to take each piece out o my hands the Woman woul run them away but they woul come right back.

Agra Fort July

I GOT much sightseen over befor 8 a.m. I walked 2 miles to th Taj Mahal. that wonderful mon

ument thrilled me through as the beauty cannot be painted. I felt that I would just like to put a glass over it I feel I must cover it over.

Benares July 10

WAS UP early at the River watching the Hundreds of men and women washing away their sins I asked a Priest if I may come in and he said take off my shoes then I left them off because everywhere are sacred grownd. I carry them in my umberella. I climbed up the steap steps to go in and out the narrow street of Thousands of Temples it was fun walking through the muddy streets and it squshing through my toes. I went to one of the Great Temples where the women worshiped about 3 hundred of them dressed in orange sitting on the floor some with drums others had Brass plates in each hand, hiting together. I stept in but the head lady made me step back some of the Girls laughed. then I talked with some but not with my feet inside.

Darjeeling July 21

THE MOUNTAIN People made me feel in an other fareoff Country they look like Eskimoes at every station there are women and girls with a rope they put around a trunk or suitcase and put it on their Back and forehead to carry it up the mountain side. I have a room in the Cottage that hangs over a cliff. the Moon is bright tonight and the houses on the many mountains seem to be touching the sky the snow covered mountains are like pearl just below my cottage are a floor of white Clouds. the darkness of the tall fir trees and tea plants on the mountain sides beside the snow white clouds far below are too wonderful. up and down are the thousand of light as this is a City above and below mountains and the lights seem to mix with the stars. I wish that all the ones I love and all the ones I hate could see This Wonderful Place Darjeeling.

In route to Calcutta

A BURMA LADY said to me at Darjeeling you are just betwixt and between. One minute you have a fine time with the lowest cast next minute with the highest Hindoo. one minute you wear a blue suit next minute a dress of 2 cent a yard crape then a little velvet dress with diamond ear rings. one minute you stay in a hotel at $5 a day then go to a resturant and have a 5 cent meal. how can we tell. After seeing some more places I will go back to Madras and then take the next French boat for Marseilles.

Madras Aug 21

I WENT to a Village and there found a big Hindoo feast to Kali

the Godness they sacifice goats to her. the women were cooking rice and other things in their earthen jars over fires of cow dung inside a big yard with walls painted white and red stripes the smoke was so thick I couldnt keep my eyes open hundreds of pots on the fire. and outside of the yard the men were cutting the head off many goats and hanging them to a limb of a tree skinning it. the women and men which were to offer the sacrifice for themselfs were at a big well drawing up water and bathing in it then they stripped themselfs and tied the branches of a sacred tree about them and marched behind the musicians to the shrines with a Priest in lead. Others had committed some heavy sin they bathed themself and with only a red cloth and much agoney on their faces was throwing themself flat down in the dirt in the procession all the way until they made the round of all the shrines. It sure was hard work. I was going along in the procession to the Shrines with my shoes in side my umberella when a Hindu man told me to get out. I gave him one unpleasant look and that settled it when I got back to the Shrine he ask me my name and smiled the Hindus are not a bad sort.

I am just beginning to feel a bit tird of this Part of the World and so many naked men.

Djibouti Gulf of Aden
Sept. 9

A FEW PASSANGERS went ashore in the mortor larnch but I choosed a native row boat. there are thousands of huts made of straw matting and sticks but they are very different from the Arabs of Egypt for here they are ever so clean and no flies. many little deers are running about the streets and quite tame. I stoped at the Open Air Bazaar where they are hundreds of camels and in just a few seconds after suluting a few women I had swams around me first they thought I came from Greese after a while they decide I was Chinese as many as could get to me I had to shake hands with it was very pleasant. Djibouti is French so in the evening there was many side walk Cafes. I had a most pleasant time and at 9 p.m. was walking along the road to the Pier when 3 Boys cought up with me two of them begain to be fresh as quick as a flash with my fist I landed a upper cut under his chin then I turned to do the same to the other but he was running for life and the other was holding his jaw the third I landed one somewhere near his eyes such a groan and holding his face. On reaching the Pier I told a man about it and He spreaded the news. So at the end of a perfect day I was so tird I could hardly climb up the steamer ladder.

(Back in Europe, Juanita replenished her funds by working for several years as lady's maid in Spain and France; then set out for Russia and another trip to the Far East.)

Leningrad
September 2, 1934

I THOUGHT the world were small until I arrived here Leningrad is a world in its self I wouldnt give it for all the 25 or 30 countries that I have seen. This is a swell Hotel it is run by Inturist a special Organization for Traid with Foriegners I do not know how They can manage to give us so much for so little. They accept all foriegn money but not Russian in this Hotel I am the only one here that have a cheap Tour yet I have the swellest seat in the fine cars that take us ever where. I went out and marched in line yesterday with different groups of young men and Girls that were getting ready for the Great Yuths Day. then I met a Funal Procession went to a big white Holy Church with a big blue dome and 4 smaller blue domes and the Funal with a Preast was one of the most impressive I have been to. after the Body were buried a young Lady of the Family passed around a large bowl of boiled rice with sugar in it and several spoons each made the signe of the cross and took a spoon full and so did I.

I visited at the workers apts and the nursey for their children and the regester office of marrage and saw a marrage. They do not really need to go through it nor regester it is just as leagler if a man and woman decide to live together and their children have just as honest a name.

Sept. 4.
Moscow

I AM NOW looking out on the beautiful Kremil and the River. the food are much better at Leningrad But its here that the people like best and stay longer. I was up early this a.m. stoped in a little Chapel just across the bridge from the Hotel to say my morning pray and I felt like in a peep show. the people stand and peep in. Some Churches are used for a Machein shop some a Police Station but I Found enough to pray in. I romped and skiped along the streets arm in arm with youths. of course I did only for 1½ days but I felt their hearts. they are Happy We do not have names for any day only every 6 day we rest. Today we are resting and Thousunds of workers young men and women with the best guide on art goes to the art gallers. when I step up to get the ticket being in the mist of the workers and looking more like one the guard say step in line so I steped in and stuck.

My Visa from Russia to Asia would have cost 20 dollars but at the Hotel They got it free for me

I being a poor lonely woman. of course that lonely look helps but there never were one less lonely than I am.

October 2, 1934
Kobe, Japan

I HAD a wonderful 8 day Trip from Moscow to Manchuria. I traveled 3rd Class for 80 dollars that was with a berth and the coches were just like little Cottages. soft white blankets four pillows nice green curtains at the windows a nice table with a green shade lamp. at each Station when the engin took water a woman in unform came in and washed up the floors with very Hot water and washed the Windows. there is a nice bath room with large tub and shower plenty of hot water. In my Coche every Body were clean most of Them bought food at each Station there were always plenty of fresh milk in bottles sausage mellons sour cream and perfect rosted chickens which sold for 20 or 25 American cents. They do not cut the head off nor the feet so the juice cannot iscape. I had in my suite case many silk dresses and I exchanged them for food and saved about 15 dollars. silk are very expensive in Russia so it was not only a help to me but a pleasure as well and it were a fair deal. I gave a dress to one of the Young Ladies. the minute I gave it she combe her beautiful bob hair powder and dress up to show the others.

From Harbin I bought my 3rd class ticket on the Steamer to Kobe. we got the beginning of a Typhoon Never have I laughed so much. it were Japanese matting floors. we sat or stretched out as we liked and when the waves tosted the Ship on the side about 300 Bright Kimonos women and children Babies men suitecases Tea Trays all went to one side nothing to hold on to. we was as helpless as though we had neither hands or feet the sliding was play to the children and They laughed to almost fits with me.

When the ship Landed they was looking for the lone American and didn't know when they saw me. When They did see the Passport He said where are your baggage I said I left it in Los Angeles 7 years ago and one suite case is one to many.

Y.W.C.A.
Kobe, Japan, Oct. 4

I CAME here to the Y. and they let me stay in the cottage that is used for sewing and cooking classes. Each morning 25 or 30 young Japanese Ladies come in and the only way I know They are in the Kitchen is by 30 pairs of wooden slippers propped up side the front door never a sound and the same in the sewing room one step across the Hall. there are 15 or more young girls speaking so softly and yet I can sleep right

on as I never hear a sound. The same way in the Theatre the actors and actress sing and speak very softly. I enjoy very much going to what I call a nude reseption The Public Baths at night with about 100 women I the only stray one They are much interested in my little silk draws and silk pink brazzier. One can never tell what garment will become Famous. They do not ware them. They do not take a cold water bath after the hot one. They go out in the Wind and that account for them always having a cold and spitting anywhere. yet there babys are keep so clean.

Of all nations the Japanese women are only worth being called Mother. Children are the happiest of all the rest of the world because Father and Mother are proud of them they are treat as their own not like Orphants. I wouldnt give one Japanese mother for the American Ones and I would exchange just two Japanese mothers for all the French. I leave Nov. 20 for Shanghai so will become Chinese on the 21.

Shanghai,
Dec. 8,

THERES not so much difference in Human Biens once you mix Them up. I enjoy so much the Chinese the women are so Fasinating and They dress with the Tandalizing slit on each side from the ankles up to the knee You would be surprise to see so many big handsome men and They are so charming and clean minded so much nicer than Europeans. The Chinese Women are very Friendly unlike the Japanese the Japs and Swedes are the most reserved of all People Of course I do not mean that they were reserved to me.

Canton
Dec. 25

I TOOK a little painted House Boat of an old Chinese mother Her daughter and child the little Baby had a leash under his arms so it couldnt fall in. the cat had a leash so a neighbor couldnt get it to cook. the chickens had a leash on the foot so not to be drownd. They rowed me up the river to Langnan University at twilight. it was delightful I went up to the Christmas dinner and Studient Party in the Girls Dortomidy. In the dinning room about 75 in all. more men than Girls. The men wore dark coats and white trousers. the Girls wore pretty silk Chinese dresses with the slit up each side Some of them when They sat down I could see far above their Knees the lace on their tight short draws. I sat at a table with a couple from Los Angeles Both Teachers and a beautiful Chinese girl of New York and two young men studients one Mr. U. Beng

Young we fell for each other I for his name He for me no doubt because I said I perfered riding 4th Class in China than 3rd in Japan.

THE DINNER. first a large dish of brown mushroom with gravy boiled rice in large copper kettles on the side table. a meat fruit salad a dish of lettuce leaves. next a dish of fish and a green cabbage like vegetable then the most delicious in a metal dish stewed cat. Then Bird Chop Suez with the birds skined heads and feet for garnishing. Then at 10:30 two moto Larnches took us down to Canton by the light of a full moon and the thousands of House Boats of all sizes made a wonderful Christmas eve night. Many of us took the Pretty Red Rickshaws with their red cushions. we arrived just in time for the beginning of High Mass the Cathedral was decerated in flags of all nations. the Chinese Preasts looked noble in the Rich cloth of gold and crimson the musice of Violins sounded well with the setting it were a beautiful Gathering. At the close of the mass from a large pole in the Yard were strung thousands of fire crackers which they lit.

Just across the narrow street from the Cathedrel I heard a big brown dog morning for life. They had hung him and after he died scraped him clean and a man were there to buy it.

The Few People who have a cat or dog for a pet guard over it as a great treasure and it are always on a leash even at home if not it would be stolen. They have cats in baskets in the markets to sell just like chickens also little puppies.

Jan. 21
Taihoku Formosa

I WENT to Hongkong to get a Japanese steamer to here when we arrived at Keelung as I had come through Russia they took me for a spy so to my relief they kept my suite case. I hope They have as enjoyable a time with it as I have had without it. I had only the dress I had on so I bought goods and such fun here when I went to the dress making shop which is open on the street and young Chinese men do the making I had it made Chinese style which are pretty and will be useful when I get the stiff collor cut off in Manila. There was a crowd of about 200 watched and I danced about holding the skirt. Total cost goods and all 75 American cents.

The Chinese make and cook on a oven carried about on poles and they cook more perfect than in a gas range. You can go in a good Resturant at the Window in a wire cage are a number of different kind of long snakes You can choose the one you like and in a few minutes serve to you à la King.

April 10
S.S. President Lincoln

We are just half way between Japan and Honolulu my getting off place. Well Wed. April 24 will end my Plannes of 10 years ago and They have been far more beautiful and pleasanter than I had any thought of. How well we can carry out our plannes if its just yourself. I have not much left of my savings but Perhaps with what I have left I can begin paying on a little future nest in Hawaii.

EPILOGUE

Now

That cheque from the Atlantic Monthly for my article gave joy. This is what I am during with the money. I had a Tent made to order Then I went around Waikiki looking for a privat Yard to Put my Tent I choosed the best from several right here at Waikiki in the front Lot of a nice Japanese Family They have the Show bath and W.C. are in the Yard I do not trouble any one freedom is my main point.

My grown for my Tent cost $2.50 a month and am in the best neighbor hood in frount is the Beautiful perfect Hawaiain St. Augustine Church all the time I long to live in the Shadow of a Catholic Church not a Protstant that look always like a Jail as They open it only on Sundays. At night Waikiki is more gay and beautiful than in the City just back of me are the Beautiful Hawaiain Village so I get plenty Hula Musice and dancing free. I have the Change of going to Chinese gatherns, Japanese, then Hawaiians and when I feel Spanish There are the Potegeise all ways on Saint Days they have some kind of Fête. This is the most wonderful part of the World and now that I have about finnish my travellers I feel very happy to have choosed this lovely part of the World.

I can swim and have the sand and large brown rocks and the long stretch of cocanuts trees. as I write this my mind travelle to Switzerlan Sweden and Madras, Ceylon and Smiling faces stands out before me.

I'll get a serfe boad and Take a few Hula lessons just to add gayness to that list of things the check bought. I want always to be where wealth health youth beauty and gayness are altho I need very little for myself. You no doubt feel very pleased with the world to be in a caged up Building looking out on others more caged up. I have gone through the same and how greatful I am to myself. This is my first and only Home. I have reversed the saying of Troubles are like Babies the more you nurse them the bigger They grow. I have nursed the joys.

Pigs Is Pigs

A condensation from the book

Ellis Parker Butler
Author of "Dominie Dean," "Philo Gubb," etc.

"Pigs Is Pigs" appeared 30 years ago, and shortly everybody was reading it, the title became a byword, and Ellis Parker Butler, who has written many another humorous story, was stamped for life as the author of "Pigs Is Pigs."

Last month the editors of The Reader's Digest asked a number of people to read "Pigs Is Pigs." Most of them knew the title but had never read the book. Those who had once read it enjoyed it again as much as those to whom it was new.

Hence this condensation, offered as another in our series of perennial short story favorites.

MIKE FLANNERY, Westcote agent of the Interurban Express Company, shook his fist. Mr. Morehouse, speechless, trembled with rage. On the counter between them stood a soap box in which two spotted guinea pigs were greedily eating lettuce.

"Do as you loike, then!" shouted Flannery, "Pay for thim an' take thim, or don't pay for thim and leave thim be. Rules is rules, Misther Morehouse, an' Mike Flannery's not breakin' thim."

"But, you stupid idiot!" shouted Mr. Morehouse, "Can't you read it here — in your own printed rates? 'Pet, domestic, 25 cents each'." Forcing his voice to an artificial calmness, he spoke slowly, with intense sarcasm, "Pets, p-e-t-s! 25 cents each. Twice 25 is 50! Can you understand that? I offer you 50 cents."

Flannery reached for the rate book. "An' I don't take 50 cints," he whispered in mockery. "Here's the rule: 'Whin the agint be in doubt regardin' which of two rates applies, he shall charge the larger. The con-*sign*-y may file claim for the overcharge.' In this case, I be in doubt. Pets thim animals may be, an' domestic they be, but pigs I'm blame sure they do be, an' me rules says 'Pigs, Franklin to Westcote, 30 cints each'."

"You poor ignorant foreigner!" Morehouse fumed, "That means common pigs, not guinea pigs!"

"Pigs is pigs," Flannery declared firmly. "The nationality of the pig creates no differentiality in the rate, Misther Morehouse."

"It's an outrage!" Morehouse shouted, "Your president shall hear of this! Keep the pigs until you are ready to take 50 cents, but, by George, sir, if one hair of those pigs' heads is harmed, I'll

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To meet an increasing demand, "Pigs Is Pigs" is to be re-issued this month, in new binding.

have the law on you." He stalked out. Flannery carefully lifted the soap box from the counter. He was not worried. He felt the peace that comes to a faithful servant.

Mr. Morehouse went home raging. His boy, who had been awaiting the guinea pigs, knew better than to ask for them.

"Where's the ink?" Morehouse shouted at his wife as soon as his foot was across the doorsill. "I'll settle that crazy Irishman. When they get this letter, he'll hunt another job."

A week later Mr. Morehouse received a reply: "We are in receipt of your letter regarding rate on guinea pigs between Franklin and Westcote, addressed to the president of this company. All claims for overcharge should be addressed to the Claims Department."

Mr. Morehouse wrote the Claims Department six pages of choice sarcasm and argument. A few weeks later the Claims Department replied: "Your letter, addressed to this Department, subject rate on guinea pigs, rec'd. Our Westcote agent informs us that you refused consignment. You have therefore no claim against this company, and your letter regarding proper rate should be addressed to our Tariff Department."

Mr. Morehouse wrote the Tariff Department, quoting a page or two from the encyclopedia to prove that guinea pigs are not common pigs. With the care that characterizes systematic corporations, the letter was numbered and started through the regular channels, with all pertinent papers pinned thereto.

The head of the Tariff Department put his feet on his desk and yawned. He looked through the papers carelessly. "Miss Kane," he said, "Take this letter: 'Agent, Westcote, N. J. Please advise why consignment referred to in attached papers was refused domestic pet rates'."

He looked at the papers again. "Huh! guinea pigs!" he said. "Probably starved to death by this time. Add this: 'Give condition of consignment at present'."

When Mike Flannery received the letter he scratched his head. "Give prisint condition," he repeated thoughtfully. "Now what do thim clerks be wantin' to know? Thim pigs do be in good health, so far as I know, but I niver was no veternairy surgeon. Mebbe thim clerks wants me to call in the pig docther an' have their pulses took."

To be sure his report would be up to date, Flannery looked into the cage. "Mr. Morgan, Head of Tariff Department," he wrote. "Why do I say dago pigs is pigs because they is pigs and will be til you say they ain't which is what the rule book says stop jollying me. As to health they are

all well hoping you are the same. P.S. There are eight now, all good eaters. P.S. I paid out $2 for cabbage shall I put in bill for same?"

Morgan, when he received this letter, laughed. He read it again and became serious. "By George!" he said, "Flannery is right, 'pigs is pigs.' I'll have to get authority on this. Meanwhile, Miss Kane, take a letter: 'Agent, Westcote, N. J. Regarding shipment of guinea pigs, File #A6754. Rule 83, General Instruction to Agents, clearly states that agents shall collect from consignee all costs of provender, etc. You will proceed to collect same'."

Flannery received this letter next morning. "*Me* proceed to collect two twinty-foive off Misther Morehouse," he said softly. "I wonder do thim clerks *know* Misther Morehouse?"

Flannery drove the express wagon to Mr. Morehouse's door. "Ah, ha!" Morehouse cried as soon as he saw who it was. "So you've come to your senses at last, have you? Bring the box in."

"I hev no box," said Flannery, coldly. "I hev a bill agin Misther John C. Morehouse for $2.25 for kebbages aten by his dago pigs. Would you wish to pay ut?"

For answer Mr. Morehouse slammed the door in Flannery's face. Flannery looked at the door reproachfully. "I take ut the con*sign*-y don't want to pay for thim kebbages," he said.

Mr. Morgan, head of the Tariff Department, consulted the president. The president was inclined to treat the matter lightly. "What are the rates?" he asked. "Pigs 30 cents, pets 25," said Morgan. "Then of course guinea pigs are pigs," said the president.

"Yes," agreed Morgan, "I look at it that way, too. A thing that can come under two rates is naturally classed as the higher. But *are* guinea pigs pigs? Aren't they rabbits?"

"Come to think of it," said the president, "I believe they are more like rabbits. Sort of halfway station between pig and rabbit. I think the question is: are guinea pigs of the domestic pig family. I'll ask Professor Gordon. Leave the papers with me."

The president wrote to Prof. Gordon. Unfortunately the Professor was in the highest Andes collecting zoological specimens, and the letter was many months in reaching him. The president forgot the guinea pigs, Morgan forgot them, Mr. Morehouse forgot them, but Flannery did not. Half his time now was devoted to them. Long before Prof. Gordon received the president's letter, Morgan received one from Flannery: "About them dago pigs, what shall I do they are great in family life, no race suicide for them, there are 32 now shall I sell them do you take this express office for a menagerie, answer quick."

Morgan telegraphed: "Don't sell pigs."

He then wrote Flannery, calling attention to the fact that the pigs were not company property but were merely being held pending settlement of a rate dispute. Flannery looked at the pigs and sighed. The cage had become too small. He boarded up 20 feet of the rear of the office. He worked with feverish intensity when out on his rounds, for the pigs required most of his time. Some months later, in desperation he seized a sheet of paper and wrote "160" across it and mailed it to Morgan. Morgan returned it asking for explanation. Flannery replied: "Now 160 dago pigs, for heaven's sake let me sell off some, do you want me to go crazy?"

"Sell no pigs," Morgan wired.

Not long after this the president heard from Prof. Gordon. The long and scholarly letter pointed out that the guinea pig was *Cavia aparoea* while the common pig was the genus *Sus* of the family *Suidae*.

"They are not pigs," said the president, decidedly, to Morgan. "The 25-cent rate applies." Morgan made the proper notation on the papers and turned them over to the Auditing Department. The Auditing Department, after the usual delay, wrote Flannery that as he had 160 guinea pigs on hand, the property of consignee, he should deliver them and collect charges at the rate of 25 cents each.

Flannery spent a day counting his charges as he herded them through a narrow opening in their cage. "Audit Dept." he wrote, "There may be was 160 dago pigs once, but I've got even 800 now, shall I collect for 800 or what, how about $64 I paid out for cabbages."

Many letters went back and forth before the Audit Department could understand why the error had been made of billing 160 instead of 800, and still more letters for it to get the meaning of "cabbages."

Flannery was crowded into a few feet at the front of the office now, and two boys were employed constantly attending to the pigs. The day after Flannery had counted them, eight more were added, and by the time the Audit Department gave him authority to collect for 800 he had ceased to attend to the receipt or delivery of goods. He was building galleries around the express office, tier above tier. He had 4064 guinea pigs to care for. More were arriving daily.

Immediately following its authorization the Audit Department sent another letter, but Flannery was too busy to open it. They wrote another, and then telegraphed: "Error in guinea-pig bill. Collect for two guinea pigs, 50 cents. Deliver all to consignee."

Flannery read the telegram and ran all the way to the Morehouse home. At the gate he stopped suddenly. A sign on the porch said "To Let." The house was empty. Flannery ran all the way back to the express office. Sixty-nine pigs had been born during his absence. He ran out again and made feverish inquiries in the village. Mr. Morehouse had not only moved, he had left town. Flannery returned to find that 206 guinea pigs had entered the world since he had left. He wired the Audit Department: "Can't collect consignee has left town address unknown what shall I do?"

A clerk in the Audit Department laughed as he read the telegram: "Flannery must be crazy. He ought to know that the thing to do is return the consignment here." He telegraphed Flannery.

Flannery set to work. The six boys he had engaged set to work. They worked with the haste of desperate men, building cages. Day after day the cages of guinea pigs flowed in a steady stream from Westcote to Franklin. At the end of the week they had shipped 280 cases and the office held 704 more pigs than when they began.

"Stop sending pigs. Warehouse full," came a telegram. Flannery stopped packing only long enough to reply: "Can't stop." On the next train came a company inspector with orders to stop the stream of guinea pigs at all hazards. As his train drew in, he saw a cattle car on the siding. When he reached the express office he saw the express wagon backed up to the door. Six boys were carrying bushel baskets full of guinea pigs from the office and dumping them into the wagon. Inside, Flannery, coat and vest off, was shoveling guinea pigs into baskets with a coal scoop.

He looked up at the inspector with a snort of anger. "Wan wagonload more an' I'll be quit of thim, an' niver will ye catch Mike Flannery wid no more foreign pigs. No, sur! Nixt toime I'll know that pigs of whativer nationality is domestic pets — an go at the lowest rate."

He began shoveling again rapidly. "Rules may be rules, but whin ut comes to live stock, dang the rules. So long as Flannery runs this expriss office pigs is pets, — an' horses is pets — an' lions an' tigers an' Rocky Mountain goats is pets — an' the rate on thim is twinty-foive cints."

He paused long enough for one of the boys to put an empty basket in place. There were only a few guinea pigs left. As he noted the dwindling number his natural habit of looking on the bright side returned.

"Well, annyhow," he said cheerfully, "'tis not so bad as ut might be. What if them dago pigs had been elephants!"

Reader's Choice

Outstanding Articles in the General Magazines for February

The American Magazine

TRADER HULL, by Beverly Smith — The Secretary of State, with his human approach to diplomacy and trade, emerges as a strong force on the side of peace.

"I SENT A LETTER TO MY LOVE," by Thomas Sugrue — America's matrimonial Clubs, run by idealists and racketeers, result in good marriages and heartless swindles for a million correspondents.

CRIME'S LEADING LADY, by J. Edgar Hoover — Kathryn Kelly, a gun moll with Hollywood talent.

WHEN PUBLIC OPINION RUNS OUT ON THE LAW, by John Janney — The crucial bootleg coal situation, a challenge to the brains and good will of America.

THE SKI'S THE LIMIT, by John Kieran — "Snow trains" and department stores help thousands of Americans take a flying jump into a new craze.

WEATHER PROFIT, by Dr. James H. Kimball — The head of the New York Weather Bureau tells how increasingly accurate predictions put money in your pocket.

MY FATHER'S ELEPHANT, by Jean Helm — A Clarence Day-ish article on how Robert Paine, sculptor, built in his yard a huge galleon which never went to sea.

BREAD AND BARTER, by Michael Farr — The story of the Citizens Service Exchange of Richmond, Va., which helped thousands to help themselves.

The American Mercury

THE AMERICAN FUTURE, by H. L. Mencken — A leading critic takes an optimistic view of days to come.

PORTRAIT OF WALTER WINCHELL, by Henry F. Pringle — The evolution of a mediocre vaudeville dancer into the highest-paid retailer of gossip in newspaperdom.

ABORTION: THE $100,000,000 RACKET, by A. J. Rongy — A call for public action on the tragedies and corruption of illegal operations.

CRIME AS A PROFESSION, by Fletcher Pratt — Amateur crime has gone, but the gangs remain as a commentary on our civilization, a social rather than legal problem.

HORSE AND BUGGY DAYS, by Della Lutes — One who has made the American past her province writes a nostalgic piece on the vehicles of yesterday.

ADVENTURES OF A BOOKMAN, by Alan Devoe — Book scouts, vice snoopers, and other strange folk who pass through the doors of the secondhand bookshop.

OREGON'S SECRET LOVE CULT, by Stewart H. Holbrook — A lively account of the late Love Doctor of the Northwest and his assorted harem.

Forum and Century

WHY I AM A PAGAN, by Lin Yutang — The author of *My Country and My People*, brought up a Christian, defends the pagan conception of human dignity.

EVOLUTION'S FREAKS, by Gordon Lawrence — Nature will try anything once, and usually does.

WILL WOMEN ENSLAVE MEN? by Elsa Gidlow — Women, no longer fooled by chivalry, will, if driven "back to the home," use their power to prey on the male. (For an opposite point of view, see "The New Woman Goes Home" in *Scribner's*, cited on page 135.)

KEEP YOUR CONVICTS, by Christopher Rollman — An indictment of American prisons by an employer who will not hire an ex-convict, be he innocent or guilty.

DIVIDENDS AND DEATH, by Malcolm B. Ronald — Do airlines overwork the radio beam because they are more interested in profits than in safety?

Harpers MAGAZINE

THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE, by Hubert Herring — An analysis of the personnel and the spirit of this most important governmental division, with recommendations to the President for a drastic overhauling.

THE BIGGEST THING ON EARTH, by Richard L. Neuberger — A comprehensive description of the Grand Coulee Dam, its geological and engineering history, and its significance.

AS ONE WRITER TO ANOTHER, by I. A. R. Wylie — An amusing essay on writers, their foibles and fictions and why they are overpaid.

WHERE LIFE BEGINS, by George W. Gray — What science has discovered concerning the origin of life and what current research may reveal.

COLLEGE PRESIDENT, by John R. Tunis — Through a fictitious portrait of an intelligent administrator, Mr. Tunis writes a sharp commentary on the state of higher education.

THEY ALSO SERVE, by E. M. Delafield — The "provincial lady" in Leningrad describes the activity — or lack of it — at the Intourist Bureau.

THE END OF SOCIALISM IN RUSSIA, by Max Eastman — Penetrating observations on the Stalin régime and its failure to achieve a classless society.

GERMANY'S HIDDEN CRISIS, by Willson Woodside — The tourist sees an outwardly tranquil and efficient nation, but beneath the surface economic troubles reach the boiling point.

Hearst's International Cosmopolitan

LOOK ELEVEN YEARS YOUNGER, by Gelett Burgess — It's your attitude and mannerisms which betray relaxing control. Watch out for that mental slump and those twiddling thumbs.

A THOUSAND AND ONE FIRST NIGHTS, by A. H. Woods — Highlights in the career of a veteran theatrical producer whose skill in picking actors has long been a Broadway legend.

AVIATION IS GOING "UPSTAIRS" IN 1937, by Donald E. Keyhoe — Stratosphere flying has gone beyond the realm of romantic speculation. This year will see momentous doings in the upper air, with manufacturers designing special planes and five airlines beginning joint experiments.

EUGENE O'NEILL, by George Jean Nathan — This "cosmopolite of the month" is no sour and gloomy genius, says his friend, the dramatic critic.

AMERICA AS GOD MADE IT, by Donald Culross Peattie — A plea to save what is left of the wild, not only by encouraging the Government but by doing something about it personally.

THANKS FOR THE BUGGY RIDE, by Dorothy Kilgallen — The woman reporter who flew around the world didn't mind the danger but didn't like the bugs.

DAY AFTER DAY IN COURT, by Judge Jeannette G. Brill — Human incidents in Family Court as seen by a woman magistrate.

Scribner's

THE NEW WOMAN GOES HOME, by Mary Borsodi — An analysis which shows that women have greater economic value to their families at home than in business.

HOW SHALL WE RUN OUR CITIES? by Murray Seasongood — How Cincinnati rose from the worst- to the best-governed city, with other observations on municipal reform.

ANATOMY OF COURAGE, Anonymous — A human-interest narrative of a conquest over crippling disease and family disaster.

TELEVISION IN AMERICA, by Don Wharton — A five-year calendar of the future of television, with an analysis of the business groups and factors involved.

FRUIT TRAMP, by Albert Martin — Working as houseboy in a wealthy home during the rainy season, this itinerant fruit-picker writes amusingly of his two worlds.

ALBUM OF RECOVERY — A pictorial record of new commercial and industrial developments in the United States during the past six years.

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Illustrative Anecdotes—VIII—

A CERTAIN PASTOR mourned over a backslider who had once been a regular attendant in his congregation. He went to the man's home and found him sitting before the open fire. Without saying a word, the minister took the tongs, lifted a glowing coal from the fire and laid it aside on the hearthstone. In silence they watched it die out, whereupon the backslider exclaimed: "You needn't say a single word, sir; I'll be there next Sunday." — *Christian Register*

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Banana on the Cob

A RURAL YOUTH from the Ozarks was taking his first train ride, and when the news man came through acclaiming "chawkluts — bernanners!" the mountain lad invested readily in the latter. On the next round the caller stopped to ask after the qualities of his wares. "Well, Mister, I can't say so bodaciously much for it. In the first place it was mainly all cob; and when I'd throwed that away, what little they was left was bitter and sort of ornery to eat." — Charles Morrow Wilson, *Backwoods America*

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Among Those Present

For 20 years ***Webb Miller*** (p. 91) has been foreign correspondent for the United Press. He has traveled in 41 countries, and received Honorable Mention in the Pulitzer Prize competition for outstanding foreign reporting in the Ethiopian War in 1935. Now General European News Manager for the United Press, he lives in London and is married to an Englishwoman.

Under the caption "Fair Enough," ***Westbrook Pegler*** (p. 61) writes a daily column of highly independent comment and opinion for the N. Y. *World-Telegram* and other Scripps-Howard newspapers. His book *'Taint Right*, containing a collection of some of his best columns, was published last fall.

G. Edward Pendray (p. 58), 35 years old, is by turns publicist, writer, editor and scientific experimenter. After graduating from the University of Wyoming he came to New York and secured an M.A. from Columbia. He has been Science Editor of the N. Y. *Herald Tribune*, Managing Editor of Health News Service, Inc., and Science Editor of *The Literary Digest*. Recently he accepted an executive appointment with the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co. He helped to organize the American Rocket Society, which he served as president for two terms, and of which he is now the secretary.

Winfred Rhoades (p. 1) did newspaper work to put himself through Columbia and then spent two years in the ranch country of the West. Later he was pastor of a Boston church and engaged in social service. He is now doing personality work at the Boston Dispensary. A description of this work appeared in his article, *Introducing the Thought Control Clinic*, which was reprinted from *Mental Hygiene* in the February, '36, issue of The Reader's Digest.

Isabel Ross (p. 102) began her career as a newspaper woman in 1917, when she secured a place on the Toronto *Daily News*. From 1919 until 1933 she was a member of the editorial staff of the N. Y. *Herald Tribune*, and part of that time worked in amicable rivalry with her husband, Bruce Rae, now night city editor of the N. Y. *Times*. Some of the news stories she was assigned to cover were the Hall-Mills murder, the Starr Faithfull case, and the Lindbergh kidnaping.

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Sixteenth Year MARCH 1937 Vol. 30, No. 179

Light, Like the Sun

Condensed from The Forum

Frances Newton

FATHER was 87 when he died. And I, at 41, had never before seen death, knew nothing of funeral rites. As Father grew older, sometimes when leaving for a trip I would wonder whether I would see him alive again. And I would make my husband miserable by talking of death and "what one did" when it came.

On this point we always argued. My husband believed in cremation. I refused even to think of such an end. It was bad enough to die, without becoming a bonfire, I thought. And I liked the idea of returning to the earth, of enriching the soil and becoming part of nature. Always generous toward another's point of view, my husband finally agreed that some day we would search for a plot in a little country churchyard near-by. But we were content with planning only. We did nothing. The depression came and any expenditures that could be put off were forgotten.

Two years ago we moved to New York. In November I went to be with Father on his birthday. He seemed more alert and active than for years. And then, just as I was leaving to meet my husband, he slipped and fell. The doctors discussed the situation with me frankly. Father's hip was broken. If he recovered at all, he might be an invalid. They warned me in any case I should "make all arrangements."

Fiercely, I set myself against death. I knew what the doctors meant but I was still unwilling to come to grips with the issue and

I wanted to save my own strength to help the frail old man. But by the end of the second week I knew that the time had come to make preparations. So we started out to find a burial plot. All the country churchyards near-by were full or required that only parishioners might rest in them. Only the great city cemeteries were left. We went to one of them.

We were shown ground plans as if we had come to buy a site for a house. It was a cold, wet mid-December day and, as we looked at plots, a feeling of utter horror swept through me. There, in that manufactured park with its ghoulish artificiality, with its interminable monuments to bad taste, wealth and social position, we were planning to place the body of a beautiful and dignified old man, who had lived generously and loved beauty.

"Is there no place where he can be alone, without being crowded like this?" I asked. The young man who was piloting us about shook his head. "This is the most desirable burial ground in the city and it is almost filled."

We passed open graves ready to receive the dead — mounds of rain-drenched earth wet and sodden on the smoke-begrimed snow, with groups of people standing by, waiting. When the young man quoted prices, my heart sank further. I hadn't realized it was so costly to bury one's dead. The only plot I would consider was $1700. Gently, the man reminded me that I was seeing the cemetery under the worst possible conditions, that it was very beautiful when the trees were out, that many of Father's old friends and associates were lying there. But finally, noting my silence, he said, "If I had to do what you are doing today, Mrs. Newton, I would choose cremation." "Never," I said. Then I looked out at that dreadful panorama of soot-stained stones. "Tell me about it," I asked.

"I think it would be better if you went to our crematory," he said. "You might find there what you miss here." So we crossed the city and came to a small Gothic chapel, friendly and unpretentious, standing at the gate of a cemetery. My husband explained to the verger in charge that we wanted to learn about cremation, what actually happened. "Tell me everything," I said. "I can stand what I know. It's what I don't know that frightens me."

The old verger seemed to understand. Inside, we were in a miniature church, capable of holding not more than 50 people. In front of the high altar, in the tiny chancel, lay a catafalque of dark gray stone. There were flowers, and a lovely rose window threw warm colors on the stone

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(The Forum, March, '37)

floor. "The casket is brought in and placed here on the catafalque," explained the verger. "The pall-bearers stand on either side and the usual service for the dead is read. At the words 'earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust' the casket is sprinkled with ashes and with dust. I press this button, and the casket sinks a foot below the floor, leaving only the flowers showing. The priest gives the benediction and the service is over."

"What happens when we go away?" I asked.

He took us into the receiving chamber, beneath the chancel. "When the congregation has left the church," the verger said, "and the doors are locked, a friend of the family accompanies me and the undertaker to this room. I press this lever and the catafalque bearing the casket is lowered. Then we remove the flowers from the casket, for they may not enter the retort. Only the flowers in the hand remain." He paused. "Please go on," I said. "I must know everything. What is the retort?"

We passed into another vaulted room, white like the other. In the center was a small brick structure, with square gilt doors. The verger opened these, revealing an inner door. He raised it and we looked into a long, white-tiled chamber. The verger explained how the casket was placed in the retort, the doors electrically sealed for four hours. "The casket is never opened," he said, "and once cremation is begun, there is no way in which anyone may enter the building. Afterwards the ashes are gathered in the presence of the chief cemetery officials and sealed in a container to be placed in a niche in the chapel or given to the relatives."

I was still not satisfied. "Does it burn?" I asked, "like a bonfire?" Cremation to me meant flames. The thought of flames touching someone I loved, charring his beauty, was insupportable.

The old man asked, "Have you ever looked into the sun?" I nodded. "You know how bright and clear it is?" Again I nodded. "That is what surrounds the body and consumes it," the old man said. "Light, like the sun."

Light, like the sun. A sense of triumph came over me. Sunlight over Father working in his garden. Sunlight on his white head as he sat on the terrace reading. The warmth of sunlight bringing life to growing things, falling benignly on the aging. "When Father's time comes," I told my aching heart, "I shall bring him here."

But as we drove away my husband was not satisfied. "All your life you have wanted burial. You have changed too suddenly. I may have over-influenced you. I

have to leave tonight, but tomorrow I want you to go to an old friend of your father, someone nearer to his own generation, and tell him of your decision."

"But you still feel the same, don't you?" I asked.

"More strongly than ever," he answered. "Burial in modern urban surroundings is even more barbarous than I had realized. And to me there is something monstrous about spending a couple of thousand dollars on a plot of ground and a stone when that same amount would provide a living memorial to your father."

I asked him what he meant.

"Cremation costs $40," he went on. "Why not take the difference and establish a scholarship in his old university; some sort of a revolving loan fund for students? Your father has always believed in youth, has served youth all his life. Why not create a memorial that will be a living influence among those he always tried to help?"

More than anything I had heard, this last suggestion seemed to alleviate the pain the afternoon had brought. But he continued: "These are only my ideas and I don't want you to accept them until you are sure they are yours as well. Go to your father's friend as I suggested. Let him advise you."

I went to the provost of his university, a man kindly and sympathetic, but well aware of the world he was living in. "To me there is no question," he said. "Burial is part of an outworn social order. In building highways, it is often necessary to cleave through some little country cemetery, leaving a few forlorn stones on one side of the road and a few on the other. Or workmen when excavating disturb a skull, a handful of bones, someone's dearly beloved sixty or a hundred years ago. To me that is real desecration. And yet the dead cannot hold back progress. If you and I live out our allotted span, perhaps it will no longer be possible to be buried. Cremation may have become obligatory. And think what all this real estate and stone masonry would mean, translated into scholarships. We could then take care of the brilliant youngsters with brains but little money. The dead, then, would truly enrich the soil."

Father died a week later. I sat beside him for a little while. My plans were made. I could rest for a moment with him. I felt no grief, rather a strange sense of elation, a feeling that all was well with all of us.

The following day they carried him down to the chapel of his university. There in a glory of sunlight and flowers, with his old friends around him, the Episcopal service for the dead was read.

On the drive to the crematory,

we passed the cemetery with its soot-stained stones and snow, its uncovered ugly clay where the earth had been freshly broken, and I had a great singing thankfulness that we were not to lay him there. Inside the little chapel, sunset light gleaming through the windows fell on the slow approach of the casket covered with yellow roses, daffodils and iris. Warmth and color. Light and beauty. No cold brown clay, no stained snow, no shivering people.

"And so we commit his body . . ."

The casket sank out of sight but in the aperture there were flowers, vivid, gay and strong.

And so we left him. Not for me the agony of knowing that his frail body lay in the cold earth. All I knew on the empty journey home was that around the gentle kindly old man there was "Light, like the sun."

Sometime in the autumn, a student, as yet unknown, will be called to the provost's office. There he will be told that his withdrawal is not necessary, that funds are available. Father's memorial does not lie in a mound of earth and a stone. To me, he has not died. For I know the fruits of his labors are being used to help students, such as he was once himself. To these unknown students he is bringing light, like the sun.

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Illustrative Anecdotes — IX —

¶ IN THE EARLY part of the century one of the first captains of the Texas Rangers, Bill McDonald, received a request for a company of Rangers to come to a small town and quell a riot. He answered the call by going himself, and when he got off the train the citizens' committee protested vigorously. "We wanted a company, not one Ranger," they insisted.

"Well, you ain't got but one mob, have you?" he inquired sweetly, and soon order prevailed. — Walter Prescott Webb, *The Texas Rangers*
(Houghton Mifflin)

¶ IN THE EARLY days of the war a company of somewhat unruly Australians were attached to the command of an English officer who wore a monocle — the first one they had ever seen in real life. On their first morning in camp they caricatured their new commander by appearing on parade with the lids of their blacking tins solemnly stuck into their left eyes.

The Englishman took a long, silent look at them. Then he flipped his monocle into the air and deftly caught it in his eye. "Do that, you blighters!" he barked at them, and turned on his heel and walked away — accompanied by a whole-hearted cheer from his new command.

— Clair Price in N. Y. *Times Magazine*

Where Do We Get Our Prejudices?

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

R. L. Duffus

CONSIDER each of the following words for not more than five seconds. Work rapidly, and cross out every word which is more annoying than pleasing, more antagonizing than appealing: Jew, Nordic, Disarmament, Protestant, World Court, Roman Catholic, Foreigner, Japanese, Radical.

The result is that we shall get, not the sober second thought upon which all good citizens are supposed to act, but the emotional impulses upon which, to some degree, we all do act. Next we will ask how the pleasant or unpleasant pictures arose in each individual's mind. We shall see that every word is top-heavy with what we have seen and felt.

This test, in expanded form, was invented by G. B. Watson, of Teachers College, Columbia University. A variation of the test was tried on 1000 persons who already happened to be interested in the discussion of public questions. It is important to remember that they were well above the average in education and intelligence. Here are some of their confessions:

"When I was a little girl," a woman wrote, "someone told me that in all Catholic churches guns were stored, ready at the slightest provocation to be used against Protestants. Since then, some of my best girl friends have been Catholics, but I could never get rid of my first impressions."

A college student found it hard to eliminate the picture of a Catholic as one who "hoped to wade knee-deep in Protestant blood in a religious war."

"I have always had a prejudice against foreigners," another letter ran. "When we went to Massachusetts each summer we would pass farms, now owned by Poles and Italians, which our forefathers owned. This aroused in me an intense dislike of 'foreigners' and 'foreign' countries, which has stuck."

"My childhood," one confession began, "was spent in a community in which lived but one family of Jews — Mr. and Mrs. B., and their son Henry. As we were neighbors Henry and I used to play together until one fatal day. I happened to break one of Mrs. B.'s milk pitchers, for which Henry admonished me and frightened me terribly. . . . I never played with Henry again. In later life I have had many pleasant dealings with Jews and Jewesses. Yet when one mentions the name 'Jew' I am liable to grow angry

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or condemn the Jewish race, for my childhood experience comes to mind." A trivial incident, but a million such trivialities make a mountain of prejudice.

One of the correspondents disliked Spaniards because he had read of Spanish cruelties in the conquest of America. A boy of 12 tied a can to a Mexican's dog, was terribly alarmed when its irate master chased him, and now, as a grown man, still feels "a natural repugnance whenever I see or hear the word 'Mexican'." One woman admits a prejudice against the Negro. She adds, "I don't know why, unless it is because when I was a small child a story was told me of a white girl who was kidnaped by two Negro renegades. The picture, even today, is very vivid to me."

"When the word 'foreigner' is mentioned," another young lady admitted, "I think of Limburger cheese. In grade school an immigrant girl of respectable family sat opposite me. During school hours she continually ate Limburger cheese, keeping a great smelly piece in her desk. I mentioned it to some friends. They laughed and said, 'Oh, well, she's a foreigner'."

In these cases the incidents were *always* brought up by the mention of certain words. One can only guess at the forgotten experiences, each doing its share toward determining our emotional attitudes, that are buried in our subconscious minds. It appears certain that much which our conscious minds seem completely to have forgotten still helps to guide our opinions and our prejudices. And the trail undoubtedly leads back to childhood experiences.

Bruno Lasker has analyzed the results of a questionnaire on race attitude in children. The data seems to indicate that we are not born prejudiced. Nature does not plant in our hearts such convictions as one child expressed: "The Italians are an unclean, sneaking race. The Japs are a stealing, distrustful people."

Children acquire beliefs like this exactly as they acquire their language, their games. They learn from their parents, teachers, companions and, as they grow older, from motion pictures, newspapers, magazines and books. Being human, they learn what isn't so just as thoroughly as what is so and believe it just as firmly. Let a parent manifest race prejudice by word or even a facial expression, and the child will imitate. In school, there is jealousy arising out of competition for marks and honors. The child of the "superior" breed learns that the child of the "inferior" should be kept in his place. Sharp social lines are drawn, and the chasm between black and white, or "American" and "wop," is likely to become

permanent. Even though in a fit of deliberate liberalism we try to bridge it in later life, we frequently cannot. Most of us don't try.

In the City Normal School, Rochester, N. Y., courses were given in the history and culture of a number of races. They proved interesting and enjoyable. Hence the hate-and-fear reactions of the students, when given the Watson test, were abnormally low. Their former racial attitudes had been altered by a little judiciously furnished information.

All this affords a hint as to how our opinions get into us. They are not made by heredity, or produced by accurately digested facts. But what, aside from the natural interest in playing a game, is the use of knowing this? Simply that we may come a little closer to real thinking, the greatest game of all. It is not until we get out such a mental mirror as this test provides, that we realize how far we are from unbiased thought, and how fascinating the thinking process might be made.

I live, let us suppose, in a factory town. A strike is going on. I pass along a certain street and see the strikers brutally knocked about by the police. My emotions are aroused. I become pro-labor. But assume that I take another route and come on a crowd of strikers beating a "scab." In this case, too, my emotions are stirred up, and I may join the Chamber of Commerce. A crude illustration; yet the forces which actually do shape some of our most important beliefs are certainly no less haphazard.

On the theory that masses of people can and do *make up their minds* in a rational and purposeful way democracy rests. But if the line of thought we have been following means anything, nothing of the sort occurs. Remove the lid from a great political upheaval — remove the catchwords and slogans, the verbal insignia of class and occupation — and something like chaos appears beneath.

What is necessary, I take it, is not the abolition of democracy. We need humility, especially among the so-called leaders of opinion. We need tolerance — tolerance that arises from a scientific recognition of the high percentage of fallacy and irrationality in our own beliefs. The wisest man at this stage of the world's affairs is he who knows that none of us is wise.

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I have a cure for boredom that never will fail. It is made up of ten rules: Go out among the people and perform one kind act, ten times. — Carrie Chapman Catt

Combatting Early Syphilis

By

John H. Stokes, M.D.

Foreword by
Dr. Thomas Parran

Surgeon-General
U. S. Public Health Service

CONTROL and ultimate extermination of syphilis is the frank objective of the war now being waged by the U. S. Public Health Service and other health authorities throughout the nation. This difficult goal can be attained only by the coöperation of an informed public, alive to the menace of this devastating, highly-prevalent disease. In the following article Dr. John H. Stokes of the University of Pennsylvania, one of the leading syphilologists in the United States, and for many years a consultant of the U. S. Public Health Service, describes the standard medical procedure in the diagnosis and treatment of early syphilis. Dr. Stokes' contribution contains information that is absolutely essential to the success of our campaign; a thoughtful reading of the article should enable the layman to understand what can and must be done by the private physician and his patient in controlling the disease.

SYPHILIS, the wrecker and disabler, ranks high if not actually *first* among the causes of death. Untreated or insufficiently treated, it invades heart and brain, may ravage the nervous system and lay waste the mechanisms of sight and locomotion. It is the great ventriloquist among diseases; in its final stages it may speak from any organ or tissue of the body. And yet this pitiless killer can be brought to heel by modern treatment. Indeed the most encouraging aspect of the stern campaign now being waged against syphilis is the fact that if physician and patient wisely perform their respective functions, cure is all but inevitable.

Quick recognition of *early* syphilis is the hope of the afflicted and the test of the physician's skill. The first sign of the disease is usually an unobtrusive, often painless, moist spot or sore appearing on the genitals or lips, or in the mouth or throat, from 10 to 30 days after exposure. This initial lesion, or chancre, is rarely conspicuous; sometimes it does not appear at all, and in women may be totally out of sight. Fortunate indeed is the patient whose primary warning is so obvious that competent advice is sought at once. Early identification not only makes it possible to stop transmission, but every hour counts toward a cure.

The very moment a person suspects he has syphilis he should go, he *must* go, to a competent doctor. If he knows no such doctor,

let him call the Board of Health, the city or county medical society, or a local hospital, and be told where to find help. Under no circumstances should he apply the salve or take the medicine recommended by a drug clerk or friend; an untreated sore is essential to quick recognition. And lastly, he must not kiss or have sex relations with anyone until he is instructed by his doctor, for in its first stage syphilis is terribly contagious.

A competent physician painstakingly scrutinizes the patient's entire body in a good light, looks in his mouth. Then he asks questions: what, how long, the circumstances? Patient, be truthful here, for your life may depend on it! Tell what you can, for your cure and the safety of others often hinge on this first frank talk. No decent physician will betray you. Trust us.

Putting on rubber gloves the doctor now gets a few drops of serum from the early sore and either sends it to a laboratory or examines it himself if he has a "darkfield" microscope. The spiral germ of syphilis can be seen in a darkfield examination, alive and moving, as dust motes are visible in a sunbeam. The spotting of this corkscrew-shaped organism is the first step in diagnosis, for if the germ can be discovered by darkfield before the blood test becomes positive (of which more presently) infectiousness and transmission can be shut off within a few hours, and cure is a matter of nearly 100 percent certainty.

But even expert examination may not find the syphilis germ the first time; possibly several attempts must be made. Perhaps if examination is delayed the sore disappears. If this occurs, do not be lulled into a feeling of false security, for trifling beginnings in syphilis often have the gravest consequences. Other signs must be looked for, other tests made — prime among which is a blood examination, usually a Wassermann test, based on the fact that a syphilitic infection is accompanied by changes in the blood serum which identify (within very narrow limits of error) the presence of the disease.* Such a test must be taken repeatedly during the early days or weeks before the patient is dismissed.

So useful is this Wassermann test that it has tended to become the first, and too often the only resort of the doctor in identifying syphilis. Enormously valuable though it is, this test fails us just at the critical time for securing the highest percentage of cures. For a Wassermann test does not "come positive" as we say, until

* The Kahn and Kline tests are simplifications of the original Wassermann procedure, and detect the presence of syphilitic changes in the blood and spinal fluid by producing a precipitate that is visible to the eye or microscope.

the 10th to 12th day after the first sore, and when it *does* become positive, the chance of cure has already been diminished. Lucky is the person who, though proved to have the germ by darkfield, still has a "negative" blood. For he, the sero-negative primary case, has 86 to 90 chances of cure, while a later case has only from 60 to 80 percent.

When the laboratory reports come in, the patient asks inevitably, "Doctor, can I be cured?" An honest answer is, "Yes, up to 80 or 90 percent certainty, if you have the determination to play the game according to the rules." *First rule:* put treatment before every other obligation; stick; be regular, no excuses, no letdown, no crying off. Second, expect to see the thing through on faith, for so quickly do signs and symptoms vanish that you will soon be inclined to think that you are out of danger. But remember this: syphilis is the greatest relapser of all diseases! Treatment to prevent relapse is carried through on a schedule based on enormous medical experience, sifted to the bottom in the last 10 years, so do not constitute yourself as a judge of your own cure. Only your doctor has the knowledge and the right to tell you when your treatments may stop.

If you are a woman you have a better chance for a mild course of the disease than a man. Syphilis is chivalrous, but left-handedly so, for it may strike at you through your unborn child, which is brought into intimate contact with the infection. But we can control your infectiousness, if you will let us treat you through your pregnancy. Conceive only when we say you may; treat moderately for the disease as soon as you know you are pregnant, or at least before the fifth month — and you have a 90 percent chance, plus, of having a well baby. Have a blood test, whether your doctor or anyone else thinks you need it or not! Don't hunt up an abortionist if, having syphilis, you find you are pregnant. Pregnancy makes syphilis milder, is actually treatment for it; and the child, if you are treated even a little, may be born healthy, 70 to 90 chances in a hundred. Even if it has the disease it can be successfully treated.

Now you have the facts from your doctor. You find, heaving a deep breath, that you are not in Hell's caldron after all, but still a hopeful, aspiring being, rallying to the determination to get well. What is ahead of you, and what principles shall guide you?

Early syphilis should be treated on one of two definite schedules, known as the American "continuous" and the Danish-British "intermittent," each of which specifies the dosage of the essential drugs, and the times to give them, together with the necessary

tests, all with the accuracy of a pilot's chart. These schedules are the result of a world-wide survey by a League of Nations Commission, and the United States Public Health Service coöperating with a group of American clinics and authorities. In the United States, the American continuous treatment has the weight of a large body of evidence in its favor, so let us confine our discussion to this system, which goes on week after week for approximately 65 weeks and gives top-notch curative results.

In treating early syphilis today two drugs, arsphenamine and bismuth, are used in alternation. The arsphenamines are yellowish powders which must be dissolved in specially purified water, and then injected *very slowly* into a vein, usually in the bend of the arm. An injection hurts little or not at all. The drug circulates to various organs which change it into compounds that destroy the spiral germs of syphilis outright and with astonishing rapidity. This yellow liquid which goes so painlessly into your vein is a refinement of Paul Ehrlich's "606," an arsenical compound introduced in 1910 that brought new hope, meaning and method into the treatment of syphilis. Today the arsphenamines will control your infectiousness, bring about your cure, and *nothing else but arsphenamine and its derivatives will do it.* In an early case usually 30 to 40 of these treatments are required, given in courses which alternate without lapses or rests with those of bismuth. The old days of treating syphilis with mercury pills and other medicines by mouth are gone for good.

Bismuth, the second drug used in the treatment of syphilis, has largely displaced the comparatively poisonous mercury, with less relapse and more cure, and less trouble from complications, especially of the kidney. Bismuth today is safely and effectively given in only one way — in a suspension or solution injected through a 2½-inch needle into the muscle of the buttocks. It is given once every five or seven days, alternating with the arsphenamine injections in the arm; in the average case the schedule calls for 60 of these bismuth "hip" treatments.

Don't be thrown into a panic over any of this treatment, or even by an uncomfortable reaction — a little nausea or headache. Real drugs must cause some flurry if they are to work, and an experienced physician can find a way around every complication. Composure on your part helps, directly and powerfully. The first four hip treatments may make you a little stiff, but if your doctor will take time to massage, deeply and firmly, for two or three minutes over the spot, the treatment is not even a nuisance.

Sometime between the sixth and 12th month of treatment, a spinal fluid examination should be made, because only in this way can the great group of nervous diseases, including locomotor ataxia and general paralysis, be recognized and cured or arrested before they have established themselves in the nervous tissues. If the fluid that surrounds the brain and spinal cord is examined thus early, it is solemn truth that much blindness, chairbound crippling, and practically all insanity due to the disease could be utterly stamped out. Here again, the procedure in competent hands is safe, the reactions are few and insignificant. But the information gained from the standard tests on spinal fluid by a competent laboratory is absolutely priceless; if the result is negative, or normal, it is a legitimate excuse for the most heartfelt "Thank God!" the doctor and patient ever uttered. Consoling, too, is the fact that a negative spinal fluid, after standard early treatment, almost never becomes positive or abnormal.

The worst that can happen after a spinal fluid examination is a one in 10 chance of a headache that may make you lie down (it stops at once on doing so) for a few hours.

You may have unconsciously exposed other persons before you knew you had the disease. The wise course here is to insist upon a full investigation of everyone involved, and this means blood tests, at least. If possible, bring to the doctor for treatment the person who gave it to you. Sweat your memory until it yields all the facts; you will be protected and so will he or she. We want to stop this disease, not punish or pass moral judgments.

For yourself, remember that time and treatment control infectiousness, and *nothing else does.* After 20 treatments in the arm and 20 in the hip, rarely is there relapse or infectiousness — after 18 months' treatment, almost none at all, if treatment has been steady, regular, uneventful. You are entitled to know that you may hope to marry, but hardly within two years, better after three or four, and always under direction of your doctor, with fair play to the partner as to knowledge of the facts, and with control of pregnancy.

What of the patient who cannot afford the services of a private physician? Shall he be barred from the possibilities of a cure? If a patient is honestly unable to pay for private treatment, he can secure skillful medical attention from the clinics operated by his community or attached to his local hospital. If possible, he pays a small fee; if he is wholly without money, drugs and medical service cost him nothing. Even under our present system of public clinics, admittedly inadequate and destined

for complete reorganization in the near future, no citizen can plead poverty as an excuse for avoiding the personal and social responsibility of "taking the cure."

In the general testing of bloods by an aroused public and medical profession in the days to come, a vast number of persons will be found to have an infection of which they were never aware. For these, and for all others who innocently or through their own action may contract syphilis, I have nothing but reassurance if they will seek out a trustworthy physician. When I say that the modern treatment of syphilis does not fail beyond the inevitable small expectance of mischance in all human affairs, I mean it, man to man and eye to eye. But I must also add that the cure of syphilis and the unclenching of its throttle-grasp on human life and happiness demands from the infected person a fine and enduring exercise of courage and coöperation. From the physician it requires an outgoing humanity and sympathy, and a determination to keep up with the racing special knowledge in this field of medicine. With patient and doctor working shoulder to shoulder, failure is impossible, and syphilis will, we confidently believe, cease to plague the earth.

A NATION-WIDE CAMPAIGN against the scourge of syphilis has just been launched in meetings all over the country. Public health authorities, local welfare organizations, the United States Public Health Service and the American Social Hygiene Association are coöperating. Newspapers, dropping their traditional ban on the mere mention of the word, are giving publicity.

In The Reader's Digest for July, 1936, Dr. Thomas Parran, Director of the U. S. Public Health Service, called for such action and pointed out that one out of 10 American adults are stricken by syphilis, many of them innocently. The object of the present campaign is to wipe out the plague, as has virtually been done in Scandinavia, where, thanks to public health work, there were only 1600 new cases last year.

Doctors can make little headway unless syphilis victims are fully informed, and voluntarily seek medical aid. Hence The Reader's Digest, as its contribution to the campaign of publicity, offers reprints of the foregoing article, at less than actual cost, to welfare agencies, clinics, hospitals, colleges, industrial organizations, Y.M.C.A.'s, women's clubs, or others that may wish to distribute them.

Reprints may be ordered from The Reprint Editor, The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N. Y., *in lots of 100 or more* at the rate of $1 a hundred. Please be sure to enclose remittance with order.

Seattle's One-Man Revolution

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post

Alva Johnston

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YOU TRANSACT business in Seattle today by courtesy of the longshoremen. You exist there by kindness of the longshoremen. Ever since Mayor John F. Dore, the bluntest man in American politics, took office last June, Seattle has been under a sort of martial law by longshoremen and teamsters.

In most industrial cities, there are a variety of unions, each jealous of its own jurisdiction and ready to resist encroachment by other unions — a system which prevents any one or two unions from growing overwhelmingly powerful. But in Seattle, transportation overshadows other activities, and hence the transportation unions — the teamsters and longshoremen — have no rivals. They dominate weaker unions. They have become extremely active in organizing new unions, and their aim is "to make Seattle a 100 percent closed-shop town." The Seattle teamsters formerly claimed jurisdiction over nearly everything on wheels; today they seek to organize everybody in Washington who makes or handles any product that is carried on wheels. The bakers, laundrymen, cleaners and dyers, milkmen, brewers and wholesale-grocery employes, to give a few examples, are all teamsters.

In Seattle the labor machine is enmeshed with the political machine. With their influence over votes, the labor leaders are natural political leaders, and some of them take advantage of their opportunities. The state of Washington forbids the sale of hard liquor by the glass, and so the speakeasy still flourishes in Seattle. It is not necessary to say that where speakeasies exist, they pay for protection. The greatest source of offside political profit, however, is the income from gambling, particularly from slot machines, which are very popular in Seattle. Easy money from graft tends to prejudice the politicians in favor of the *status quo*. So the very strength of the unions is a standpat factor in Seattle.

Instead of seeking to destroy capitalism, Seattle unionism seeks to marry it and settle down, setting up labor-and-capital alliances that have two dominant policies — a soak-the-consumer policy and a kill-the-independent-competitor policy. The principle of the thing is old enough. In earlier days it might have been

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called a ring or trust. The Sherman Act alludes to it as a conspiracy in restraint of trade. In Al Capone's Chicago, it was a racket. Under the Blue Eagle, it was a code. In Seattle it is "a voluntary NRA."

Mayor Dore was first elected mayor in 1932, on an economy platform that he carried out to the letter, cutting his own salary and those of all city employes. The business men of Seattle hailed him as one of the coming men of America, but they gave him only languid support when he came up for re-election in 1934, and he was beaten by the votes of labor. Mr. Dore ran again in 1936, and he made sure of election by quietly lining up labor leaders in his favor. He promised a labor administration, and he has made good. With his usual bluntness he said, "Brother Dave Beck [leader of the teamsters] was the greatest factor in my election, and I am going to pay back my debt to him and the teamsters in the next two years, regardless of what happens." The mayor paid his debt by allowing the teamsters and longshoremen to use their own brand of martial law in Seattle.

Johnny Dore, formerly a leading trial lawyer of the Northwest, belongs to the pitchfork school of oratory. A celebrated roarer and flame thrower of the criminal courts, he carries his obstreperous eloquence into politics. When 500 women marched on the capital of Washington at Olympia, to protest against the price-raising rackets in Seattle, he called them "perfumed, fur-coated hussies," and publicly speculated on the methods by which they obtained their furs. He offered the opinion that they were "addled" and that they ought to stay home and tend to their knitting. He chose the Chamber of Commerce as his forum for predicting the triumph of the closed shop and for allowing labor to carry out its program by violence. "There can't be any such thing as a labor union without coercion," he told them. "The word 'peaceful' and the word 'picketing' don't go together."

An illuminating part of his Chamber of Commerce address was his assertion that the big business men of his state loved the closed shop because it united them with organized labor in price-fixing combinations. "Industry," he said, "wants to be controlled by labor unions." He mentioned the brewers, among others, as delighted to be under union control, because it enabled them to "maintain a price for beer that they would not be able to maintain otherwise." Which is true. You get an undersized glass of beer for a dime in Washington, and no saloon dares to give you more, because it would be declared unfair and picketed. Mayor Dore added that the laundrymen

had an agreement with union labor to fix prices, and that the laundry owners would not give up the agreement for a million dollars. Laundry prices, incidentally, are staggeringly high in Seattle.

Mayor Dore's description of the contentment of certain business interests with the closed-shop and price-fixing arrangement is not overdrawn. Politics, business and labor are all tangled up in a highly capitalistic combination.

The longshoremen have supplied most of the personnel for labor turmoil in Seattle, but the teamsters' organization is even more important. It is possible to protect non-union longshoremen at their work on the piers, but a non-union teamster can always be trailed, caught and disciplined. The longshore strike of 1934 was won in Seattle, Portland and San Francisco because of the support of the teamsters; it was lost in Los Angeles because the ocean-borne freight is there loaded directly into railroad cars, so that there were no teamsters to win the battle for the longshoremen.

In the drive to make Seattle a 100 percent closed-shop town, unusual tactics have been employed. In one case, for example, an organizer said to a Seattle business man: "We want to organize your men."

"That's all right with me," said the employer.

"But they don't want to join the union," said the organizer.

"What can I do about that?" asked the employer.

"Make them," was the reply, followed by an ultimatum that all the employes must join the union in five days, or the employer would be boycotted. The employer happened to be an undertaker; he could not risk having "Unfair" banners borne in his funeral processions or accidents happening to his hearses. So his employes signed up.

Before last June, the picket regarded the law as his enemy. Within the last six months, however, there has been a complete change. To inflict bodily harm on a non-union man is not now considered law-breaking but law-enforcing. The militant union man esteems it not only a privilege but a civic duty to beat up an employe who tries to go through a picket line to his place of business. The attitude of both the federal and local authorities aids in building the theory that the unorganized man is an outlaw and a pariah, who has no rights that an organized man is bound to respect. The union wrecking squad has the status of a posse engaged in helping the authorities to crack down on the common enemy.

When mob picketing started, Seattle experienced only a fraction of the violence that had been

expected. One reason for this is that, when the mob lays siege to a plant or business house, the power of the mob is too manifest to be disputed. Only a man seeking death or a month in a hospital would attempt to pierce the wall of human flesh. After a few sluggings had made this clear, it was enough to keep a skeleton force on duty. The triumph of violence was complete.

It seemed to the rest of the country a little fantastic that the *Post-Intelligencer*, Seattle's only morning newspaper, could be blotted out of existence for three and a half months simply because a Hearst executive had fired a dramatic critic and a photographer. The avowed reason for the strike was that the critic and cameraman had been discharged for activity in organizing the Newspaper Guild. However, it is also true that the *Post-Intelligencer* had been exposing the labor-capital, price-fixing combinations that raised the cost of necessities in Seattle, and that it had been attacking the enormous gambling-machine industry as a source of political graft.

The Seattle Newspaper Guild could not have closed the newspaper without the longshoremen who picketed the plant. Official Seattle gave its support to this stranglehold on the paper. The *Post-Intelligencer* strike was settled by a Hearst capitulation that included the hiring of Franklin D. Roosevelt's young son-in-law, John Boettiger, as new publisher.

The usual "racket" or "voluntary NRA" arrangement in Seattle provides for maintaining prices and preventing any new competitor from opening a business. The policing is done by the union, which boycotts price cutters or new competitors. The system sometimes goes further. In one case, an organizer called a conference of nine business men and made certain demands. He added, "We can make this worth your while. There are 13 concerns in your business. That is too many. If your nine firms will come to terms with us, we will eliminate the other four. How? Simply by making rules compelling them to have so many employes that, with their small businesses, the costs will sink them."

This particular offer was declined, but there has been a high mortality among small firms in highly unionized lines of business. The union organizer dictates to business in other ways. One large supply house, for example, discovered that a trucking firm, which was paid by weight, had been systematically exaggerating the weight of goods delivered. The supply house arranged to have its trucking done by another trucking concern. Labor organizers said "No." They threatened

to boycott both the supply house and the new trucking firm, if any change were made.

Another man who felt the effect of union power was an able executive who was engaged for $350 a month and commission to act as sales manager for a chain of bakeries. His appointment was canceled by a union chief, who said, "If that bakery chain needs a sales manager, we will supply him one of our men." The executive was dropped; the union had no man with training for the position; the head of the bakery chain had to act as his own sales manager.

The end of the world does not appear to be impending in Seattle. Business picked up steadily throughout 1936 until the coastwise shipping strike in November. But many business men say present conditions are curtailing investment. You hear on every side of large industries which intended to build plants in Seattle, but which have canceled their plans pending developments.

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The English Craze for Mice

OVER 1000 people are breeding mice in the British Isles today and scarcely a week passes without a Mouse Show somewhere. So sensational has the craze become that a finely colored, unique specimen is worth up to $750, with stud fees from $50 up.

Prize mice come not only in black and white, but in red, chocolate, blue, cream, black and tan, fawn, lilac or champagne. The perfect mouse should be seven to eight inches long from nose-tip to tail-tip, the tail being about the same length as the body and tapering to an end like a whiplash. Eyes should be large, and the ears erect and wide apart.

Most mice breeders are primarily interested in exhibiting their pets at shows, with the chance of earning $25 to $50 in prizes. Many of the breeders, however, are doctors, who find mice invaluable for testing food values. A mouse's reactions to food closely resemble an infant's, and are much quicker. Tested on a mouse, the effect of a change of nourishment can be seen in an hour, whereas it might not appear in a baby for a week, when grave mischief might have been done. Still another factor in making the raising of mice a "coming industry" is the demand for ladies' coats of mouse skins. About 400 skins go into a full-length coat, which sells for $350.

Mouse breeding is an easy hobby, for mice, unlike rats, have no diseases; and they are cheap to feed. One Mousery fed 3000 mice at a cost of between 50 and 75 cents a day, on oats, raw eggs, milk and bread. But no cheese! —it overheats their blood.—*Adapted from John o'London's Weekly* and *Pearson's*

Flood

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine

Bertram O. Moody

"HELP!"

Out of the darkness perhaps 10 feet away came the cry. A second later it sounded again, fainter, farther away downstream, but I could do nothing. A torrent of icy water was flowing over me. I was clinging to the crackling branches of a tree, my body a surfboard straight out in the churning current.

Then out of the maelstrom shot the form of my son, crashing into the branches. Inch by inch we fought the current and at last climbed, stunned and gasping, to the top of the little apple tree.

Twenty minutes before, we had set out in our 16-foot outboard motorboat to pick up marooned folk. The water was almost roof high in places, and rising rapidly. The street lights were out, the houses dark save for an occasional kerosene lamp left burning in a window. The fire siren was wailing out the signal that the dam 20 miles up river had gone. The warning bark of the State Police revolvers echoed from a distance.

"There'll be hell down here before morning!" came a voice from the darkness. "The water's already rising a foot an hour."

"Who's out beyond?" we asked.

"McGrath's the nearest. You might get him. Three more farther out. But you'll never make it."

We looked at each other. Leave a man out beyond with a wall of water from a broken dam due to strike in two or three hours?

"Let's try it!"

Across West Street we hit the current — a rapid, relentless surge of water that sought viciously to jam us against the telephone poles.

McGrath's house came out of the darkness, a single lamp shining from a window, but between him and our boat was a vacant lot 200 feet wide; through this spillway the river was pouring a lashing flood. Would we make it? The motor flung its high-pitched defiance above the roar of the water. Slowly we gained; finally nosed against McGrath's porch.

He took his place in the boat. Again we were in the full current, headed diagonally upstream, but we made no headway. Slowly we were beaten backward. In a moment our boat pushed against the bare branches of an apple tree. For an instant we hung there, motor on full, then an unseen hand turned the boat over as quickly, as easily as one turns the page of a book. In a second it had disap-

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peared in the blackness. My son and I managed to grab an apple tree farther downstream but McGrath was snatched away by the current — never to return.

It was midnight now. How much higher would the water rise? There wasn't much leeway in our slender tree. A light glimmered in a solitary farmhouse half a mile below us in the open fields, now deep under water. Twenty-five feet to the east was the dark form of a garage; beyond that, a house — so close we were to safety. I dropped a tentative foot into the water; the current pulled so hard I was nearly thrown off my balance. No escape in that direction! Fifty feet upstream was the row of telephone poles that marked the highway. Only two days ago I had driven my car along that road and now it was the spillway of a mighty flood.

Ice water dripped from our clothes. We moved together and wrapped our coats about us for what little warmth there might be. Great waves of trembling shook us from head to foot. The boy spoke: "This doesn't look too good, does it?"

"No," said I, "but we're still here and if the tree goes, maybe we can grab a barn or something. Anyhow, we're together."

I prayed silently — just what I don't remember, except that in it were my wife at home and the younger boy who was waiting on the shore for us to bring back another load of refugees. Then we yelled for help. Not that we expected to be rescued for we knew no small craft could reach us, and our boat had been the largest on that side of the river. But it did us a world of good. Gradually the heat of our bodies warmed our clothing, and we stopped shivering.

Hours passed. The boy spoke: "It's lucky for Mother and Lincoln you've got your life insurance, Dad. They'll need it now. And there's $500 on my accident policy." He looked off across the raging waters.

"And five thousand extra on my accident policy," I replied, "but I'm not ready to cash in on it yet."

Débris shot by us with ever-increasing speed as the water rose. Once a log shot into the lower branches and lodged there. The steady roar of the water numbed our ears and beat into our brains. What would we give for a moment of silence! At about two o'clock there was the sound of cracking timbers upstream — a ripping, crashing sound as of something in agony. McGrath's barn was going. It broke away from the house and moved part way across the road.

Rain fell in fitful sheets. Far downstream a venturesome photographer was taking pictures, the white flashes dotting the darkness. The cold settled in our bones.

We noticed that the near-by

garage diverted the water sidewise, making an eddying current with slack water in between. If we had to jump, perhaps we could take advantage of that. It was a long chance, but we studied its possibilities. It was something to talk about.

At about four o'clock a huge floating object hit our tree with a resounding thump. It cracked ominously. "Time to go." I leaned out to break away the small branches so that we could make a clean jump. At that instant the garage moved majestically downstream, past our tree and into the night without a sound. In its place was a broad stream of foaming water.

The river was rising rapidly now. Our feet splashed in the water. Suddenly our tree cracked and fell over, hurling us into the icy torrent. We both managed to grab the log that had lodged in the tree just before we shot downstream in a smother of churning foam. We kicked toward the shore lustily. What a relief to be doing something after the long night! There was no sense of motion now. We were in a mad current but everything was drifting with us. Our cold-numbed legs went through the motions of swimming, but slowly now, like a frog in early spring. I knew we couldn't last much longer.

Then out of the darkness there loomed a black object on the water. It was the side of a cottage. We scrambled aboard and attempted to stand up, but it was too much for our numbed legs; we staggered about, falling down again and again, only to pick each other up.

By this time it was daylight and we could see land a quarter of a mile away. We yelled for help with renewed hope. Suddenly around a bend we sighted a large rowboat manned with eight oars . . .

There is little more to tell. When the boat landed us I inquired about my younger son and found him near-by — a tired, white-faced boy, just about to start for home, God pity him, to tell his mother that his dad and older brother had gone downstream in the night and would never return.

Give me a newborn child, and in ten years I can have him so scared he'll never dare to lift his voice above a whisper, or so brave that he'll fear nothing.
— Dr. George A. Dorsey

It's Safer to Go to Work

By

J. C. Furnas

WHEN WORKMEN started building those tremendous bridges across San Francisco Bay, it was common talk that a man would die for every million dollars spent. The first bridge did kill 23. But the second has not killed a single man — because its builders installed the biggest safety net in the world. Ten men have fallen and bounced harmlessly on its stout Manila cordage. The work has gone 15 to 25 percent faster with the men relieved of the ruinous fear of falling.

That is a dramatic instance of what modern safety work can do. The net cost $100,000 to make, but figuring the loss from the accidental death of a skilled workman at $30,000, the Golden Gate net already has some $200,000 in the bank. Many an employer has found in even more emphatic ways that safety pays. U. S. Steel, for instance, has spent $25,000,000 on safety devices and education, and company auditors can prove that this expenditure has saved $117,000,000 in injury charges.

The lion's share of credit in this field goes to the National Safety Council, founded in 1913 when industry was killing some 35,000 men a year. Although the Council was never a one-man movement, its spiritual as well as actual founder was Robert J. Young, an accident-claims attorney for the Illinois Steel Company. Young finally cracked under the strain of personal contact with so many cases of missing hands, mangled feet, scalded flesh, dead fathers of families. Paying damages wouldn't get them off his mind. He couldn't rest until he had cajoled his company into starting the first real safety campaign.

The results achieved by Illinois Steel so startled other plants that U. S. Steel, International Harvester, Link-Belt, and several railroads took up the work. When it became evident that industry needed a clearinghouse for safety information, the National Safety Council was set up. Supported by member industries, its annual budget today approximates half a million. The Council now has a payroll of 125, including statisticians, an art staff to produce its stream of hard-hitting safety posters, and eight traveling secretaries who answer calls for safety help from communities or factories. They are experts in all known safety ideas; every new wrinkle is reported to the Council and put on tap for other industries.

The effect of its campaigning is conclusive. Accidental deaths in industry have been cut to less than

half the 1913 figure. The Western Clock Company, as a typical safety leader, has done over 11 million man-hours of work without a single lost-time accident. A Du Pont plant has rung up over nine million, the United Shoe Machinery Corporation over eight million. The cement industry, once a nightmare for the safety engineer, now has a general record twice as good as the all-industry average.

It's done largely with gadgets. That Golden Gate net is a Gargantuan example. At the other end of the scale is the tiny vial with which a foreman detects deadly carbon monoxide and sewer gas before allowing his crew to enter a manhole. There are shoes with steel toecaps, strong enough to resist falling castings and timbers; rubber, canvas, chrome-tanned leather gloves and sleeves; helmets tough enough to deflect falling tools; carborundum shoe soles to prevent slipping; inch-thick wooden soles for work around acids and caustics; leggings to ward off molten metal; goggles, masks, and respirators to spare human lungs and eyes the tragic effects of dusts and gases. Safety switch-boxes are so constructed that to open the box shuts off the current. Every exposed moving part, in an up-to-date plant, is fitted with elaborate guards, some of which are masterpieces of mechanical ingenuity.

In designing lifesaving gadgets, the safety engineer knows that humans have a monkey-like and suicidal curiosity. In one plant an inquisitive workman wandered into the blacksmith shop during the lunch hour, got to exploring, and caught his sleeve in the only unprotected set of cogs in the whole plant. Only then did he understand the safe-practice recommendations that sleeves be rolled up, trousers guarded with bicycle clips, and long ties tabooed.

Modern industrial methods often deaden the worker's awareness. A man on an assembly belt, giving the same half-turn to the same bolt from whistle to whistle, gets to daydreaming, or sinks into a harassed nervous coma in which only his hands are active. So machinery must be made not only foolproof, but, to use a trade expression, damn-foolproof. The modern dough mixer has folding gates; to open them breaks an electrical contact and stops its whirling. The modern extractor in a laundry has the same arrangement, since its inner drum, perforated to let the water fly out under centrifugal force, will whisk off an intruding hand as neatly as a meat slicer. Electric eyes, guards, and automatic handcuffs have saved many a misplaced hand. Adequate lighting is a vital point. One factory cut injuries 18 percent and repair bills $3000 annually by merely improving the illumination in workrooms.

Safety calls for good housekeeping. Dust is closely watched in flour mills, for when there is too much any stray spark, perhaps from the impact of a steel-nailed shoe on an iron stair, may set off a disastrous explosion. Poisonous fumes must be carried off without reaching human nostrils. Though lead poisoning is a deadly menace in many industrial processes, the Western Electric shop, where cables are sheathed with lead, has never known a single case. The floors are wet-swept every shift, to clean up lead-bearing dust. The melting kettles are equipped with doors which allow no dangerous vapors to escape. Workmen must wash carefully before lunch, lest lead be consumed with their food, and take a shower before going home; street and work clothes are kept in separate lockers.

At this plant safety is not only preached, but required. When a girl objects to wearing goggles — and many of them do on the ground that it gives them an owlish look — the foreman presents her with a small package. "If it doesn't quite match when you want to use it," he remarks, "you can change it for one that does." In the package she finds a staring glass eye. That fetches her every time.

Workers had to be weaned from the philosophy that "accidents will happen," and taught to *want* to be safe. No amount of gadgets and discipline would have caused railroad workers, for example, to reduce their annual toll of accidental deaths from 2871 to 330 — unless the men had caught the safety spirit. Even the simplest operation of railroad work is covered by ironclad safety rules, enforced by the employes themselves. One never steps on the rail while working on track, for example — years of sad experience have taught what happens when a man encumbered with a load catches his toe.

In many industries accident prevention has been put on a competitive basis. Safety contests are entered by small working units under the foremen; winners compete with other winners from larger units for a grand prize. In railroad companies, for example, the superintendent of the winning division gets a highly prized trophy — and the worst division receives a small white elephant. Cement plants hold similar competitions. Now that 112 plants have earned one-year trophies, the industry is instituting the Thousand-Day Club. When a plant is nearing the thousandth day without an accident, a workman who spoils the record is not apt to be popular. Vivid safety dramas are also widely used, driving their grim story home in a way that workers can't forget.

The fight is never won. Every new process, every new machine is a potential source of killing,

crippling or mangling. Nobody can tell till after long operation just where and how it will bite. The banner industries in safety today are those which have large resources for safety experiment — railroads, utilities, steel, motors, cement, petroleum, paper and chemicals. The small operator, with a scanty budget and savage competition, has yet to be effectively reached.

Since 1913 the safety-in-industry movement has saved 250,000 lives and prevented 25,000,000 disabling accidents; accidents that were sure to happen had industry continued along its old trends. When John Smith kisses his wife good-bye and goes to work, his chances of coming home alive, whole and well are just twice as good as they were 25 years ago.

The Super-Candid Camera

An apparatus at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology takes photographs at the unbelievable speed of one millionth of a second. By thus arresting rapid motion, industry can solve many problems. Already hundreds of defects, which never show when the mechanism is at rest, have been spotted in fields ranging from the behavior of spinning machinery to the flexing of an airplane propeller under the complex strains of air resistance and centrifugal force.

High-speed movies of falling drops of glycerin and other liquids gave new light on the surface tension characteristics — an important force in the action of soaps, lubricants and dyes. Studies are being made in the mechanics of athletic skill. Driving tests were made by a player using three golf clubs of different weights. Oddly enough, photographs showed that the lightest club traveled with the highest velocity and gave the greatest impetus to the ball.

This super-speed camera allows no time for the film to stand still for each exposure; it runs continuously. Instead of opening and closing the shutter, the camera is kept open and an intermittent beam of light flashes on the object to be photographed. The camera is operated without darkening the room; the whole period of exposure for a succession of thousands of pictures is less than a second, and in that shred of time the ordinary light of the room is not able to reach any one part of the film sufficiently long enough to affect it. Only the sudden flashes of light — each equal to 40,000 ordinary 50-watt bulbs — carry enough radiant energy to activate the film in such a brief time.

— George W. Gray in *This Week*

The Worth of Beauty

Condensed from Good Housekeeping

James C. Derieux

THERE IS not anywhere, so far as I can learn, a monument to the Rev. John Grimké-Drayton. Yet Mr. Drayton did one of the remarkable bits of work that has been done in this world. About his country home, Magnolia Gardens, near Charleston, S. C., he brought into being such beauty as perhaps no other individual in America has been able to achieve.

Each spring thousands of persons travel hundreds of miles to see the work of this modest clergyman, sick from tuberculosis. In a pre-war edition of his famous travel guide, Baedecker marked but three places in the United States with the double star: the Grand Canyon, Niagara Falls, and Mr. Drayton's garden.

Said John Galsworthy: "Nothing so lovely and wistful, nothing so richly colored, yet so ghostlike, exists, planted by the sons of men. Beyond anything I have ever seen, it is other-worldly. To this day I have seen no garden so beautiful as Magnolia Gardens."

I shall not even attempt to tell of the millions of azalea blooms of many hues; of the stately camellias, a single bush yielding blooms of many colors; of the white and bluish wisteria climbing to the very tops of mighty trees; the roses; the *Magnolia grandiflora;* the live oaks with their eerie draperies of gray moss; the mirroring pools. Acre after acre of rapturous beauty, changing from hour to hour as the sun's angle alters, from week to week as the season advances. There seems no end to the clergyman's desire to make manifest here on earth some hint of the heavenly glimpses that came to his heart.

Last summer an elderly woman leaving Magnolia Gardens said, "This is my fortieth visit here. I come each spring to South Carolina to see Magnolia. It restores my soul."

Another woman said to Mr. C. Norwood Hastie, present owner of the garden and grandson of Mr. Drayton: "My husband, a clergyman, was on the teetering edge of losing his reason when he first came here. Day after day he returned. In the end, his faith returned to him, and his poise. This garden saved him, made it possible for him to continue in his pastorate."

Innumerable persons, afflicted with grief too heavy for them, go to Magnolia to find peace. A man stood looking across one of the

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small lakes at banks of color, at the clear reflections of that color beneath water. Softly he spoke to the woman with him.

"I know now what Heaven is like, and I am content for my child to be there."

Sometimes persons who enter the garden burst into quiet tears. Sometimes they gasp, when they behold the blooms as numerous as the stars, sit down and remain immovable for minutes. There is no record of any person's ever having been ejected from the garden for misconduct. Rarely does one hear loud talking or noisy laughter — no more than in a cathedral. As many as 12,000 persons have entered the garden within a single day — and when night came on, no flowers were missing, no damage of any kind had been done, no litter left. Yet there never are guards on duty.

One day Mr. Hastie himself went out to gather flowers. Twenty persons started toward him. "Stop that!" they demanded. Now when he wishes flowers for his own use, he gathers them before the gates have been opened.

There is many a garden within 50 miles of Magnolia that has been despoiled by visitors. But there is something about Magnolia that puts thievery and all other low conduct out of one's mind. "Dis gyrden ain't fo' sin," is the way an old Negro explains it. "Gawd, He done walk here."

In the heart of every imaginative person resides a desire to be of lasting worth. But what can he do that will survive him? If he has access to a bit of earth, this he can make lovely, and so add immensely to his own satisfaction with life and to the joy of others.

The village in which I now live, Summerville, S. C., is one of several established by the rice planters of the early 19th century. Most of these settlements have pined away, some of them have disappeared, but Summerville is living merrily, though it has no industry to speak of, and is not a trading center. Why did Summerville survive? Because many years ago it had intelligence enough to prohibit the cutting of trees, and its home owners esthetic sense enough to plant wisteria, roses, tea olives, magnolias, azaleas, camellias, and innumerable other flowering trees, vines and bushes. To this day one may not cut a tree in Summerville, though it is in his own yard, without permission of the town authorities. Now the huge wisteria vines spread over the tops of tall trees, roofing the village with heavenly blueness, while the floor of the forest flames in many flower colors.

It is beauty that sustains the community, that brings to it annually hundreds of winter residents, some of whom, having traveled widely, declare it to be America's loveliest forest village.

In a Carolina valley an old woman lives in a small, unpainted house. There is no sign to tell passers-by that here he can buy eggs, butter, milk and vegetables, yet the old woman rarely can supply the demand for them.

"How do people know you have them for sale?" I asked her.

"Well sir, mostly they don't know right off. But when they're drivin' by, they sees my flowers, the brakes go on, and they stop. Then they come in to ask questions, and I tell 'em what I've got."

And so, with the most remarkable front yard within 20 miles as her advertisement, the old woman gets along. The beauty she developed by transplanting flowers from the mountainsides and glens and by obtaining cuttings and bulbs from friends is her sales agent. More, her yard is a contagious beauty spot. Other women are getting flowers from her, and inspiration. Her presence is transforming that whole valley into a more pleasing, more civilized place of abode.

Beauty pays. And if we ever should attain to universal enthusiasm for it, many of our sorest economic problems would dissolve. We then would find more of the satisfaction in activities that are not costly. We would have a standard of living, as distinguished from the standard of spending. And that, after all, may be what we must have before we can climb toward the heights of satisfying life. On those heights dwells serenity, and serenity and beauty are sisters.

The Cardinals' Smoke Signals

Excerpt from The Commentator

THE ELECTION of a Pope rests with the College of Cardinals — 70 Bishops, of diverse nationalities, chosen by former Popes. The Cardinals are locked up in rooms at the Vatican until, by successive secret ballots, a majority vote is obtained. After each voting the ballots are burned in a stove, the chimney of which is eagerly watched by the crowds waiting in front of St. Peter's. If the vote is indecisive, damp straw is mixed with the ballots and a black cloud of smoke comes from the chimney. When a decision is reached, dry straw is used and the resulting light smoke informs the crowd that the election is over. — P. W. Wilson

The Amazing Mr. Means

Condensed from The American Magazine

J. Edgar Hoover
with Courtney Ryley Cooper

EVEN PRISON has not divorced Gaston B. Means, the most amazing figure in contemporary criminal history, from his fraudulent activities. He keeps sending me offers to solve whatever mystery confronts the Federal Bureau of Investigation — if he can only get out for a while. We regard him as the greatest faker of all time. Accusations against him, proved and unproved, run all the way from murder and will forgery to the supreme fraud by which he obtained $104,000 on his promise to restore the Lindbergh baby.

Means was the son of a reputable lawyer of Concord, North Carolina. He graduated from the University in 1903, became a schoolteacher, and then a traveling salesman. About 1911, he talked himself into a job with a New York detective agency. His qualifications were largely self-manufactured. Once assigned to a case, he would do little work other than mental gymnastics. His report would create so many clues, direct so much suspicion into divergent channels, that either his story had to be accepted or a crew of detectives assigned to untangling it. His stories were regarded as examples of efficient investigation. His fame spread.

On the eve of the World War, Means was asked to further Germany's cause in the United States. His career for the next three years was filled with plots and counterplots, sensational charges, lost documents, and skulking spies. He discovered "mysteries" that he was hired to solve at a salary of $100 a day. Just when he had really warmed to the task, America went to war and Means became a private detective again.

Soon, however, another big opportunity loomed. The widow of a wealthy lumberman had fallen into the clutches of a European swindler. Her family appealed to the detective agency for which Means worked. He hurried across the ocean, circumvented the villain, brought the widow back to America and assisted her with her business affairs. Then, in an old tin box the widow had given

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(The American Magazine, December, '36)

This is one of a series of absorbing articles currently appearing in The American Magazine, the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation collaborating with Mr. Cooper, whose latest book, *Here's to Crime*, has just been published by Little, Brown.

him, he found a crumpled paper. He summoned the family.

"I've found a new will, which bequeaths practically the whole estate to my client!"

"Is it genuine?" they asked.

"That," said the amazing Mr. Means, "must be investigated."

He summoned a staff which consisted of his brother, his brother's wife, his brother's father-in-law, and his own father-in-law. They investigated and investigated — for two years. Meanwhile, Means gained more and more of a hold on the widow's finances. At last, with practically every cent gone, the widow went to a target range with him one day. He brought her body back, saying she had shot herself. A jury in his home town acquitted him in 15 minutes.

There remained the will, in which Means held a half-interest. It was declared a forgery. A trial of the case went steadily against him. Any other man might have withdrawn as best he could. Not Means. He was determined to prove his high character. So he decided to perform a service for the government. He told high-ranking Army officers a weird story of a trunk crammed with documents obtained from the German spy organization. He would get that trunk. All he asked in return was recognition of his great feat, addressed to the trial judge. An intelligence officer was detailed to go South with Means.

After mysterious comings and goings, Means produced the trunk and suggested that it be sent North intact. Then, with the baggage check, he rushed back to Washington to get that letter of recommendation. He insisted that he had delivered the documents and that the Army should pay its debt. In the midst of the argument, the trunk arrived — but the documents were gone.

Means stormed and strode about. He knew exactly who had done this despicable thing. He would find the scoundrels and recover the papers — that is, he would if only he could get that letter to the judge. But the Army investigated and found that the weight of the trunk when sent was the same as when received. So Means washed his hands of the whole affair.

The forgery case dragged on, but Means did not again enter the jurisdiction of the court. Then came an election, and the head of the detective agency for which the fictioneer had worked was made Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. A gasp ran through the organization when, in October, 1921, we learned that one of our co-workers was to be Gaston B. Means.

Presently word went through the underworld that a man in the Department of Justice could "fix things." Envoys from the bootleg rings sought him out. If they

questioned his authority, Means would suggest a conference at his house. He would arrive, all in a dither, greet his visitor and then inquire of his secretary: "Any calls?"

"Yes. Senator Blank called, and the Attorney General, and the Secretary of State. And the White House."

By the time Means had "answered" his calls, the underworld visitor would be convinced that he really ran the nation.

"You see," he would explain, "I'm a great friend of the President. I know everybody in the Cabinet. And I'm on close terms with the National Committee. Now, the Committee is a little short of funds, so if you'll just pay me so much a barrel, I'll see that you get all the whisky you want."

After paying amounts running into thousands of dollars, the whisky man would wait and wait, while the great Mr. Means was "called" here and there about the country on his official duties, with no time to spend on opening liquor warehouses. Naturally, his "clients" hesitated to make a complaint, but rumors of his activities permeated Washington. Finally, the Attorney General ended Means' mad career as an agent.

The Teapot Dome scandal had just broken and Means immediately turned his dishonor to his own ends. His name flashed across the front pages. He was telling, before a senatorial committee, the "inside story of a crooked administration." He "confessed" to handling tremendous bribes for high administration officials. The country was being sold out, said Gaston Means, and he knew the name and address of every despoiler. The committee asked for documents. He promised to produce them next day. But he came empty-handed, and, when asked for the papers, he said that the sergeants at arms had them. The officers denied it. Means appeared nonplussed. "Strange," he said, "Two sergeants at arms of the Senate appeared at my house last night with this order, and took the documents away with them."

The committee head examined the paper bearing his purported signature. "That's a forgery," he announced.

Means leaped from his chair. "Forgery! I've been tricked by my enemies. I'll run them down if it's the last thing I do."

But Means never got around to it. There were so many other things to do — among them, trying to keep out of the penitentiary. With others, he went on trial for conspiracy to violate the Volstead Law. He gave a weird defense, claiming to be a tool of "higher interests"; but he was sentenced to two years in Atlanta.

We thought we had put Means away where he would cease to bother. Means had a different idea. He began writing me letters, promising, in return for favors, to "solve" a tremendous conspiracy in diamond and whisky smuggling and a dozen other plots. Then he became dangerously ill, and begged to get out so that he could die in the bosom of his family.

While he suffered this approaching death, a woman interested in prison welfare visited Atlanta. Means forgot his illness. Would this woman care to hear the inside facts about the President's death? Thus came into being that horrible hoax, *The Strange Death of President Harding*, which the honest woman who had been victimized repudiated shortly after publication.

Means also repudiated it, somewhat gleefully. He had collected his royalties, and now had found a new set of victims, a group of men in New York interested in alleged subversive Soviet activities. Means, just out of prison, knew all there was to know on that subject. Did they realize that two most dangerous Russian secret agents were in America with $2,000,000 to spend on destruction? If these gentlemen cared to have him make an investigation lasting about six weeks — at $100 a day — he was sure he could bring these two fiends to justice and, furthermore, capture 24 trunks and 11 suitcases full of secret orders, plans, and diaries.

The investigation dragged out for three years. Time after time Means almost got those trunks and suitcases. Once a sponsor paid $25,000 to get the documents from imaginary foes who had held Means prisoner in a mountain cabin. Means got the papers, but, in returning them to New York, the inevitable happened. The dreaded secret agents stole them back again!

The wilder the story became the more his sponsors trusted him, one of them spending his entire life's savings. Finally, Means burst in upon his employers with the news that one of the Russians had murdered the other and that all the documents had been burned. Means told his story with such attention to detail that warrants were actually sworn out against a non-existent killer for a murder that happened only in the imagination of Gaston B. Means. The great sleuth followed the slayer; several times he almost had him. Then suddenly his interest lagged. Colonel Lindbergh's baby had been kidnaped.

Immediately he sought several rich men and told them of a strange coincidence. A former Atlanta convict had approached him in a speakeasy and asked him to take part in the kidnaping. He had refused, but he knew the whereabouts of the baby. Perhaps he could es-

tablish contact. While the rich men pondered, Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean sent for Means and, without knowing of his claims, told him that since he was a crook and knew the underworld, he should be of assistance in finding the baby. Means set forth at once to "contact the kidnaper." Back he came, announcing that the baby-stealers wanted $100,000.

Then began a fabulous chase. Following his usual pattern, he worked with a confederate who telephoned Mrs. McLean from time to time, telling of his difficulties. Finally, Means promised to deliver the baby at a southern resort. Mrs. McLean went there. Means appeared with a confederate who posed as "King of the Kidnapers," and who, after mysterious talk and actions, told her how and when the baby would be restored. But nothing happened. The telephone calls began again. By this time everyone was designated by code. Means was No. 27, the King, No. 19; Mrs. McLean, No. 11; the baby was The Book.

Now, it seemed, hijackers were after the baby. Then the King complained that Means had placed two gunmen on his trail. Means said that the King was trying to double-cross him. Finally Means made a demand for $35,000 in addition to the $100,000 he had received plus $4000 expense money. Failing to raise it, Mrs. McLean thought the matter over and demanded that Means return all the money. Hurt, but bowing to the inevitable, Means agreed. He would get it at once. He hurried away — and did not come back. After a time a friend of the McLean family went to Means and demanded the money. Means displayed the greatest surprise: "Didn't Mrs. McLean get it? She must have it. Her messenger met me at the bridge outside Alexandria as I was returning to Washington. He said 'I am Number Eleven.' So what was I to do? I gave him the money."

Only Gaston Means knows where that $104,000 is hidden. Probably with many other thousands he collected in his life of fraud. The Federal Bureau has searched everywhere without success so far, but we have hopes.

Means got 15 years for the Lindbergh hoax, and, from prison, continues his fabulous lies, all with the purpose of creating sympathy. If one wild story fails he can always try another. Nor is he shamed by being called a liar. During his trial for the Lindbergh hoax he testified in his own defense and after he had finished his fantastic tale, he sat down beside me. "Well, Hoover," he asked, "what did you think of that?"

"Gaston," I answered, "it was a pack of lies."

"Well," he said seriously, "you've got to admit it made a whale of a good story!"

Ask Uncle Sam

THE United States Information Service was organized, in 1934, for the relief of a bewildered public that wanted to come to Washington or write to Washington, but its three years of service have proved that just as much information is needed by federal officials. For instance, the service has stopped at least one agency from making a survey which had already been made by another agency.

The service has a staff of 20 persons, and receives between 250 and 300 letters a day. It has all kinds of neat and handy compilations, such as lists of the libraries in the government, the laboratories, or the interpreters and translators. But it also answers unusual questions: a man wants information on clipper ships. A woman wants to copyright a song. Another woman sends a diagram of the sky, indicating two stars which she would like identified. A man wants to know how to seed and graft fruit trees. Still another asks for an auto itinerary that would include the three most-visited national parks.

The only thing the service doesn't give away free is its manual, a loose-leaf book which explains the purposes of every agency of government, the current chiefs, etc., and for which it provides up-to-date supplements. This costs $2.

—Dorothea J. Lewis in *Christian Science Monitor Magazine*

AN ASSORTMENT of films on various subjects is distributed by different federal agencies and is available to anyone willing to pay the cost of transportation to and from Washington. The Department of Agriculture presents the largest collection of pictures, covering livestock subjects, crops and crop diseases, wild animals and birds, insect pests, country life, highways, farm management, forestry and meteorology.

A series of films describing life in the Navy, travel scenes and naval operations is distributed by the Navy. The Bureau of Reclamation has 17 films for public use, ranging from "Apple Time on Yakima Project" to "Settlement on Federal Reclamation Projects." The National Park Service has movies showing the wonders of the parks, such as the popular "Land of Flaming Canyons," in color. Water power, engineering, mining, manufacturing and first aid are covered by Bureau of Mines pictures, and social hygiene and health topics by the U. S. Public Health Service films.

The U. S. Office of Education has compiled a list of these films which it will furnish on request. —U. S. *News*

IN 1933 the U. S. Employment Service was established by the Department of Labor, designed to promote a national system of employment offices. In connection with this work, it is compiling books listing all of the jobs in any large industry, with definitions, requirements, etc., reduced to a common denominator which has been worked out by employers, labor unions and others interested. The

textile, laundry and automobile industries have already been thus catalogued. Every job in the textile industry, for example, has been given an agreed name and a page is devoted to giving the general qualifications required of a prospective holder, the surroundings and hazards, and the relation of this job to others. If a textile employer sends in a request for a workman, the title of the job in question will let every Employment Service officer in the country know exactly what sort of man is needed and will enable him to tell the prospective worker exactly what work will be expected of him if he takes the job. —N. Y. *Times*

CAPE MAY, N. J., has long been a center for the manufacture of gilt-edged family albums. The natives are said to be as expert as Chinese in the manipulation of the chopsticks used to place the gold leaf on the edges of the paper.

In the West Virginia mountains, far off the beaten track, lies Helvetia, where the descendants of Swiss peasants still make cheese from recipes brought over from the Old World.

Alabama mountaineers are still singing hymns brought over by English and Scottish refugees at the time of the restoration of Charles II. The Alabama State Sacred Harp Musical Association keeps the ancient tunes and words alive.

A vast lot of information of this kind has been assembled for the American Guide, soon to be published by the WPA. The Guide has set nearly 6000 persons to reading histories, reminiscing with oldest inhabitants, studying musty manuscripts and digging into garrets to gather unusual facts. Publication of a national guidebook was authorized by President Roosevelt after Connecticut relief authorities, experimenting with a state guide, sold 10,000 copies in two months. The Guide will comprise six volumes. One will give the outstanding historical, geological, cultural and industrial facts about New England. Another will cover most of the Solid South, still another the Pacific Coast, and so on. All will be illustrated with photographs, etchings and maps, and volumes will be sold separately at about half the price of a popular novel.

—Mary Hornaday in *Christian Science Monitor Magazine*

PUBLIC FORUMS — meetings of citizens at which speaker and audience join in a coöperative discussion of important social questions — are definitely on the increase. Of 350 existing forums which have reported their activities to the Office of Education, Department of the Interior, over two thirds have been organized since 1929. Their audiences are estimated at 500,000 people. The Office of Education, believing that the public forum movement is of vital importance to adult education, is aiding in the furtherance of its development by serving as a research organization and a clearinghouse for the exchange of successful experiences.

—Dr. J. W. Studebaker, U. S. Commissioner of Education, in *Christian Science Monitor*

The Charm Business

Condensed from The New Yorker

Margaret Case Harriman

IN THE DAYS of Madame Récamier, du Barry and Lillian Russell, feminine charm appears to have been a mysterious quality. Women born with it rose to glittering heights where they ruled men with no harsher equipment than a pair of violet eyes, the slow movement of a fan, or an inflection of the voice; those born without it went through life that way. All that is changed now, for the mystery has been cleared up — there are three charm schools in New York City, and any woman with $12.50 cash can become a siren in exactly ten weeks.

The charm industry did a gross business of around $7,000,000 last year. While you are reading this, some 515,000 women all over the country are walking around their rooms on tiptoe, making large circles with the arms to promote bodily grace; are learning to break the ice at social affairs by means of the Short Ejaculation ("Lovely party!" "Nice weather!" "Smooth playing!"); and are looking at themselves steadily in their mirrors for ten minutes at a time to discover what flaws remain. So far, only one student has proved unwilling to travel the road to charm all the way. "I have been looking at myself in my mirror steadily for ten minutes a day for the past two weeks," she wrote the school, "and I just can't stand it any longer."

The biggest — about 500,000 pupils — and by far the classiest of the charm schools is the Margery Wilson Institute, Inc., with headquarters at an 11-room apartment on Fifth Avenue, where Miss Wilson lives with her present husband, G. P. Williamson, one child by a former marriage, two Japanese servants, and three secretaries. There is also an office on East 84th Street. Miss Wilson is a small, crisp woman in her early forties, who married when very young and was widowed two years later. A dozen years ago she was an actress; and it was not until she barnstormed the United States and Canada with a moving picture directed and acted by herself that she discovered what she now refers to as the Tricks of Charm. The picture was terrible, but Miss Wilson's appearance in the flesh was invariably a wow. And in Montreal, when on an impulse she discarded her usual speech and addressed the audience in French — not very good French — her listeners stormed her hotel afterward in such numbers that her

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(The New Yorker, January 9, '37)

manager thriftily put up a sign in the lobby informing all comers that a personal interview with Miss Wilson could be obtained for $150. About 50 customers paid the price, listened to Miss Wilson explain how she happened to be so charming, and seemed satisfied. The plan worked so well in other towns that Miss Wilson soon left the stage to open her charm school. In 1934 she married Mr. Williamson, who used to be a broker and is now her business manager.

Mr. Williamson says his wife has taught him to apply the principles of Charm in many practical ways. For instance, he used to be an impatient automobile driver, chafing at every red light. Poise, Miss Wilson reminded him, is a priceless ingredient of Charm; so now, when balked by a red light, Mr. Williamson merely relaxes, sits back in his seat, and says to himself, "What a beautiful shade of red that is." This was his wife's idea, and he says it works well.

Selling charm is largely a mail-order industry — at Mr. Williamson's office 33 employes send out about 70,000 pieces of mail a day, including lessons and pamphlets. Letters involving personal problems are sent to Miss Wilson in a little black bag and she dictates her replies in the hush of her apartment. She still grants personal interviews, for an extra fee.

The mimeographed Lessons in Charm, bound in mauve-and-silver paper embossed with a crest (Miss Wilson confesses direct descent from the Plantagenets), are the principal feature of the Institute. Each pupil receives one a week — in a plain envelope — for ten weeks, and the very first lesson straightens things out for her with a bang by a two-page definition of Charm. "Charm is a rhythm that originates when the spark of beauty is struck," says Miss Wilson in part. "It is the final effect of definite causes!" And, "We know that charm depends upon complete forgetfulness of self — yet, to know your inner self is to know that it merges with all life and therefore takes your mind out to others. Do not worry," the Teacher adds, "if this thought does not seem quite clear to you now." To clear this up, at least partially, the student is instructed in the next paragraph to shut herself in her room at the same time every day, and to repeat her own name in a fairly loud voice for 15 minutes or so. The idea is to convince herself that she is somebody. As Miss Wilson puts it, "You will be calling the fine, free, unafraid, knowing, harmonious nature of you, and this self will answer! There is nothing mysterious about it. It simply means that the real you is splendid, powerful, *glorious!*"

Next, the pupil says the word "mood" three times, pronouncing it "m*ooo*d-d" ("very dis-

tinctly and pitched as low as you can without growling"), and then the word "ice" three times — alternating these ten times before she passes on to the words "Mary," "pie," "fancy," and "three." When she has this down pretty pat, the pupil is instructed to walk around her room on tiptoe, swaying from side to side with a circular movement and saying aloud, "I would like to travel around the world!" making a wide circular gesture that describes the world.

When the pupil has absorbed all ten lessons, she may subscribe to an additional ten lessons ($7.50), entitled "How to Talk with Charm." The main thing about talking with Charm, Miss Wilson says, is to veer off quickly from anything which might involve you or your companion personally. Keep the talk big, keep it general, and — if you get stuck with personalities — keep in mind the useful phrases, "All of that reminds me" and "Speaking of that," with which to steer the conversation away from the subject of yourself or the subject of your companion.

However, the pupil may venture upon an intimate exchange, and still keep the subject impersonal, by infusing the Direct Challenge into her next remark. For instance, there is this sure-fire opening remark to a dinner partner: "Of course, every woman is looking for love — if she is a real woman — but how many men are worth the bother? Where is the real man who could make his mate follow him through the desert, over mountains, to work and starve, to know privation and despair, but to endure it all because of Him? Is that all over forever?" "Each man," Miss Wilson predicts, "will secretly try to prove to you that he is the sort you describe." (I tried this opening remark myself on a recent dinner partner; but when I said, in a low voice without growling, "Is that all over forever?" he said, "I guess it is, at that," and went on eating.)

Direct Challenge is better left out of conversation with a man much older than oneself, as it might startle him. The proper lead is suggested in Lesson IV of "How to Talk with Charm." "How do you do, Mr. Experience? Did you hear the commotion last night?" It doesn't matter whether there *was* any commotion or not, because, as Miss Wilson points out, old people are always hearing noises in the night anyway.

One need not suffer boredom or humiliation to remain charming. Suppose a member of the group with which you are conversing says, "Gershwin has made a fetish of chromatics." This starts a long conversation about music, of which you know, let us say, nothing. Miss Wilson winds up

four paragraphs of sample musical talk, from which you have been pretty rigidly excluded, by suggesting "You are tired of music now and would like to talk about houses." What do you do? Simply wait until "a cynic present" says, "*Some* music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, other sorts perhaps have power to stir the beast awake." To which you reply quickly, "Which only proves that music is but a form of expression that can be used to express whatever the composer wishes to say with it. The term music is as general as art or food or house. All buildings can be called houses, but each may be a different man's dream." And there you are, talking about houses. The lessons get more and more intellectual as they continue, and to pupils who have "*arrived* in Charm" Miss Wilson offers an Advanced Course dealing with such subjects as Cosmic Consciousness and The Unconscious Demand.

Miss Wilson's leading competitor is Alma Archer of House of Smartness, Inc. Miss Archer—recently described by a newspaper columnist as "the corn-haired dynamo from the Middle West"—came from Galesburg, Ill., and was a buyer for New York department stores before she discovered her career in the Charm business. So it is not surprising that she works with her pupils from the skin, rather than from the soul, outward. In an early Lesson (hers are bound in scarlet and gray) she says strongly, "I want you to look at yourself *in the nude*." A straight-from-the-shoulder talk condemning any false sense of modesty follows. After examining herself closely in the mirror during Lessons III and IV, the pupil is asked to decide whether her figure is Top-Heavy, Stubby Short, Swayback, or otherwise imperfect; whether her nose is Pug, Prominent, Bulbous, etc., and to send this information to Miss Archer on a blank enclosed in the Lessons and entitled "Woman Missing!" She also sends a lock of hair in a little cellophane envelope attached for that purpose to page one of Lesson V. She soon gets back a set of paper dolls representing different types of women, accompanied by colored pictures of dresses, coats, hats and underclothes. The pupil selects the doll nearest her own type, and fits on the dresses to see how *she* would look in a similar getup.

Although her formula for Charm is "50 percent appearance, 40 percent personality, and 10 percent etiquette," Miss Archer does not neglect the ingredients which appear to her less important. At the end of some lessons is appended a list of vows with which pupils are required to keep tryst, and some go pretty deep. I Will Make My Legs Swing Like a

Pendulum, I Will Practice Eating in Front of a Mirror, I Will Try Always to Be in Love, are a few. (Being in love is important, Miss Archer says, because "you will avoid that look of 'hunting' for something.")

House of Smartness has about 10,000 pupils, who pay $30 in easy payments or a few dollars less for cash down, for 20 Lessons (two a week). This includes real samples of dress goods and shoe leather; and the course also offers a complete history of fashion, the textile industry, and sex appeal.

Though marriage with a handsome and wealthy man seems to be the main goal for a woman in Miss Archer's and Miss Wilson's courses, it is not until we come to the weekly lessons sent out by the International Charm Institute (established only four months ago in Rockefeller Center) that we find a definitely sexy point of view about the question of Charm. Does "Kissing" Hold a Man? Does "Not Kissing" Hold a Man? and How to Hold a Man When You Feel He Is Slipping, are a few of the subjects covered. I can't help thinking all this would shock Miss Wilson, who states — in her Advanced Course, too — that a sure way of holding a man is by an appeal to his chivalry, such as asking him to move the piano.

One thing is sternly forbidden pupils; they must not allow their Charm to become standardized. Indeed, all three schools seem a little nervous about the idea of a possible roomful of pupils all making their legs swing like pendulums, all saying "Smooth playing!" "Nice weather!" to one another. Your Charm is Your Own, the Lessons reiterate endlessly.

✥

Come Up for Air

MANY PEOPLE "lose their voices" at the time of an important interview. It seems that emotional tension throws carbon dioxide into the blood. When the success of a conversation or public speech becomes extremely important to an individual, excitement and anxiety overload the blood with poisons. Instantly the lungs demand more oxygen; the result is a suffocated feeling. To counteract this annoyance, first exert all your powers to persuade yourself into a calm state of mind. Then while you are waiting for the appointment, deliberately take long breaths. Get your blood thoroughly oxygenated beforehand. Then when the time comes, intersperse your remarks with pauses. This will give your listener time to hear, and you the chance for another breath of air. Thus you will continue to be oxygenated, have full use of your voice, and get your idea across effectually. — *Good Housekeeping*

Fire and the Heart of Man

Condensed from "Life at the Mermaid"

Sir John Squire

Founder of the London Mercury, eminent literary critic, and author of "Grub Street Nights," "Collected Parodies," etc.

IT WAS 11 o'clock at night, and I was preparing to write an essay when fortunately, or unfortunately, I looked out of my attic window. On the horizon, glowing, reddening, rolling, there was a Fire.

There may be people who, when they see a Fire in the distance, say, "Oh, what a pity! What a waste!" and then go to bed. If such people exist, I am not among them. I ran downstairs and knocked up a neighbor. "There is a Fire. Look!" I said. "By Jove! So there is," he said. "Wait till I put on my boots."

As we walked along the river the glare increased steadily, and when we reached the bridge it was in full view. An enormous factory was blazing away on the edge of the river; the great span of the bridge cut dark across the flames and the glow. A row of silent people were watching. The stars were above them and the velvet dark sky; the river flowed below them; a few hundred yards away great flames and intervolved clouds of smoke poured out of a huge building, the top windows of which were almost intolerably bright. The roof had gone and the pillars of stonework between the windows looked like some ruined Greek temple against a magnificent gold sunset. It was all gold and blue; moving gold, and still, all-embracing blue. There was no sound except when a great stretch of masonry fell in, and then there was a swelling sigh like that which greets the ascent of a rocket at a firework display.

A fireboat took up its position; below and around the Fire lights flashed; hoses were sending rising and falling sprays of water against a blaze that seemed capable of defying all the water in all the seas.

There we stood, watching. Only one sentence did we hear from our awed neighbors. A man took his pipe out of his mouth and said, optimistically, "Nice breeze; it *ought* to fan it along." "Along" meant an enormous oil warehouse and wharf. Overhearing that remark, I told myself the truth. The moral man in me, the citizen, the patriot, were fighting hard for supremacy. I was trying to say to myself: "This may mean ruin to somebody; you ought to pray it should be got under at once." But a still, small voice kept repeating, "Don't be a humbug.

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You *want* this Fire to spread. You want to forget what it all means. You would like to see the next place catch fire, and the next place and the next, for it would be a devil of a great display."

They got it under. Flames gave way to a great smoke; the smoke grew and grew; the brilliant scene faded into the indistinct hue of the starlit night. The mental glow died down; we felt cold and walked toward home. And as we walked, I meditated on the glory of Fire, refreshment for the human spirit and exaltation for the soul. My emotions when looking at it had not been entirely base; I had felt, not merely a sensuous pleasure in the glories of that golden eruption under the blue roof of night, but wonder at the energies we keep under, and the grandeur of man, living amid so much vastness and power, valiantly struggling to cope with things greater than himself, save that they have no souls. And I thought that in the perfect State where everything would be built of fireproof materials, the wise sovereign would set apart beautiful large buildings, made of timber, filled with oil, tar and sugar, surrounded by waste land and fronted by a wide reflecting river, which would periodically be set on fire for the consolation and uplifting of men. I don't want a big Fire made impossible.

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Justice at Night

Condensed from The Spectator

Martha Gellhorn
Author of "The Trouble I've Seen"

+

THE SECONDHAND CAR in which we were touring through the South broke down one night about 30 miles from Columbia, Mississippi. After a period of dark, helpless silence we heard another car banging over the ruts in the road and presently a truck appeared, swaying crazily. It stopped and a man sagged out the side; he had a bottle in one hand, waving it at us.

We explained about the car and asked for a lift. He pulled his head into the truck, consulted the driver and said they'd give us a lift to Columbia later, but first they were going to a lynching and

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if we didn't object to the detour.

We climbed in. The man wiped the neck of the bottle by running his finger around inside it, and offered it to me. "Do you good," he said, "best corn outside Kentucky." It was no time to refuse hospitality. I drank some of the stuff, which tasted like gasoline on fire, and he handed it to my friend Joe, who also drank some and coughed, and they both laughed.

I said timidly, "Who's getting lynched?"

"Some goddam nigger, name of Hyacinth. Got after a white widow woman who owns land down toward Natchez."

"How old is she?" Joe asked.

"Christ, she's so old she ought to of died. She's about 40 or 50." Then he said that Hyacinth was about 19.

"What happened?" Joe said. "How do you know she got raped?"

"She says so," the driver said. "She run down to the next plantation and screamed and said hang that man; and she said it was Hyacinth. She ought to of knowed him; he was working for her sometime back."

"How do you mean; was he a servant?"

"No," the driver said, "he was working on her land, on shares. Most of her croppers moved off by now; she don't give them any keep and they can't make the crop if they don't get nothing to eat all winter. She sure is cruel hard on niggers, that woman."

"Well," Joe said, very gently, "it doesn't look likely to me that a boy of 19 would go after a woman of 40 or 50. Unless she's very beautiful of course."

"Beautiful," the man with the bottle said. "Jees, you ought to see her. They could stick her out in a field and she'd scare the crows to death."

I was puzzled. These men were going to a lynching, but I didn't see that they were blind with anger against the negro or burning to avenge the honor of the nameless widow. Joe whispered to me: "I don't believe the boy did anything to that woman. We can't just sit around and let the man get hung, you know." I felt hot and nervous but I couldn't think of anything to do.

"How many people will be coming? A big crowd?" I asked.

"Yeah. There'll be a lot of folks driving in from all over the county. They been telephoning around all afternoon. Some of the boys gonna spring the jail. That's easy. Sheriff don't plan on holding that nigger till trial time anyhow."

"But," Joe said, this time desperately, "you don't know that he did anything to that woman. You haven't any proof have you?"

"She says he did," the driver said, "that's enough for us. Hell-uva place it'd be if you said white

folks lied and niggers told the truth."

"But you said she didn't give her sharecroppers decent rations. He may have asked for money for food; he may have gotten mad and raised his arm or something that made her think he was going to strike her . . ."

"Lissen, sonny," the man with the bottle said quietly, "this here ain't none of your goddam business."

They were sore, I could see that. They'd come out to get drunk and have a good time and here we were, asking questions and spoiling their fun. They drank, but didn't offer us the bottle any more.

Ahead we could see tail lights. "Here we are," the driver said, and the man with the bottle said, "Attaboy," and laughed and slapped his leg. I saw an enormous tree which stood by itself and had a curious air of usefulness. There were about 50 cars sprawled in the dust and men waiting in groups, laughing, drinking and looking down the road for something to appear.

Presently a line of cars came up the road, stopped, and men poured out of them, not making much noise, apparently knowing what they had to do as if it were something they had practiced often before. Some of these men seemed to be the poorest of white farmers: sharecroppers themselves. Those who directed the show seemed of middle age mostly, householders, heads of families, reliable people. Joe was saying now, "I'd like to kill somebody myself."

Hyacinth was brought in one of the last cars. I heard a man say: "Hurry up before the bastard dies of fright." He had his hands tied and there was a rope around his waist. They dragged him to the great tree; his legs curled under him and his head seemed loose and heavy on his neck. He looked small and far too quiet.

The men gathered around. There was not any decisive noise, no cheering or shouting, but just a steady threatening murmur of determination. The action moved fast, with precision.

A sedan drove up under the tree. Two men climbed on the top quickly. From beneath, a group of men, shoving and pushing, got Hyacinth's limp, thin body up to them. He half lay, half squatted on the car roof. A rope sailed up and over a limb. One of the men on the car roof held the noose end and shook Hyacinth. There were no words, now, only vague instructions, half-spoken. The crowd was still; you could hear the mosquitoes whining.

The other man held something that looked like a great jug over Hyacinth, who shivered suddenly and came to life. His voice rose out of him like something apart, and it hurt one's ears; it was

higher than a voice can be, not human. "Boss," he said, "Boss I didn't do nuthin, don't burn me Boss . . ." The crowd trembled now, stirred by his voice, and there were orders to hurry, what the hell were they waiting for.

The two men held him up and put the noose around his neck. Now he was making a terrible sound, like a dog whimpering. The men jumped from the roof; the car moved forward fast. Hyacinth skidded and fought for an instant to keep his footing. Then he snapped from the back of the car, hung suspended, twirled a little on the rope, with his head fallen sideways. There was a choked sound beside me and it was Joe, crying, sitting there crying with helplessness.

I kept looking at Hyacinth, thinking: it can't have happened. There had been a noise, a sudden guttural sound as of people breathing out a deep breath when the rope carried Hyacinth twisting into the air. Now a man came forward with a burning newspaper. He reached up and the flames licked Hyacinth's feet. He had been soaked in kerosene to make it easier, but the flames didn't take so well at first. Then they got on to his trousers and went shooting up, and there was a hissing sound and I thought a smell. I went away and was sick.

When I came back the cars were going off down the road quietly. And men were calling to each other saying: "So long, Jake . . ." "Hi there, Billy . . ." "See you t'morrow, Sam . . ." Just saying good night to each other and going home.

The driver and the man with the bottle came back to the truck and got in. They seemed in a good frame of mind. The driver said, "Well there won't be no more fresh niggers in these parts for a while. We'll get you to Columbia now. Sorry we hadta keep you waiting."

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Park on the Roof

A NEW TYPE of department store, one block square and one story high, is now springing up in the Far West. The entire roof, including an overhanging balcony which extends out to the sidewalk's edge, is a free parking space. There are separate entrance and exit ramps and an elevator by which the patron gets to the interior of the store. The shopper no longer wastes time and temper trying to park within four or five blocks of the store. This new type of store may help substantially in relieving traffic congestion which now costs hundreds of millions of dollars annually. — *The New Republic*

¶ The strange effects of color on the human mind

Color Schemers

Condensed from Harper's Bazaar

Howard Ketcham
Color engineer, and inventor of "Colorcable"

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"I'M GIVING a dinner party," said a friend, "and I want to make it exciting. Have you any ideas?"

"Try magenta light," I suggested. "Buy three or four 1000-watt lamps and some holders. Put magenta-colored slides over the lamps and plant them around the floor under the furniture. Then turn out all the other lights and see what happens."

The lady gave me an odd look, but apparently thought I knew what I was talking about. The morning after the party she reported the result as "nothing short of a miracle." The soft, flattering glow had made the women look ten years younger — which in itself was enough to call forth unusual gallantries from the men — and had inspired a flow of easy, vivacious conversation. I was not surprised. I've used magenta lights at parties for a long time and I estimate that they equal at least two cocktails.

The influence of color on the human mind is profound. Magenta light has a relaxing, stabilizing effect; violet produces melancholy; yellow stimulates the nervous system. When Alonzo Stagg, football coach at Chicago, fitted out two dressing rooms for his team in 1928 — a blue one for rest and a red one for fight talks, he was using good color psychology, for red is the most intense color and its vibrations are stimulating to brain and pulse.

In the early eighteenth century there was a vogue for blue and purple window glass because it was thought to be healthful. The theory was actually less fantastic than it sounds, for when correctly applied, purple light is a splendid soporific (try it yourself sometime!), while blue calms the nerves and restores vitality. And it is a fact that certain seeds which normally take eight days to sprout in sunlight will develop in two days under blue glass.

From earliest times man has thought of colors as symbols, and has associated them with emotions and thoughts. Red may stand for courage and action, but also

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For other phases of this subject see "Colors for Comfort," The Reader's Digest, February, '37, page 4.

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(Harper's Bazaar, February, '37)

anarchy and carnage. Pure yellow suggests glory, cheerfulness and prosperity, but other shades of yellow suggest cowardice, cheapness and sickness. Purple is the color of heroism and magnificence, or of passion, suffering and mystery. These associations are so deeply rooted in our consciousness that they account for most of the mental effects of color. A highly dramatic illustration of its effect was afforded recently when the city of London, in an effort to reduce the number of suicides from Blackfriar's Bridge, painted that gloomy old structure a bright green. Suicides declined by more than one third. While the green may have cheered some disheartened souls, the improvement may be attributed largely to the elimination of black — traditionally the color of tragedy and death.

Considering the important part that color plays in our lives, it is amazing that so little is known about it. It has never been possible to put in words just what a color looks like. Once Robert Louis Stevenson, in ordering wallpaper from England for his house in Tahiti, wanted a certain pink, but after several attempts had to confess finally that he could not describe it.

Obviously, such a state of affairs could not endure in a mass-production, color-minded age like ours, and now an exact method (called "Colorcable") of measuring and identifying color for industry has been devised. By it the formula for more than 300,000 colors can be transmitted by wire. To create the exact shade represented by any formula, the colorist superimposes two or more colored paper disks on a whirligig like a phonograph turntable. The disks are slit from center to circumference, and the visible portions may be changed according to any given formula. When the disk is set spinning, the colors merge into the exact shade called for by the formula. The new color offerings of the important Paris couturiers were recently cabled by this process to America's largest store in 20 seconds, enabling that firm to sell fabrics in the latest colors seven days ahead of competitors.

However, no amount of standardization will ever eliminate individual and racial color preferences. It would be a mistake, for example, to attempt to sell a red automobile in Japan, where that color is reserved for fire engines and mail trucks. In England one rarely sees a green car because of a superstition that that color is unlucky for vehicles. In China, and throughout the Orient generally, white is the color of mourning. An oil company paid dearly for ignoring this prejudice when it painted all its gas stations white — with the result that the public stayed away in droves.

An important recent innovation in color use is the tinting of concrete motor highways. Exhaustive tests in England's Channel Islands have proved that a concrete road colored marigold or dull orange has at least 40 percent less sun and headlamp glare than an ordinary white road. The British experiments have demonstrated that accidents per mile of colored road are fewer and that pedestrians are far more visible at night. Again, a colored road can easily be followed without watching for signs or route markers. The cost of adding color to concrete is negligible, and a means of preventing fading has at last been discovered.

Publishers might help preserve the reader's eyesight by substituting gray and yellow for the standard black and white page. Black on yellow has the greatest visibility of any color combination, but the contrast is a little too strong for the eyes to cope with for long. A properly grayed ink on a yellow paper would reduce eyestrain and make small newsprint far more legible. Likewise, classrooms might test the combination of black chalk and yellow blackboards. The Benjamin Franklin High School in New York has already installed this equipment.

The newest billiard tables are covered with claret-colored cloth, because it has been found that it leaves less after-image than the old green. Several owners of large sailing yachts are trying out colored sheets which can be instantly identified by the crew, and there is a trend toward light, high-value colors for painting the submerged portions of hulls. The reason is that barnacles gather faster on dark colors than on bright pink, yellow, green or white.

In new transport planes much thought has been lavished on the interior color schemes. Scientifically chosen colors give an illusion of spaciousness; and certain blues and greens, which have a soothing effect, are chosen to combat airsickness. The use of yellow — an emetic color — is avoided throughout.

The color engineer must know that a red handle sells more 10-cent toothbrushes than any other color, while amber is best for 25-cent brushes; that more people will respond to advertising mailed on light red, yellow and green paper, and that plain white has the weakest appeal. He must know that any color containing yellow and red is "warm," and that any color containing blue is "cold" — and how to use them to advantage. Recently a manufacturer near New York redecorated the women's cafeteria in his factory in light blue. The women began to complain that the cafeteria was always chilly, that they had to wear their coats to lunch. The

plant engineer knew that this was impossible because the temperature was thermostatically controlled and was constant throughout the factory. But the complaints continued, and at last a color engineer was called in. He recommended that the baseboards be painted orange and that orange slip covers be placed on the chairs. When this was done, the complaints ceased.

Whether we realize it or not, color can lower our sales resistance, make us feel hot or cold, gloomy or gay. It can affect a man's personality and mental outlook quite as definitely as a sleepless night, a cold in the head, or a good square meal. And, as Grant Allen pointed out in his essay on comparative psychology, "There is no element in our sensuous nature which yields us greater or more varied pleasure than the perception of color."

Mr. Chairman, The Ghost

RECENTLY a Brooklyn executive impressively harangued 500 associates on the subject of inflation. Nobody in the audience knew that the speech had cost him $87.50, and that his purchased eloquence had boosted the wordage total of the Ghostwriters Bureau to the 1,500,000 mark. For four years merchants, sales managers, bankers, doctors and clubwomen have been dropping in at the office at 17 East 19th St., New York, to explain their requirements to a sympathetic listener. For this material they have paid from 1½ to 8 cents a word.

Fred E. Baer, head of the Bureau, began ghosting in France during the war. When fellow-soldiers learned he had worked on newspapers, they asked him to compose their love-letters. Baer turned professional in 1932, as a sideline to his publicity agency. Persons forced to address banquet or radio audiences often become panic-stricken as speech-making day approaches. It's too late to back out, so they rush to the Bureau.

Baer's ghosts have turned out everything from risqué after-dinner speeches for bachelor dinners to pompous tirades on both sides of the political issues of the day. In addition to a staff of office spooks, Baer relies on 127 part-timers who are specialists in their fields. More than a dozen are professors or instructors at Columbia. Others include experts employed by newspapers, and special writers for inspirational talks. About a third of the ghosts are women. With this organization, Baer feels competent to meet almost any demand.

— *News-Week*

¶ What did Roosevelt's re-election mean to 16 million Republican voters—and to the country?

His Excellency's Loyal Opposition

Condensed from Fortune

LAST NOVEMBER this country voted to continue the kind of government which Franklin D. Roosevelt had practiced for four years. And what kind was that? Despite all the campaign talk about Roosevelt's communist and fascist proclivities, it was democratic government, but democratic with a difference. It was not government of the people, by the people, and for the people: it was government *for* the people. And the difference is very great.

When government is conducted of and by the people, its broad policies are established by the people — in talk — through newspapers — by debate among their representatives. When government is conducted *for* the people, its broad policies are established by the government itself. The result is not dictatorship, for the government is democratically elected and can be democratically retired. But neither is the result democracy in the fully self-governing sense.

At the beginning of his first term, under the pressure of impending economic disaster when time was vital, Mr. Roosevelt discarded the process whereby policy was formulated in Congress. He formulated policy himself. Later, and after the necessity had somewhat passed, he continued to formulate policy himself. Mr. Roosevelt, and not Congress nor the general opinion of the nation, determined what the country's policy should be in fundamental matters of economic practice and social purpose. Almost all the principal measures passed during his first term were outlined by the Executive and sent to Congress for more or less compulsory enactment. The kind of government for which Mr. Roosevelt asked endorsement last November was government *for* the people in which policy was formulated not by the mass of the people nor by the representatives of the people but by the people's President.

That the *effect of* the popular vote in 1936 was to endorse that kind of government is proved by the reaction of press and people. Paper after paper, magazine after magazine, broke out into editorials and articles entitled: "Roosevelt's Plans And Purposes," "What Roosevelt Really Is Going To Do." Behind all these articles was the mute assumption that *Mr. Roosevelt's* purposes were the only purposes that mattered: that if

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(Fortune, February, '37)

the country could know Mr. Roosevelt's mind it would know its own future. The country had accepted almost as a matter of course the proposition that its future course will be directed for it by Mr. Roosevelt. Indeed it had so voted.

Precisely where does that vote leave the loyal opposition? It leaves it nowhere. A useful opposition can function only in a country in which the vital decisions are made in the legislature. Wherever in Europe the present general tendency toward executive determination of basic policy has developed, the opposition has sickened and one-party governments have resulted. A Republican opposition hoping to recover its lost estate by its success as an opposition party is wasting its time in a legislative body which does not determine the policy of the nation.

That the great economic interests which formerly found representation in Washington through the Republican party realize this fact is suggested by the circumstance that these interests now tend more and more to represent themselves. They do it in two ways: affirmatively before the executive departments where the vital decisions are now made; and negatively in the courts of law. What used to be called lobbying is now, in another setting, called conference. There is a good deal to be said for the change. Conferences between the President and leaders of industry and banking will undoubtedly grow more frequent as Mr. Roosevelt continues to govern *for* the people. So too will conferences between bankers and the Treasury. Mr. Morgenthau is known to be deeply appreciative of the good opinion of the Wall Street experts and it is quite possible that these gentlemen may have as much to say about Treasury policy by direct conference with a Democratic Secretary as they ever had when they were more directly represented in the government.

The second form of self-representation of the great industrial and financial interests is in the courts. Never before have the courts been associated so closely in the public mind with the struggle of great industries against the government. Never before have the great industries made their entire fight (for lack of any other forum) before the courts.

The concerted attack of the public utilities upon the Public Utility Act of 1935 is a well-known example. About 50 separate actions attacking this law were brought in succession by individual utilities, and the effect was to swamp the government's legal machinery. Newton D. Baker is directing an omnibus suit brought by 19 power companies, including all the important companies in the Southeast, against the TVA

power program. A temporary injunction issued on December 15 brought all new TVA power activities to a standstill. Mr. Baker is also directing a legal campaign against PWA loans and grants for power projects; 52 cases involving 65 local utility projects are now pending in the District of Columbia alone.

Government attorneys complain that such practices have changed the whole attitude toward the law. Previously a law was the law until it was overturned: now a law is not the law until all attempts to overturn it have failed. To this, corporation attorneys reply that the fault is not with them but with the kind of laws which have been coming out of Washington. The truth seems to be that the fault lies neither with the law drafters nor with the law fighters but with a change in the method of government which has made the courts the only effective forum of the opposition.

The bearing of this change of tactics on the Republican outlook is evident. If the interests formerly associated with the Republican party have decided that their only forum is the courts, then the Republican party can hardly hope to function effectively in Congress. Moreover, if the Republican party is now seriously weakened in Washington, it is in even worse straits in the rest of the country. Not a single large city in America is now controlled by a Republican machine — neither Philadelphia, with Penrose and Vare gone, nor Pittsburgh, where the Mellon machine is a shadow, nor Chicago nor Cleveland nor Cincinnati. The Democratic party, even in its most unhappy days, had homes in the hospitable lobbies of the Solid South, in the reeking wigwam of Tammany in New York, and in Mr. Hague's Jersey City, Mr. Pendergast's Kansas City, and Mr. Curley's Boston.

What, then, can the Republicans do? One course would be to do what the Federalists did a hundred years ago. They can disappear.

Whether they *will* disappear, few political prophets will be rash enough to say. Another descent into an economic abyss might, if it came soon enough and were ghastly enough, put a Republican President in office in 1940 or in 1944, for prosperity or lack of it is still the best election argument. Political parties have starved for 12 years and more without dying, but the Republicans' plight is worse than this: in the time of famine their water holes, the city machines, have gone dry.

And it can be argued that the Republicans could do worse than disappear. For if the Republicans liquidate, the Democratic party will split. And if the Democratic party splits the split will run along economic rather than economic-

geographic lines, and then there will be no more Solid South. And if there is no Solid South, the major part of the splitting party will be attracted toward the stronger pole. And with Republicans released from their old allegiance the stronger pole will be the conservative pole. Which would mean that the liberal pole would be a truly liberal pole. And U. S. politics might then quicken with a conservatism that would really conserve, a liberalism that would really liberalize, an opposition that would really oppose. From such a state of affairs there might spring something this country has not yet known in this century: a set of intelligent political principles. These, whether to farmers, clerks, or business men, have in other countries been found useful, and their disappearance dangerous.

Preserving Our History

As our country has grown, so have our official records — our archives. And up till now they have been scattered over Washington in more than 200 depositories, gathering mold and dust and destructive insects. Now the National Archives Building has been completed at a cost of $10,000,000. It is one of the most beautiful and best planned buildings in Washington. Hundreds of tons of records are being moved there for permanent storage.

Before they are placed in the stacks, they are completely fumigated — run on book trucks into a sterilizing vault. Thus all worms and germs are killed; then the dust and mold is removed with a special vacuum cleaner. Temperature, humidity and the chemical content of the air are regulated to prevent deterioration of the stored papers. Among the records are historical movie films presented by the movie industry, with a little theater in which such films may be shown.

At the Constitution Avenue entrance, curved walls of softly blended marbles from six states will hold the simple inscriptions "The Declaration of Independence" and "The Constitution of the United States." And directly below will be enshrined the noblest archives of them all! Murals will depict Thomas Jefferson and his committee submitting the Declaration to the Chairman, John Hancock; and Madison presenting the Constitution to Washington. The grouping tells the beholder that here is the very keystone of his national government. — Louise Belote Dawe in *This Week, N.Y. Herald Tribune*

Bernhardt's Pageant of Death

Condensed from "Leviathan"

William Bolitho

EVERYONE SEES death differently; some as a black ghost; some as a hope; or a bankruptcy, or a dreamless relief. Sarah Bernhardt thought of it as a supreme tragedy to be played in triumph. She planned to make her last appearance on the mortal stage the best of all her parts; for she was an actress, not merely in her trade, but in her soul. Her art was not separated from her; nor to be put off at the end. She wished her public might have pleasure in her going.

Everything was set out as she had directed: the rosewood coffin, lined with white satin, that for years had lumbered with her on all her travels, was waiting in the hall for the final journey. The priest was beside her bed, the moment was near. Before she let herself sink, she went over meticulously the pageant she had planned for her great Exit. Service in the dark little church of St. François de Sales. Then the long route, allegorical of her life, down the stately boulevard Malesherbes, through the crowd of the rich rue Royale; through the long rue de Rivoli, from the Palaces at one end, to the narrow street where housewives would be doing their shopping; a moment's pause beside her own theater; then slowly on, to the City of the Dead, Père Lachaise, there to lie forever in the past.

She could hear below in the street, the reporters, her last critics. And work-girls on their way to the factory asking how she did. Her last House was full; waiting impatiently for her. She felt this, and said, half-impatiently, as if it were an actor who was late, "How long it takes!" How unpunctual is death. Some light through the shutter slats, of a spring sun, comforted her. And with her last breath, she said, "I want flowers, many flowers."

The air was steady and bright, the day they buried her. Three blows of a sexton's staff on the stone pavement of the aisle — signal in France for the raising of the curtain — given as she had appointed as her coffin came through the door. All the first-night crowd was there; all that had a name in fashion, riches, art; following her funeral procession, co-actors in her greatest production. There were the flow-

See also, "Death, Where Is Thy Sting?" The Reader's Digest, August, '34, January, '35, and October, '35.

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ers she had asked; more than she had dreamed of; more than she had ever had for a gala night. They weighted down seven coaches. The Paris streets were her last gallery; crushed on a five-mile route to see Sarah play her final act.

But in spite of the roses that banked over and covered it, as she passed, in a narrow coffin drawn by black, silver-spangled horses, the stage illusion was at last stripped from her, and we knew that we were looking at the funeral of a poor old woman, going to the rest she had well deserved — after 70 years of work in which she had tasted all joys, and known all possible sorrows. It was not the curtain she had planned; it was a greater one; Sarah's last scene touched emotions that never she had in the days of her fresh glories.

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Why Not Adopt More Generally?

AGAINST THE opposition of practically every newspaper and politician in the state, Senator George Norris persuaded Nebraska to adopt a one-house (unicameral) legislature. The benefits he explains thus:

"The outstanding evil of the bicameral system is that it enables politicians to escape responsibility for their official acts. Each house is able to pass the buck to the other, while a conference committee, acting behind closed doors and without any record being made of their votes, really does the dirty work. The most important decisions often are made by five or six men not elected for that particular purpose and whose names usually go unnoticed by the public."

Nebraska's new laws will be made by 43 legislators. They meet every two years, unless called by the governor or themselves to special sessions. However frequently they assemble, they draw only $872.90 a year, reducing the total legislative salary bill about 30 percent, not counting the savings in salaries for clerks, pages, doorkeepers, etc., of a discontinued chamber.

The new unicameral legislators are elected on non-partisan ballots, since party circles for voting straight tickets were taken off Nebraska's ballot two years ago. Each legislator is selected on his own platform.

Nebraska revived the whole unicameral movement. More than half the states have now introduced measures for one-house legislatures, and New York and New Jersey have special commissions studying the subject. — Adapted from *Time* and *The Literary Digest*

Circus Side Lights

Excerpts from "This Way to the Big Show"

Dexter W. Fellows, dean of circus press agents, and Andrew A. Freeman

Heaven lay about me in my infancy, and it took a circular shape. From the moment I entered the great tent until I emerged some hours later I was in Paradise. It was no illusion, no imaginary pleasure. It was authentic bliss, a delirium of delight. And now that I am over 60 I find I still love the circus. I do not go today for the pleasure of reminiscence, to see if I can recapture my childish enthusiasm; I go because the circus draws me, because I want to go.

— William Lyon Phelps

The Wily Elephant

GEORGE DENMAN, for many years in charge of our elephant herd, firmly believed his charges possessed reasoning powers. He told me that one winter at Bridgeport, Conn., bags of feed continued to disappear from the elephant house despite the discharge of a suspected hostler. So Denman secreted himself in the elephant house one night. Soon there was a slight rasping noise — Sammy, a pygmy elephant, was carefully lifting his stake out of the ground, and it had evidently been out before, for it came easily. Carrying the chain with his trunk so it wouldn't rattle on the floor, Sammy delicately picked his way across the 20-foot space to the pile of 100-pound sacks of grain, and picked up a bag of oats. Forced now to drag the chain, he made the return even more cautiously. If ever an elephant walked on tiptoe, carrying his shoes, Sammy did. At last he reached the herd and put down the loot in front of Babylon, our largest elephant. The two got into the bag in a jiffy.

Sammy heard Denman coming and hurriedly shambled back to his place in line. "When I came along," Denman said, "Sammy was leaning against the wall asleep. I prodded him gently, and he wakened with that glassy stare a person has when startled out of deep slumber. But he knew I was on to him, for when I ordered him to open his mouth, he balked. He finally obeyed, and his mouth was stuffed with oats. I walked over to Babylon; he was playing possum too. I had trouble awakening him, and more making him open his mouth. It was full of oats, and he had the empty sack rolled up and packed in with them.

"To punish Babylon, I pulled out a large pair of forceps I had brought with me. He had recently undergone a painful operation, and at sight of the forceps he shut his mouth and cried like a baby. He was so thoroughly frightened he never trespassed again; but Sammy continued to be more trouble than the entire herd."

Laugh, Clown, Laugh

P. T. BARNUM has said that clowns and elephants are the pegs upon which the circus is hung. We have nearly 100 clowns in Ringling Broth-

© 1936, Dexter W. Fellows and Andrew A. Freeman, and published at $3.50 by The Viking Press, 18 E. 48 St., N. Y. C. (All excerpts are from this book unless otherwise indicated.)

ers and Barnum & Bailey, and if we wished, we could double their number overnight by advertising. Most of the applicants would not be professionals, but would be from the regular walks of life, men eager to get away from the humdrum, to show off, to escape their own personalities. Everywhere we go we get requests from newspaper men, bankers, merchants, doctors and others to be permitted to go on for at least one performance as a clown, and we keep several extra costumes on hand for them. Among the best of our "regulars" are a banker, an osteopath, and a patent attorney, who spend their summers trouping with us and their winters at their regular jobs.

(It is of interest to note that no two clowns ever have their faces painted alike. Once a clown finds an original design for his face, he is conceded a sort of moral copyright on the makeup, and no colleague copies it.

—*Francis Beverly Kelley*)

Horse Heroes

THE REAL, though unsung, heroes of the circus are our 450 draft horses. From the time the show goes under canvas about the middle of May, until we close in the South early in November, those horses are never out of harness except for a few hours during afternoon performances and on Sundays — there is no time to remove harness when they are put into cars for the night, or to reharness the following morning. The old-timers among them know when the show plays its last performance of the season, and from the "runs" comes a great chorus of ecstatic whinnyings as they voice their thanks for delivery from harness and the four months of luxurious idleness before them.

Assorted Berths

IT TAKES 26 sleeping cars to carry the personnel of our circus. Stars, managers of departments and executives have staterooms fitted up like miniature apartments and decorated with the owner's own color scheme. Many of them cook their own breakfasts and midnight suppers in kitchenettes equipped with little iceboxes and alcohol stoves. Other performers have berths which are a little wider than those of a regular Pullman — except, of course, midgets and giants.

Harry Earle, the midget, and his three sisters, who were known as the Doll Family, had a stateroom that looked like something out of *Gulliver's Travels*. It had a tiny dining table and chairs, a tinier ironing board which pulled down from the wall, and doll-sized hangers. The sisters slept in an ordinary bed — two one way and one the other — and for a time Harry had the upper berth. But he suffered from insomnia, and his pacing back and forth over their heads kept them awake. Last year he fixed himself a three-foot-square shelf on which he could sleep or walk.

Jack Earle, the Texas Giant, had two berths knocked into one and a specially made 10-foot mattress. When Baby Ruth, the 560-pound Fat Lady, was with the show, she had an extra large berth reinforced with steel.

Germans Pleased to Copy

IT WAS from the circus that the Germans learned the transportation methods that enabled them to strike

so hard and swiftly early in the World War. The first time Barnum & Bailey played Germany, in 1901, the Kaiser, hearing of the remarkable speed with which trains were loaded, asked if a few officers could travel with the circus as observers. The German method of loading a big gun or horses on a freight car was to fill each car separately from the side. Our way was to put connecting iron treads from car to car and roll equipment marked for the first car straight through from the end of the train, with everything following in order. By this method the show could be put on three trains of 22 cars each in an hour. The Germans also learned the advantage of our great cooking wagons — the boilers of which were hot long before they started for the show grounds — over their field kitchens with fires built in the open.

Circus Lovers' Club

A VARIED GROUP of distinguished and influential men wait once a month outside the ballroom door of a famous New York hotel, drawn together by one common enthusiasm — they are circus lovers all. When a brass band strikes up *March of the Gladiators*, they go inside in a body to lunch under a "Big Top" that fills the ballroom. Sideshow banners, photographs, circus posters and mementos hang on the walls of the tent; lunch is served at tables arranged around a sawdust ring from which a barker keeps up a steady flow of patter. There are sideshows and pink lemonade. It is the regular monthly meeting of the Circus Saints and Sinners Club. — *Adapted from Elks Magazine*

At each meeting some man of national prominence is initiated as a "fall guy," and an old down-and-out circus trouper is guest of honor. Lowell Thomas was the first president, and the club's membership includes Theodore Roosevelt, Hendrik van Loon, William Randolph Hearst, Jr., William Beebe, Gene Tunney, Roy Chapman Andrews, Babe Ruth, George M. Cohan, Raymond L. Ditmars, and Tony Sarg, the present president. The club was founded seven years ago, the serious purpose being to collect funds to establish a community for old and indigent circus folk. Mrs. Charles Ringling has offered the Saints and Sinners 20 acres of land in Florida; and Samuel Gompertz, manager of Ringling Brothers, is ready to build and equip ten bungalows as a nucleus.

Circus School

THE ONLY "prep" school for the professional circus is at Manitowoc, Wisc. It started nine years ago when William G. Schultz, for 26 years a world-famous acrobatic clown, returned to his home town and opened up a hot-dog stand. Business flourished, as boys and girls of all ages listened to stories of life under the Big Top, and soon some Boy Scouts in the crowd asked Mr. Schultz to direct a circus for them. This was so successful that a second was given. Then the Scouts asked for space in the Vocational School gymnasium for a special class in clown and acrobatic instruction. Mr. Schultz was bombarded with requests for admission, and it was soon necessary to limit the class. The school's graduates are already swinging their way to the top of their profession in Ringling Brothers

and Barnum & Bailey, and other circuses. — *N. Y. Times*

Present-day school laws, and laws forbidding the appearance of performers in the ring until they are almost old enough to vote, make it very difficult for circus stars to train their youngsters in the circus lore that in the past was handed down from generation to generation in circus families. As a result, many sons and daughters of circus stars today are going in for stenography, medicine, law, and other glamourless pursuits.

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The Unsinkable Mrs. Brown

Condensed from "Timber Line"

Gene Fowler

Former Denver newspaper man; author of "Trumpet in the Dust," "The Great Mouthpiece," etc.

MOLLY TOBIN, who later became "The Unsinkable Mrs. Brown" of the *Titanic*, grew up in a shack in Hannibal, Missouri. At 15, an illiterate tomboy with flaming red pigtails, she ran away from home, traveled by stagecoach to the gold camp at Leadville, Colorado, and went to work as cook and "pot-walloper." Three weeks after her arrival she met and married John J. Brown, called "Leadville Johnny" by intimates at the Saddle Rock Saloon.

Leadville Johnny was 37 years old, as homely as a hippopotamus, unlettered, open-fisted. In less than two months after his marriage to 15-year-old Molly, Leadville Johnny struck pay dirt. He was offered $300,000 *cash* for his claim. He took it, in thousand-dollar bills and rushed home to "the prettiest gal in camp."

"I wanted you to have it," he said. "But you got to hide it."

"Where?" asked Molly.

"You figure that out, honey. It's yours. I'm goin' down to celebrate."

Early next morning he was brought home by two of his intimates, sober enough to make two requests. One was that the "boys" would not disturb his pretty young wife; the other that they fetch some kindling and start a fire.

The boys put him on a bunk, then made a fire. Molly, rousing from deep sleep, sniffed smoke and screamed. She leaped up, scorched her fingers on the stove lids, and delved among the burning sticks,

© 1933, Gene Fowler, and published at $3 by Covici Friede, Inc., 432 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.
"Timber Line" is the story of the old Denver Post in the roistering and stormy days of Bonfils and Tammen.

but it was too late. Of all places, she had hidden the money in the stove, and now her fortune had gone up the flue. She began to sob. Johnny rallied somewhat. When it penetrated his haze that the money had been burned, he sat up and said:

"Don't you worry a bit, honey, I'll get more. Lots more."

Fantastic as it may seem, Leadville Johnny went out that very afternoon and located "The Little Johnny," one of the greatest producers of gold in Colorado history. It is estimated that he took twenty million dollars from this bonanza.

"Nope," he said to the men who had bought his other property, "I won't sell this one."

The meaning of money began to dawn on Molly. The Browns moved "up the hill," where mine owners and bankers had mansions. Leadville Johnny went the limit in building a house for his bride. As a climactic touch, he embedded silver dollars, edge to edge, in the cement floors of every room. But Leadville now was not big enough to hold Molly. She had heard of Denver society, of the gay balls and salons.

"Denver it is, then," said Johnny.

The Browns built a mansion there. Leadville Johnny contemplated paving it with *gold pieces*, but was dissuaded. Still, the new mansion was a show place.

Molly tried hard to get into Denver society. She hired the largest orchestras, gave the costliest balls, drove the finest horses, but met with snobbery. She often attended, uninvited, the social functions of her neighbors. Indeed, she became such a nuisance as a "gate crasher" that the ladies decided to crush her.

As part of a catlike hoax, Molly was solicited to write a dissertation on Denver society. This she did, laboring at a desk inlaid with gold. Her "article" appeared, word for word, in a magazine, and she was proud of it until the whole of the city's upper crust began heaving with merriment. The new author's misspellings, fantastic verbiage and artless philosophies were there for all to see.

At last conscious of her ignorance, and shamed by her social shortcomings, Molly left town. Johnny said he guessed he'd stay home.

"I never knowed how to spell and never claimed to," he said, "and as far as society is concerned, I ain't aimin' that low. Good-bye, honey, and don't forget the name of our bank. It's all yours."

Denver saw nothing of Mrs. Brown for nearly eight years. It was a sensation, then, when she returned to the city, gowned in Parisian creations, and accompanied by two French maids, with whom she conversed fluently in

their native language. Indeed, during seven and a half years in European capitals, she had become proficient in five languages.

There were other surprises for the home-towners. Molly had made friends with the Divine Sarah Bernhardt, had received stage lessons, and even contemplated playing the Bernhardt rôle in *L'Aiglon*. She had received instruction in painting and singing and had appeared with some success in a charity concert in London.

The hardest blow to her critics, however, was the fact that celebrities and titled foreigners made the Brown home their headquarters while visiting Denver.

But despite her education in the polite arts, Molly Brown's real nature was manifest at all times. She permitted herself the luxury of forthright speech, and, if in the mood, cursed like a pit boss.

When Leadville Johnny refused to "gad about" in Europe and elsewhere, they separated. But he never shut her off from his great purse. He still loved and wanted her to have a good time. All he desired for himself was privacy and the privilege of sitting with his shoes off in the parlor.

Mrs. Brown acquired a 70-room house and estate near New York City. She entertained the Astors and other Eastern notables — all of which agonized her Denver scoffers.

In April of 1912, the home town which had refused flatly to receive Molly as a social equal, passionately acclaimed her as its very own celebrity. The *S.S. Titanic* had gone down, and Molly had been its heroine.

Mrs. Brown was 39 when she left Liverpool for New York on the *Titanic's* maiden voyage. Instead of a girlish slimness, she now was ruggedly and generously fleshed. Nevertheless, she still bubbled with vitality.

She sang in the ship's concert and was popular with the traveling notables despite her growing eccentricities. She amused some and terrified others with pistol feats, one of which consisted of tossing grapefruits over the rail and puncturing them before they reached the sea.

Although she spent great sums on clothes, she no longer paid attention to how she wore them. When she traveled, comfort was her primary consideration. So, when Molly decided to take a few turns on deck before retiring, she came from her cabin warmly clad in heavy woolies, with bloomers bought in Switzerland, two jersey petticoats, a plaid cashmere dress, golf stockings, a muff of Russian sables in which she kept her automatic pistol — and over these frost-defying garments she wore a $60,000 chinchilla opera cloak!

If anyone was prepared for collision with an iceberg, Mrs. Brown was that person.

In the history of the tragedy, her name appears as one who knew no fear. She did much to calm the women and children. She refused to enter a lifeboat until crew members literally had to throw her in. Once in the boat however, she seized command. There were only five men aboard, and about 20 women and children.

"Start rowing," she told the men, "and head the bow into the sea."

Keeping an eye on the rowers, she began removing her clothes. With her chinchilla coat she covered three small and shivering children. One by one she divested herself of heroic woolens. She "rationed" her garments to the women who were the oldest or most frail. It was said she presented a fantastic sight in the light of flares, half standing among the terrified passengers, stripped down to her corset, the beloved Swiss bloomers, and the golf stockings.

One of the rowers seemed on the verge of collapse. "My heart," he said.

"Damn your heart!" said Mrs. Brown. "Work those oars."

She herself now took an oar and began to row. She chose a position in the bow, where she could watch her crew. Her pistol was lashed to her waist with a rope. Her hands blistered and began to bleed. She cut strips from her Swiss bloomers and taped her hands. She kept rowing. And swearing.

At times, when the morale of her passengers was at its lowest, she would sing.

"The damned critics say I can't sing," she howled. "Well, just listen to this —"

She sang from various operas — and kept rowing. She told stories. She gave a history of The Little Johnny. She told of the time the $300,000 went up the flue.

"How much is $300,000?" she asked. "I'll tell you. It's nothing. Some of you people — the guy here with the heart trouble that I'm curing with oars — are rich. I'm rich. What in hell of it? You can't wear the Social Register for water wings, can you?"

When they were picked up at sea, and everyone was praising Mrs. Brown, she was asked:

"How did you manage it?"

"Just typical Brown luck," she replied. "I'm unsinkable."

And ever afterward she was known as "The Unsinkable Mrs. Brown."

After that voyage she went in for thrills. She took world tours and explored far places, always meeting adventure halfway. Once she almost perished in a monsoon in the China seas. At another time she was in a hotel fire in Florida. But the Unsinkable one was Unburnable as well. She rescued four women and three children from that fire.

In France she was given a Legion of Honor ribbon, with the

rank of chevalier, in recognition of her charities and her work in establishing a museum for the relics of Sarah Bernhardt.

She now was legally separated from old Leadville Johnny. But still he had not tied the purse strings. Molly could go where she wanted and do what she wanted. It was his way. As for him, he stayed in the parlor with his shoes off, or bent the elbow with old-time pals. The Little Johnny continued to pour out gold as from a cornucopia.

Although her husband was a mine owner, Mrs. Brown always took the side of labor, and sent food, clothing and money to the families of strikers.

During the World War she contributed heavily for the welfare of soldiers, and the Allied nations awarded her all the medals it was possible for a civilian woman to receive. She was recipient of personal congratulations and the thanks of kings and princes.

After the war she took another of her world tours. When reporters met her in New York, she said:

"I'm getting to be more of a lady every day. In Honolulu I learned to play the uke. In Siam I mastered the native dances. In Switzerland I learned how to yodel. Want to hear me?"

And she astonished the customs guards by breaking into Alpine melody.

One day old Leadville Johnny died. In keeping with his character, he *left no will*. There was an unpretty fight now. The Unsinkable Mrs. Brown was left floating with little financial ballast. Her eccentricities were cited; her charities construed as loose business affairs. She was awarded the income on $100,000 annually.

"Just to think," she said with a gay smile, "and I burned up three times that much in one bonfire."

Mrs. Margaret Tobin Brown died in October, 1932. Apoplexy was the cause. She was buried at Hempstead, Long Island, in surroundings that she loved almost as well as she had loved her Colorado hills.

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When happiness or sorrow becomes chronic, then it becomes dangerous. Permanent sorrow is produced by the exaggerated pictures of our imagination; the longer we allow ourselves to dwell in that state the further we drift from reality. Permanent happiness tends to make most people selfish, oblivious of reality, uninterested in anything outside their own happiness.

— Rom Landau, *God Is My Adventure* (Knopf)

¶ Business must take the lead toward "the more abundant life"

A Test for American Business

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine

James Truslow Adams
Historian; author of "The Epic of America," "The March of Democracy," etc.

IT APPEARS to me that big business men, "captains of industry," have reached a definite crisis. Unless they recognize a greater social responsibility, unless they develop statesmanlike qualities, they stand to lose, in a wholly altered pattern of American life, such leadership as they formerly enjoyed. For the social implications of President Roosevelt's increasing majorities in three successive elections are symptoms of the crisis to which America has come.

Fully to understand our present situation we must go back to the past. A powerful force in forming our American civilization has been the American Dream, that dream of a country with ample opportunity for the ordinary man, a land with no barriers of class or permanent privilege, a land in which every man may rise as fast and far as ability or luck may carry him.

Translated into action, the guarantee of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" became the "rugged individualism" of our past. This made for extraordinarily rapid economic development. But with almost every American, big or little, striving to go as far as he could for his private advancement, little attention was paid to the larger social results of his acts.

Those who arrived at the top ceased to bother about privilege, because privilege was to their advantage, but the vast majority, who had not arrived, rebelled about once a generation against the accumulated abuses of the rugged-individualist system. Politically they seized power at regular intervals, until defeated under Bryan in 1896.

These uprisings have come after hard times, but hitherto the resources of our country have been so vast, the possibilities of prizes so great in good times, that, the depressions over, big and little men alike again turned to rugged individualism as a working theory of government. They again glimpsed opportunities for themselves and have not wished a different system of government to interfere with them. Consequently all previous uprisings have left little

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(The N. Y. Times Magazine, January 10, '37)

permanent trace on our institutions.

But during the last generation these conditions have changed. There is today no free land for the discontented. The new frontier is at the door of every home in the nation. Can the small American re-discover opportunity in the new pattern of our life? That is the problem which must be solved, and I believe that it must be solved by the business leaders. The people, as workers and consumers, cannot solve it unaided. The politicians, because of their close dependence on their electorates and their ignorance of business, are not likely to solve it.

Until recently our great business men were the acknowledged leaders in America's development. Their careers captured our imaginations. Morgan, Rockefeller, Ford, Hill, Harriman — such men, in spite of being sometimes personally hated, largely controlled America. They led it mostly, however, in the old way of ruthless individualism. For this they were enormously rewarded with princely fortunes, and so long as all Americans felt opportunity open for themselves, they did not turn wholly from these leaders, in spite of waves of reform.

Although Americans wish to retain as much freedom and private initiative as possible, they have, since the turn of the century, been coming to think more in social terms. The belief in the necessity for social solidarity rather than complete individualism has made great strides, especially since 1932. A leader has to be in harmony with the led. The power of a railway king, a steel king or a coal baron could continue so long as his kind of success in one form or another was the goal of the ordinary man. But the new goal of the ordinary man calls for new qualities in his leaders.

Business men have been forced, to some extent at least, to recognize new conditions. In previous hard times they expected the less fortunate to tighten their belts and starve if need be. They have found that men will no longer starve quietly, and that the old leadership means both colossal taxes and possible social upheaval.

There have been other changes. Foreign trade has largely stopped; we no longer can keep factories going by dumping goods abroad. Nor can the farmer by selling overseas remain a customer for the manufacturer.

It is dawning on all that markets for goods must be created by raising the living standards and the consuming power of our own people. Business is beginning to realize that perhaps business — and the position of business men in the social group — can be saved only by benefiting and not exploiting the masses. There is no profit in production if there is no market in which to sell. Thus a

more equitable division of the profits of industry has ceased to be a humanitarian problem and has become the practical one of assuring any profits at all. In this fact lies the hope that business men, as a class, will use their best brains in the interests of society as a whole. It is thus possible that society, still acting from the profit motive in a capitalistic framework, may yet evolve a more beneficial order than if it resorted to a wholly new experiment in government.

Throughout the ages, the intellectual climate, as it has been called, has changed from time to time. For some decades it has been tending to make us realize, as never before in history, the close correlation of our private good with the public good.

Where is all this likely to lead us? Although many, like the writer, may heartily disagree with some of the means taken by Mr. Roosevelt to achieve his end, not even the most hidebound Republican would dare say that as an ideal he would oppose a "more abundant life for all."

The business man has incurred a grave responsibility because he has pursued his way without sufficient thought of social consequences. He has poured an ever-increasing quantity and variety of goods before the public. He has used advertising and high-powered salesmanship to convince every man and woman that these new goods and services are absolutely essential to them. And now, unless he can provide the masses with increasing means to buy the things he has taught them they should have, his production may prove most disastrous to the stability of society.

The chief problem is one of wider distribution of business profits and lowered cost of business products. The government seems to sense only one half of it. What business leaders may sense, and what they may do, remain to be seen. But if progress cannot be made by business leaders along the lines suggested, then the people, although they cannot solve the problem, will almost certainly try to do so by causing the government more and more to take over private enterprise.

Business, on the other hand, may have the sense and capacity to adapt itself to new conditions and continue its leadership as in England, the land of compromise. We cannot stand still.

If the business men are to become leaders they must not only make some progress in solving the problem, but also must regain the confidence which they have largely lost. If they cannot do this, then they will have to meet the fate of every class which has been unable to adjust itself to changed conditions and thus has outlived its social usefulness.

And So to Press — III —

The Saturday Evening Post

WHILE Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis was busy establishing the *Ladies' Home Journal*, he never lost sight of his pet idea: a paper for men dealing with men's chief interest, the fight for a livelihood. But when he explained his idea, most men disagreed — when business is over, they said, men want to read about something else. "Some day," persisted Mr. Curtis, "I will show them the romance in business rightly written about."

Benjamin Franklin had founded *The Pennsylvania Gazette* in 1728. By 1821 six other papers had been born in Philadelphia, all having the word "Gazette" in their titles. So, to avoid confusion, the name was changed to *The Saturday Evening Post*. When Mr. Curtis came to Philadelphia the paper was only a shell, edited in his odd moments by a reporter on the Philadelphia *Times*. In 1897 the owner died and his only heir would not put up money to get out that week's issue. To save the title by right of continuous publication — and incidentally the paper hadn't missed an issue since the evacuation of Philadelphia in the Revolutionary War — Mr. Curtis offered $1000 for the paper and sent a wagon to the printing office for the stock of battered type. As soon as it arrived, that week's issue was thrown together. Coverless, it contained only 16 pages, largely composed of articles reprinted from British magazines. The genteel, colorless journal had 1800 readers.[1]

In the same year George Horace Lorimer wired Mr. Curtis, asked for a job as editor, and got it. As soon as Lorimer arrived, Curtis went off to Europe to hunt for an editor-in-chief. While there, he received several copies of the magazine and was astounded to find improvements inaugurated by his new hired hand. He cabled, ordering Lorimer to put his own name on the masthead as editor-in-chief. When Curtis came home, he inspected his find more carefully and shot a few questions at him. The conversation, reported by George H. Doran, publisher and friend of Lorimer:

"You have been editing during my absence?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is your present salary?"

"Forty dollars weekly."

"From this day onward your salary is $250 weekly."

"Yes, sir."

Lorimer began romanticizing big business and big business men. He carefully deleted anything of questionable taste, contemptuously discarded anything "intellectual," and generally made his magazine, like himself, immaculately virile. It took five years and a loss of a million and a quarter dollars to put the magazine over. But by 1902, circulation had climbed to 315,000; by 1905, to 700,000; by 1908, to 1,000,000. By 1918 it passed 2,000,000; in 1928, 3,000,000.[2]

1. *Edward W. Bok, A Man from Maine* (*Scribners*). 2. *News-Week.*

The King's English

Condensed from Printers' Ink

Arthur H. Little
Associate Editor of Printers' Ink

OVER THE AIR, I heard an English King explain to his people his renunciation of the British throne.

With his closing words still ringing in my ears, I read his message as it appeared in print. And in order to share my appreciation of it with others I decided to present in parallel columns the King's English as he wrote it and as he might have written it:

At long last I am able to say a few words of my own. I never wanted to withhold anything, but until now it has not been constitutionally possible for me to speak.

A few hours ago I discharged my last duty as King and Emperor, and now that I have been succeeded by my brother, the Duke of York, my first words must be to declare my allegiance to him. This I do with all my heart.

You all know the reasons which have impelled me to renounce the throne. But I want you to understand that in making up my mind, I did not forget the country or the Empire which, as Prince of Wales and lately as King, I have for 25 years tried to serve.

But you must believe me when I

The moment seems ultimately to have arrived when the undersigned, on his own initiative, may issue a statement. At no time have I been inclined to secretiveness, but until now I have been constrained by the Constitution from expressing myself before the forum of public opinion.

A few hours ago I fulfilled my final obligation as King and Emperor — that is to say, *as such* — and now that it has been called to my attention that the throne has become associated, so to speak, with my brother, the Duke of York, my primary consideration is to make articulate my allegiance to him. The same I do with all the fervor of which I am capable.

You are all apprised of the factors that have prompted me to abjure the highest honor within the gift of the British people. But I desire that there shall be impressed upon you the fact that, in arriving at a decision, I was not unmindful, as it were, of the country or the Empire to which, as Prince of Wales and subsequently as King, I have bent my best efforts to give service.

But you must accord me cre-

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tell you that I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility and to discharge my duties as King as I would wish to do, without the help and support of the woman I love. And I want you to know that the decision I have made has been mine, and mine alone.

dence when I state to you that I have found it impossible to endure the heavy burden of responsibility and to consummate the fulfillment of my stewardship as King without the assistance and cooperation of the lady upon whom I have bestowed my affection. And I desire you to be assured that the decision I have arrived at has been reached exclusively by myself, personally and individually.

Right there I quit translating.

Eloquence speaks for itself. Eloquence is simple because eloquence is sincere.

Hypocrisy, whether of the spirit or of the intellect, beats about the bush. It hems and haws and coughs behind its hand. It covers itself with qualifiers. It kicks up dust while merely marking time.

Eloquence drives straight ahead. Eloquence moves men to high endeavor and women to tears because it comes, not from an excess of *fervor*, but, as this man said, from the *heart*.

His closing words were: "And now we all have a new King. I wish him and you, his people, happiness and prosperity with all my heart.

"God bless you all!" he said, and "God save the King!"

And, in a world gone awry with equivocation, God save to civilization such shining exceptions as this English King who, having laid his kingship aside, talked to his people in language that they could not fail to feel and could not fail to understand.

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Smoking Out the Truth

"No, no, no," exclaimed Giovanni Martinelli, the opera star. "The pipe, the cigar, the cigarettes!"

Reporters who had come to interview the famous singer hastily extinguished the three evils, when he explained that the smoke made his throat sore.

"But didn't you endorse a cigarette once?" asked a reporter.

"Si, si," admitted the smiling tenor. "But remember what I said. I said: 'These cigarettes never make my throat sore.' And that is true. They never do."

"Because," a reporter suggested, "you never smoke them?"

"Si, si," laughed Martinelli. "I never smoke them. I never smoked anything in my life." —Quoted in Cleveland *Plain Dealer*

Consider the Dinosaur

Condensed from Scientific American

Roy Chapman Andrews
Director, The American Museum of Natural History;
author of "This Business of Exploring," etc.

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THE CARTOONIST'S picture of a gigantic creature peeking into the second story window with an expression of expectancy on its rather benevolent face is the popular conception of a dinosaur. *Brontosaurus*, the Thunder Reptile, is the usual subject for the sketch. He was pretty big — 70 feet long, weighed 25 tons — but he was a pygmy in intellect; his brain was not much larger than a man's clenched fist.

The Thunder Reptile was only one of the dinosaurs. The largest of all — found in Colorado and East Africa — was 100 feet in length; the smallest hardly larger than a chicken. Some were plant eaters; others ate only flesh. Some lived on land; others in water. Some walked upright on two legs; others crawled on all fours. They dominated every continent during the Age of Reptiles — a period which lasted about 110 million years — then completely disappeared.

There are several theories for their extinction. *Brontosaurus* and his relative, *Diplodocus*, for instance, floundered along the shores of lakes seeking the several hundred pounds of vegetable food a day needed to nourish their gigantic bodies. When the lakes dried up they died. With their tons of flesh, small heads and feeble teeth they could not adapt themselves to even a slight change in the world about them.

Another theory is that the dinosaurs exterminated themselves. When the Central Asiatic Expeditions, under my leadership, discovered the first dinosaur eggs in the Gobi Desert we found the skeleton of a small toothless dinosaur right on top of the nest of eggs. There is every reason to believe that it lived by sucking the eggs of other dinosaurs. Possibly it was in the very act of digging up these eggs when it was overwhelmed by a sandstorm. This group of toothless dinosaurs may have become so numerous that they actually exterminated their relatives by eating the eggs as fast as they were laid.

The first mammals were tiny creatures no larger than rats. Close to the spot where the first eggs were collected we found skeletons of these little mammals. It is thought that they aided the toothless dinosaurs in their work of extermination by eating the eggs.

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(*Scientific American, March, '37*)

From the well-preserved skeletons of many species of dinosaurs it has been a simple matter for anatomists to represent accurately their appearance in life. Remains found in the sandstone of Montana even show what the skin of *Trachodon*, the 25-foot Duck-Bill dinosaur, was like. When these animals died, they apparently were covered with wind-blown sand before decomposition set in, so that the impression of the skin is perfectly preserved. Widely distributed in Europe, Asia and America, they fed on lush vegetation in a semi-tropical climate. This we know from the impressions of fossil plants that have been found with the skeletons.

The greatest engine of destruction that ever lived was *Tyrannosaurus rex*, King of Tyrant Reptiles. Dr. Barnum Brown discovered a perfect skull of this huge beast and a fairly complete skeleton, now to be seen in The American Museum of Natural History. When erect on his two hind feet he was 18 feet high. The small fore limbs were equipped with enormous talons. The great mouth opened a yard wide and was armed with double-edged daggerlike teeth three inches long. Its food was the flesh of other dinosaurs and we have the skeleton of a Thunder Reptile plainly showing the teeth marks of these gigantic cannibals.

No other creature that lived was a match for the Tyrant Reptile, unless it was the three-horned *Triceratops*. He was a massive beast, 20 feet long, weighing perhaps 10 tons and with a skull which projected backward over the neck like a fireman's helmet. When *Triceratops* threw up his head, bringing into fighting position the three great horns, it also brought the helmet down on the neck — probably his most vulnerable spot — like a shield. Dozens of other types of these nightmare creatures leaped, ran or waddled over the earth in that incredibly ancient period.

There seems to be an idea that all a scientist needs is a single bone to reconstruct a complete skeleton. But until practically complete skeletons of dinosaurs representing different groups had been discovered it was impossible to do much reconstructing of imperfect specimens. Now, given an imperfect skeleton, we first determine what were its nearest relatives among the many already known forms. Then, because the general anatomical structure of related animals is similar, the skeleton can be assembled without much fear of going wrong except in details.

Such great collections of fossils now exist that it is seldom a specimen is discovered which does not show a definite relationship to known forms. In the case of the *Baluchitherium*, C. Forster Cooper of England found the first remains

in Baluchistan in 1911. They consisted of only a few bones, including one foot bone and two neck vertebrae. Yet from those few bones he concluded that they belonged to the largest mammal that ever existed and that the beast was probably an aberrant rhinoceros. Thus the matter rested for 11 years, until our expedition discovered the skull and part of the skeleton of a similar individual in Mongolia. Cooper was proved right on all the deductions he had made from these few bones. Incidentally, the skull we found was in 600 pieces, which had to be assembled like a jigsaw puzzle. One man worked seven months until all had been placed. It was done so accurately that although two other skulls have since been discovered it has not been necessary to make more than minor readjustments in the original specimen.

Sometimes only a few of the important bones give us a great deal of information about the animal. If a leg bone is solid it means a sluggish creature or one of more or less aquatic habits. If hollow, it indicates an active land animal. If the hind legs are disproportionately long the inference is that the beast walked erect. Even one tooth or claw will tell a lot: a sharp-pointed tooth could not be used for eating grass — therefore the animal was carnivorous; a blunt claw is not adapted for rending flesh — it suggests a herbivorous diet.

Dinosaur tracks left in the mud of some ancient lake, river or sea bottom help us to pose dinosaurs. The finest dinosaur footprints in America are from the Connecticut Valley, which was subject to great fluctuations of water level. During dry periods dinosaurs wandered along the muddy shores, leaving hundreds of tracks. Strangely enough, they all lead from west to east as if the animals were following a well-defined route to their feeding grounds. Some of the tracks show clearly where a dinosaur squatted down to rest or walked slowly on all fours, touching just the toes of the front feet to the ground like a kangaroo.

In Belgium, where a great number of skeletons related to the Duck-Bill have been found, the prints show that those dinosaurs walked like birds, on the toes alone. Moreover, they must have carried their tails well up from the ground, counterbalancing the body, for otherwise there would have been a continuous furrow between the footprints. Where some of the short-limbed dinosaurs waddled along, the tail furrow shows clearly between the imprints of the feet.

Every time a new creature is discovered it adds a few more words to the history of life upon earth which we are endeavoring to translate for all to read.

The Customer Is Usually Wrong

Condensed from Today

Edith M. Stern

JOHN WANAMAKER started the mischief when he proclaimed, "The customer is always right." Other department stores found it imperative to meet competition by following suit. The policy has sent many an executive to an early grave, and worse still, it has become appallingly expensive for the customer.

Take the return evil, for example. In stores doing mostly a charge business, returns run as high as 19 percent. One dress out of every four sold in exclusive specialty shops comes back. Many women seem to do their shopping after their buying. They send home half a dozen garments for consultation with husband, mother, sister, and perhaps the cook, until one is finally selected. Fur scarfs are returned after having been worn at a tea party. The Monday following a big football game is a Roman holiday for the return of fur coats. In the pockets may be found cosmetics, handkerchiefs, and half-empty bottles of liquor. Houses are virtually redecorated for some gala event. After the ball is over calls are received to pick up rugs, chairs, glassware and china. Often not all the food has been washed off the dishes.

Not long ago a load of furniture was sent to a customer in a New York suburb. As the van turned into the driveway, it was met by a truck from a rival concern coming out empty. The lady had accounts at both stores and had calmly ordered from the second shop duplicates of every piece of furniture she had supposedly purchased from the first. The fact that it cost $35 to send out each truck was something she never considered. She wanted to compare A's furniture with B's. In the end, she decided not to buy any of it; she shut the house for the winter and went South.

A good many returns, of course, are unavoidable. Stores make mistakes: they deliver the wrong article or the wrong size, or deliver it late. But most returns are not justifiable. Every survey shows that more than half are in no way the stores' fault.

Even in a medium-sized department store no fewer than 23 persons are involved in getting an article to a customer and back in stock. The cost runs from 30 to 60 cents an item. Returns entail an annual outlay of $50,000,000 for wasted labor alone. The indirect and intangible costs of the extra

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(Today, February 6, '37)

space required for returned merchandise, damage and breakage, the settling of unjust claims, and the loss of potential sales while goods are out, are impossible to estimate.

The customer is usually wrong, too, in complaints against salespeople. Madam returns a pair of scrim curtains in rags. "The girl assured me they were washable," she says, "and look at them!" Discreet questioning brings out that the curtains had been put into a washing machine. Salespeople are definitely instructed to call attention to unusual delicacy to forestall the complaint, "It didn't wear."

Another popular accusation, when credit is refused because a returned article is not in good condition, is that the salesperson said, "Take this out and use it and see how you like it." This statement may be made occasionally by a foolish employe, but stores emphatically discourage such wiles. The records of salespeople are carefully checked for returns as well as sales.

Now the trouble with this whole policy is that it defeats its own ends. Everybody employs it. Store A does not gain a single customer by being idiotically lenient when Store B is doing exactly the same thing. Again, a single incident may destroy the effect of years of patient acquiescence to whims. One customer spilled ink on a new glove. She demanded a new pair because, although the gloves had been guaranteed washable, the spot would not come out. The buyer explained that no amount of washing will remove ink stains. The customer was furious and never dealt with the store again.

Maintaining the fiction that the customer is always right has created a problem of such proportions that there are continual attempts to combat it. Rules are made, and broken. One store wraps garments in cellophane and says it will not take them back if the wrapper is broken. Another affixes seals. In some stores the credit given for returned goods is only 75 percent of the original price. Time limits, ranging from three to ten days, are set. Central testing bureaus settle some of the arguments about defective merchandise. Yet only in Washington, D. C., where women's clubs participated in the campaign, has there been substantial decrease in returns. Repeated attempts in Boston, Dallas, Detroit and New Orleans have met with little success. During a campaign in San Francisco, the period that goods were kept out decreased 40 percent — but total returns decreased only five. Reporting habitual returners to a central bureau, and refusing them credit precisely as if they were bad pay, as is now done in many communities, is a

firm step in the right direction.

Anywhere but in a small town, a single store is helpless. And it is difficult to get merchants to act together. In one city all the stores agreed, at a meeting, to be adamant about time limits. Two days later the largest store in town advertised in all the papers, "We set no time limit on returns." The plan had to be abandoned until the next What-Shall-We-Do-About-It session.

The solution, in the last analysis, rests with customers. Most of them are women. They should learn to shop as men do. Returns in men's departments are strikingly lower than elsewhere. Men, more accustomed to business dealings than women, are less prone to make absurd demands. The average man has less time to waste. He wants to get his business over as rapidly and painlessly as possible, and he hasn't the leisure to spend hours in comparative shopping expeditions or in arguing over imaginary grievances.

If women curbed their proverbial privilege of changing their minds, they would not only bring light into the lives of harassed employes and help solve the traffic problem by eliminating trucks loaded with unwanted merchandise, but they would also materially benefit the family budget by lowered prices.

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Making His Place in the Sun

WHEN Arthur Brisbane was 19, Charles Dana of the New York *Sun* sent him to London as correspondent. He wrote a weekly letter from London. One day Dana wrote him, asked how he was getting along.

The reply: "Fine, but it's time I came back to New York to be editor."

Dana's reply: "You are too young and besides your column is so good we can't do without you."

Promptly Brisbane appointed Harry Chamberlain to do his weekly letter while he sat tight for a couple of months.

At the end of that time he wrote Dana: "What about coming back as editor?" and received the reply: "Really your column has improved so much we couldn't think of taking you away from London."

This was the opportunity for which Brisbane had been waiting: "Didn't I tell you I would make a good editor? During the last two months I have assigned Chamberlain to do my column, and as you admit he is good you must admit I am a good editor."

Brisbane was called back. — *Cavalcade*

Test-Tube Truck Farms

Condensed from The Commentator

Arthur W. Baum

THE DAY when you can go down to a little truck garden in the basement and pick your own fresh greens and vegetables for dinner may not yet be at hand — but there is promise in the air.

In practically every agricultural college, in government experimental stations, in the Bureau of Plant Industry, plant physiologists today are growing full quality, heavily productive foods and flowers without a vestige of soil. Consider a tomato plant 25 feet high, with fruit from one end to the other — the whole growing on nothing more than a three-inch layer of excelsior and sawdust suspended on a wire mesh over a shallow pan of water.

Years ago it was understood that soil is simply a medium from which plants extract chemicals; that if the necessary chemicals were made available to plant roots by some other means than soil, the results were just as good.

But it was not until after the war that investigation speeded up. Two branches of research unfolded: sand culture and water culture. The sand culturists placed their plants in clean, washed sand and flooded the beds with solutions containing feeding chemicals. The water culturists laid mats of excelsior, sawdust or practically any porous and absorbent material on wire meshes over pans of nutrient solutions so that the plant roots could dangle in the feedbox and enjoy an endless meal.

Foremost among the water culturists is Professor F. W. Gericke, associate plant physiologist of the University of California. Step by step he probed the chemical needs of growing plants. Then he laid electric heating cables in his solution tanks, dissolving the chemicals at a carefully accelerated pace and — produced the miracle. Gericke tobacco climbed 20 feet. Potato plants deposited hundreds of clean white tubers. Onions grew three deep. The plant world was literally on a spree.

A tomato patch in reasonably good farming country can yield five tons of tomatoes per acre in a season. Professor Gericke's tomatoes, on an acre basis, bore more than 200 tons! Further, he had ripe fruit in four months and a continuous bearing plant for the ensuing nine months. Harvest ev-

© 1937, Payson Publishing, Inc., 101 Park Ave., N.Y.C. The Commentator, a new monthly edited by Lowell Thomas, aims to provide a medium for the men and women who have won wide audiences through the microphone to express themselves in more enduring form and without the censorship necessary in radio

ery day for three quarters of a year! Ordinary potato growers on the farm secure 120 bushels to a crop. Gericke potatoes made an acre crop of 2465 bushels!

Sand culture too, has its miracles. In England, a while back, a dairy group was sprouting corn in cabinets, drawing out each day a shelf of fodder and replanting for the next crop to come along in just ten days. At the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station, Dr. Robbins has cotton plants with beautiful bolls growing in small pots of pure sand. He has had tomato plants climbing out through the greenhouse ventilators.

The new chemical agriculture is more than a laboratory freak. The chemicals are cheap, and comparatively little water is needed. On the basis of Gericke results it is possible to put an acre under glass on the edge of a city, and thus produce crops that now require a 40-acre truck farm. Already there are four commercial installations of the Gericke process in California. And this past year some citizens of San Francisco have, whether they knew it or not, purchased ripe tomatoes that were not born of earth; business men raised them by factory methods and marketed them at a profit.

For the moment the commercial direction of water culture is toward Arizona, New Mexico and Florida. In the populous East, where the development would be most useful, it runs up against excessive heating and lighting costs — due to erratic weather and long winters. But electricity is becoming cheaper every year and experience shows that costs invariably decrease as an enterprise grows.

However, there is no apparent prospect for a vast and rapid shift from land to greenhouse factory — with resultant economic disturbances. Eastern capital is definitely interested in the sawdust-and-water vegetable kingdom, but its present status is somewhat that of a rich man's toy — to produce expensive products for the carriage trade. Professor Gericke frankly states that in the growing of grain the chemical cropper cannot compete with the farmer; that he may encroach on the orchardist only in a few semi-tropical trees. The first assault on established agriculture will be a tentative one upon truck gardeners. And many truck gardeners are already in the routine hothouse business and so are ready to take over the new development.

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The mind is like the stomach. It is not how much you put into it that counts, but how much it digests. — Albert Jay Nock

Ten Million Keglers Can't Be Wrong

Condensed from Esquire

Paul W. Kearney

THE PASTIME of bowling — which might be called our national indoor game — has about 10,000,000 regular participants throughout the country. The annual meeting of the American Bowling Congress last year attracted to Indianapolis 15,000 contestants from 387 cities and towns — all paying their own railroad fares, hotel bills and entrance fees.

Twenty-five years ago, perhaps, the lusty art of "kegling" smelled too strongly of cigar smoke and beer to be among the politer pastimes. But today chauffeur-driven cars wait for their ladies outside the recreation parlors; alleys are over-crowded in girls' schools like Vassar, in hundreds of churches and topflight country clubs. In Hollywood, alleys have been installed on many production lots while numerous stars have private "courts" in their homes. In short, the whole social complexion of the game has changed during its widespread revival of the past five years.

Here's the real tip-off on the popularity of kegling: it costs only 20 or 25 cents a game, hence anybody can afford to play; it is likewise a game in which brawn is unimportant — you will find thousands of bowlers who, physically, range from spindly-legged high school freshmen to soft-muscled old ladies in the 70's. Indeed, Buffalo boasts of a woman over 80 who bowls regularly once a week.

Last January five boys from the N. Y. Guild for the Jewish Blind competed against a team of sighted lads. The only assistance accorded the sightless was a special hand-rail to guide their approach. Yet they lost only by the close margin of 16 pins: 654 to 670. In this match any pins left after the first ball were called out by number and the bowler directed his second ball accordingly.

Women are taking a universal interest in the game. A recent women's tournament in St. Louis saw 130 teams competing from that single city! In New York nearly 5000 women attended a free course of instruction offered by a local newspaper. Chicago, the capital of the bowling world, had 7200 competitors in its eighth annual feminine tournament in 1935 — one of that number, 14-

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(Esquire, February, '37)

year-old Mary Jane Hubert (who five years ago was completely paralyzed!) shot a 209 in her opening game.

"Bowling" usually implies the big pin game. But on the same alleys there are played a dozen small pin games. Among them are duckpins (Babe Ruth's pet game) which uses a small, squatty variety of the regulation pin and a small ball without finger holes; and candlepins, tall, skinny pins for which a 6-inch ball is used.

The parent sport, American tenpins, is our own development of the game of ninepins which has been traced back prior to 1200 A.D.: a logical offspring of the older game of "Lawne Bowles," the game Sir Francis Drake refused to leave until completed despite the courier's message that the Spanish Armada was in sight. And this is the game which the early Dutch and English settlers brought to the Colonies, to be played so generally that the austere Puritans barred it by law around the middle of the 17th century. That prohibition spawned the form of pastime which we now know. Some enthusiast, noting that the injunction forbade ninepins, blandly added a *tenth* pin to the setup and neatly circumvented the law!

The game has gone a long, long way from the days of clay alley beds and stone "balls." Modern alleys, expertly fashioned of edge-grained, virgin white rock maple and Georgia pine — aged and treated two years before laying — cost around $3000 the pair. Good pins, guaranteed to last 1000 games, are made of the finest maple; balls, once wooden, are now almost exclusively made of composition materials. And since every real bowler owns his own ball, one of the most expressive barometers of the sudden rise of bowling is the fact that numerous credit jewelry houses have lately added bowling balls to their merchandise lists. One such Detroit concern sold $22,000 worth of balls last season!

The dream of every kegler is to roll the perfect score of 300 — every pin down on every ball rolled. For this the American Bowling Congress gives a medal. An average of 200 perfect score medals are awarded each year (perhaps 300 more perfect games are rolled under conditions not sanctioned for medal credit) and the greatest number of medals held by any individual bowler is eight. These belong to Harry (Hank) Marino of Milwaukee, whose record has been hung up over a 25-year period. Unquestionably he has rolled as many more perfect games in practice. In little over half that time a matronly, white-haired woman of Pueblo, Colorado — Mrs. Floretta McCutcheon — has rolled *10* perfect games.

Bowling can be enjoyed with less proficiency than almost any other game. Skill is involved, of course, but not the exacting skill which turns so many sports into embarrassing misery for the novice.

Being all-inclusive, bowling is easily the most sociable of all games. Father and son tournaments are even more popular on the alleys than on the golf links, and husband and wife can bowl together with infinitely less risk of divorce than they are exposed to at golf. But the backbone of the sport is the teams and leagues from offices and factories which have bowled two or three evenings a week for years. Since anybody from the boss to the office boy is eligible on equal grounds, most leading concerns in the country foster bowling as the ideal breeder of improved industrial relations.

Twice weekly, for instance, the Bell Laboratories in New York take over 24 alleys in one establishment. In Newark, N. J., the Prudential Insurance Company has 4000 employe bowlers; in various cities the Chrysler Corporation estimates 5000, and so on. Over 150 corporations, including U. S. Steel, have installed their own alleys. One of the first things John D. Rockefeller, Jr., himself a bowler, did in Pueblo after the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company's notorious labor difficulties some years back was to introduce bowling. And today in all Rockefeller interests — including the Riverside Church in New York — the game rates high.

If you've never bowled, stop in some alley and watch the old hands perform: they pick up a ball by its finger holes, balance it a moment, then swing it in an arm-length arc, making a final genuflection as the ball goes forward. How sweetly it hugs the boards as it hums down the 60-foot stretch — how satisfying the crash of "timber" as 30 pounds of polished lumber are swept helter-skelter into the pit!

It isn't so simple as it looks, but once you've tried it yourself and seen a couple of sturdy pins clonk against each other, then topple out of sight, you've gotten the taste of blood that will never be completely satiated.

Although bowling is good exercise — giving the abdominal muscles a much needed workout — it isn't physically violent. You'll sleep like a top after three or four games but there is no danger of overdoing it: your thumb will get sore from the friction of the finger-grip before you can bowl too long for your own good.

This is one reason why physical directors are placing emphasis on bowling in high schools. In many schools faculty members get out on the alleys with their pupils and the obvious virtue of it is that

they are all enjoying a game which takes a lot of them off the spectators' benches and puts them on the playing floor — thus meeting the criticism once aimed at athletics in general: "the athlete competes and grows stronger; the weakling looks on and grows weaker."

Psychiatrists recommend bowling for adults as a mental relaxation. Entirely beyond the appeal of the game as a game, it has something which we, who live under the increasing pressure of civilization, have been mutely crying for: an easy outlet for pent-up emotions. For bowling permits the most strait-laced citizen to unbend long enough to blast into utter confusion a regimented array of ten neatly arranged objects, to the cheers of his compatriots. At the small price of a quarter you can enjoy the civilized man's last chance to make a shambles and a hell of a racket without apologizing to a soul!

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Patter

THE GOOD old days — when only ONE man in Europe thought he was Napoleon. — Washington *Post*

Intuition — the strange instinct that tells a woman she is right, whether she is or not. — *Methodist Recorder*

When some men discharge an obligation you can hear the report for miles around. — Mark Twain

Epitaph: He walked on the suicide of the road.

An elderly Beacon Street butler claims he's serving his third degeneration. — Boston *Transcript*

People who have half an hour to spare usually spend it with somebody who hasn't. — Indianapolis *News*

Dignity is one thing that can't be preserved in alcohol.
— Graeme and Sarah Lorimer

The musicians who invented swing ought to.
— O. O. McIntyre

Sales resistance — the triumph of mind over patter.

What the new models need is chatter-proof glass behind the driver's seat.

That child has plenty of will power, but even more won't power. — London *Mail*

The first law of repartee — better never than late.

Rehearsal in Spain

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly

W. B. Courtney

THE CONFLICT in Spain today is the dress rehearsal of the next war. Here the common man can see what is in store for him; dictators and war makers can test the latest weapons and methods of destruction.

You see at once that war today falls terribly upon the civilians. In Spain purely military activities are not pursued with vigor by either side. Both are cautious; there are comparatively few military casualties. Meanwhile, thousands of men, women and children, and military prisoners, have been slain by forthright execution, by air raids, by gas attacks. For war is now an exercise in mass hatred; and its technique is terrorism, administered by three main weapons: radio, to drive the populace mad with fear and despair; poison gas, and plane raids, to further terrify and to kill.

In Spain the broadcasting transcends the din of artillery. Claims — boasts — threats — stories of victories and of atrocities. Twenty-four hours a day — ceaseless, until your head bursts; every word coldly designed to beat down, unseat, agonize the mental, emotional and spiritual resistance of the enemy.

In Italy a Fascist minister told me, "There could be no completely effective modern dictatorship without radio. Otherwise, you would achieve merely the old-fashioned despotism, maintained by fear of the knout and the sword. Radio enables modern governments to build a far more complete and enduring dread.

"The voice of the ruler penetrates your home; his disembodied presence lives with you. Wherever you turn or hide, he can talk to you, until you vaguely fear that maybe he can *see* you, and *hear* you, too! If you own a radio, you can't turn it down while he is speaking, else you will become a suspect to your neighbors. Besides, loud-speakers are turned on always in public and semi-public places — stores, parks, lobbies. All day we inform our people toward right thinking; and we can, by interference, blot out the reception of subversive material from abroad."

Every continental nation has far-reaching plans to unloose terrific radio propaganda barrages as an integral part of war strategy. It will be a devil's welkin.

Thus, radio.

Consider poison gas:

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(Collier's, January 23, '37)

In Spain, it has been dealt out sparingly. Gas is expensive; but the foreign technicians with the rebels have made highly selective tests. In the winter air over Madrid and Oviedo hangs the peculiarly horrible stench of poison-gas victims — and governments far and near hasten their own gas-defense programs. When Ethiopia's warriors held up the Italians, it was the thorough use of poison gas that brought Italian success. Villages, whole countrysides, were sprayed — as cotton is dusted from the air for pest control in our own South.

Respirators will protect the lungs against the inhalation of poison gas; there is no defense, which can be made available to large populations, against burns from contact with liquid gases. Upon the battle fronts, gas is no longer as useful as in World War days. Defenses against it are rather complete; and its chief element of attack value — surprise — has been nullified. Upon your homes it will be delivered in air bombs, and sprayed in vast clouds to windward by planes. Here surprise will still be possible. Complete protection for sprawling home populations cannot be given.

But it is the airplane that has got the severest working-out in Spain. How persuasive the air demonstrations have been may be known from the sudden decision of England to throw her resources into the creation of a sky force beyond matching, a new England as invincible in the air as the old England was on the seas; likewise, of France to reform her air force and expend four billion francs upon its quick expansion.

The airplane, Spain proves, has revolutionized war; but not in the expected way. It comes forward not as an exact military weapon — like, for example, a cruiser, a rifle, a hand grenade — but as the principal arm of the new technique. It is the instrument of the dictator, rather than the general. It carries frightfulness to horizons which sternest militarists are becoming afraid to reflect upon.

Spain itself was the least of Europe's air powers: she had only 150 planes. But presently every make of the best German, Italian, Russian and French planes were engaged in the war, manned exclusively by their own nationals. These pilots fly prudently. There are few single air combats. Combat aviation has small place in the modern technique. Nor do rebel plane squadrons bomb, except casually, loyalist barricades and trenches. They bomb parks, squares, markets, wherever noncombatants are likely to be gathered. Whole districts of Madrid have been pounded to smithereens. Incendiary bombs set Madrid afire. It took three days to control the flames, and this was

possible only because the rebel aviation did not follow up its advantage. The only reason Madrid was not blown from the earth is the comparatively small numbers of aircraft engaged.

In the World War 282 tons of bombs were dropped on England from German aircraft. Today, any major nation on the continent could send over a single fleet to drop that much and more in one raid!

While twice 1000 tons dropped upon London in one night would not destroy the city or kill all its inhabitants, the havoc would exceed imagination. But it is the amount of terrorism produced that would be of greatest importance. Super-bombers fly high in the atmosphere where defensive patrol is difficult. From the ground you cannot with naked eyes see a plane, however large, in its sky-blending paint at 25,000 feet. Your fear would be all the more racking, day or night, with hundreds of tons of detonation, incendiary and gas bombs raining upon you from an apparently clear sky. Accuracy is not important to the bombers, since frightfulness and terrorization of civilians are their chief ends. That is why rebel bombers kept away from the fortifications and the anti-aircraft batteries in Madrid, and bombed the residential districts. That is why pursuit ships flew up the Gran Via and shabby Calle Jordan alike, machine-gunning the wretches huddled in the doorways.

"The work of the planes in Spain within the modern conceptions of their usefulness," a War Ministry official in Europe told me, "has been very gratifying. The casualties and damage to morale as well as to life and property have, in actual risk and loss, cost less than the most ardent of us anticipated."

There is no sure defense against a campaign of terror from the skies. The most likely one, experts agree, and events in Spain bear witness, is a slashing attack on the enemy's airdromes before his ferocity takes wing. The hostile air fleet, however, will not be concentrated, but scattered over many fields, and even underground. Every continental nation has hidden subterranean hangars thickly lined with concrete, and roofed far under the surface with steel armor. Runways are camouflaged. In time of war the planes, like a plague of 17-year locusts, won't even come above the ground until they are ready to fly.

Rehearsal in Spain has made the war birds letter-perfect, and in the future, in time of war, each country will become one vast, exposed nerve — listening, feeling, watching, quivering with anxious expectation. Suddenly, the air-raid warning sirens make a bedlam in a town, and from the street

come the bells of ambulances and the clatter of fire apparatus rushing to emergency stations. Beyond the military, beyond the armies — beyond and unlike any other weapon that has ever come into the science of war — the airplane has grown into a sphere of its own as the lance of passion, hatred, cowardice, bestiality. It has put definitive power into the hands of those who, as Stanley Baldwin has warned, seem destined, whether they know it or not in their madness, to wreck civilization.

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Street Scene

Excerpt from "The Great Physician"

Edith G. Reid

"DID YOU KNOW Dr. Osler?" someone asked another. "Yes," was the answer, "intimately, but I only saw him once. It was late twilight; the city square was almost deserted when a woman carrying a heavy child came slowly up the square and sat down to rest on the coping bordering the pavement. The child's heavy head was pressed against her bosom and she seemed all in. I started to speak to her when up the square came jauntily a man in full evening dress, top coat, silk hat, flower in his buttonhole, light gloves in one hand and his cane swinging in the other, evidently singing. In an instant he saw the woman and her burden. He stopped, made a playful dive with his cane at the child, then throwing cane and gloves on the grass, he gently lifted the child into his arms holding its head against his own breast as he talked to the mother. Then whistling to a little boy who chanced in sight he said: 'Get a cab as quick as you can and if you are back in five minutes, riches! for you!' and he patted his breast pocket. The boy flew off and was back quickly with the cab. Dr. Osler put the woman in the cab, carefully placed the child on her lap — then he wrote on a card, 'This is Mrs. Osler's youngest. See that he is well taken care of until I come tomorrow night.' He read what he had written aloud to the woman, winked his eye at me, gave the driver his fare, told him to drive at once to the Hopkins Hospital, see that the woman and boy were safely attended to — then pressed a five dollar bill in the woman's hand, said: 'Your laddie will be well looked after at the hospital. I will see him tomorrow. You go to your home and get drunk,' slammed the door of the cab and was off. All done while I was trying to say, 'Can I help you?'"

(© 1931, Oxford Press)

Hospital Hospitality

THE Methodist Episcopal Hospital in Indianapolis has obliterated all traces of the traditional hospital odor and substituted a deodorant suggestive of spring flowers — to the immense surprise of the new visitor. — *Modern Hospital*

ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL, New York, is introducing the young expectant mother to the proper care of the baby through a series of social gatherings. Every Wednesday afternoon a group of these women meet at the hospital, listen to talks by members of the pediatric staff, are shown exhibits of proper clothing, necessary articles used in caring for the baby, and gossip over tea served them by the hospital. At the end of the series of meetings each woman who has attended regularly is given a diploma. Another hospital sends a maternity nurse to each discharged new mother the second or third day after her return home. This nurse coördinates the instruction received at the hospital with the apparatus available for the baby's use at home. The hospital makes no charge for this service.

ONE LARGE HOSPITAL employs a "play lady" for its children's wards whose job is to organize games and make the children forget their surroundings in any entertaining way possible. Before tonsilectomies, the children are gathered together on the sun porch where they are engaged in games and kept continually amused until the last child is sent, unknowing, to his tonsil operation. The wards are painted with nursery rhymes; on a branch protruding from one wall an owl sits and blinks his eyes in friendly fashion all night.

THE DOCTORS HOSPITAL in New York is managed like a hotel. You enter a handsome foyer decorated in green and with page boys in dark green uniforms. Beyond the foyer is a florist shop, a magazine stand, and a public stenographer. The dining room, which is in charge of a suave headwaiter, has both à la carte and table d'hôte service. All room service is by waiters. The bedrooms have chintz hangings and comfortable lounge chairs. On the third floor are guest suites which can be occupied by friends or relatives of patients. It has a handsomely furnished library.

NEW YORK hospital walls are no longer to be bare. Federal art projects have been handling mural assignments. At Queens County Hospital "The Development of Medicine" will be 360 square feet; it will be on the walls of the incoming and outgoing patients' room. In Greenpoint Hospital the children's medicine ward solarium has a country landscape and circus as a background — 850 square feet — with bright gay colors. Two black pickaninnies swinging from a coconut palm decorate the children's ward at Harlem Hospital. — *Modern Hospital*

ONE OF the first general hospitals to use occupational therapy is the University Hospital in Baltimore, with rooms equipped with sewing machines, a bicycle-type band saw, carpentry tools, work tables, equipment for basket weaving, modeling, and a room for the painting and preparing of basket reeds. Patients work three times a week for muscular improvement and recovery of cheerful spirits. The Junior League of Baltimore furnished the equipment and a trained occupational therapist. Completed articles are turned back to the Junior League and sold for charity.

— *The Journal of the American Hospital Association*

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Customer's Complaint

Excerpt from The Contributors' Club in The Atlantic Monthly

IT IS GETTING so that I cannot buy anything any more. This is due chiefly to the new advertising which assumes that the customer's sales resistance weakens as his embarrassment grows.

Once upon a time, things that you bought in a store were proffered with a kind of homely honesty. "Gents' Pants," an aisle sign would say, or "Extra Heavy Corsets." But now the goods of the world are beshrouded in such coyness and whimsy, such smirkings and oglings, as may well make a strong man blench. Alexander Woollcott has called attention, with a shudder, to those two breakfast foods for children known as *Beckus Puddy* and *Lisbus*, but I am here referring to an even more afflicting noxiousness: that new merchandising technique which is responsible, for instance, for a species of women's underwear called Scandalettes.

I should not, of course, have said "underwear." The feminine form is now encased in foundation garments, and, unless my ad reading deceives me, the fashionable male is sheathing his lower torso in Short-Eez.

Sometimes, as in a nightmare, I am obsessed by the fear that one day my wife may twist an ankle and I may have to do her shopping for her. It would never have fazed me a whit to chaffer with a saleslady about corsets or drawers, but I am certain that never could I stammer out a request for a set of Snugglies. And it may be that I am exceptionally queasy, but I have a very odd feeling in my stomach at the thought of entering a perfume store and asking for a phial of My Night of Ecstasy.

It almost seems to me that there is a kind of austere beauty in those plain old unornamented words like "pants" and "suspenders" and "hair oil," which are now vanishing from the world in a vapor of evasion.

I have a plan. When next I enter a department store, and the floorwalker comes fluttering around me, I intend to say in a rumbling basso:

"A pair of long flannel underdrawers, sir, and a pound of Drayman's Plug."

I suppose it will kill him.

My Land of Flowers

Condensed from The Forum

Nina Wilcox Putnam
Humorist; author of "Laughing Through," "Freedom for Two," etc.

BEFORE CHOOSING the best place to live permanently I tried out an awful lot of those places which the travel folders mother dreams about. From Greenland's Icy Mountains to India's Coral Strand, from China to the Alps; from Waikiki to that France to which all Americans once dreamed of retiring. And finally decided on Florida.

To begin with, I wanted a tropical foreign country, but I wanted this foreign country to be inhabited exclusively by Americans and run along American lines. I wanted the atmosphere to be at once exotic and wholesome, with the French Riviera's gay summer all year round but with none of its dirt and petty cheating on the part of local tradespeople. In Florida I found what I wanted.

Life is always informal here, even at the height of the season. You are not lonely, because everybody in the world turns up sooner or later. The world comes to you. The population is almost 100 percent Anglo-Saxon, if you don't count the Negroes; and they, bless their careless hearts, are, in the great majority, the old-fashioned type that make devoted, if somewhat unskilled, servants.

Florida, the year round, is cheap. The taxes are negligible, and the cost of living low. And there is that comforting feeling that, if the worst comes to the worst, the sea is full of fish for the catching, the trees full of edible wild fruits, and (unless there is a storm) the beach is a good place to sleep.

Freedom from the Tyranny of Clothes is vital to me, and in Florida practically all I ever wear is a single cotton garment and a pair of sandals — gay but inexpensive and comfortable. In such clothing who cares if the thermometer climbs to 80 in summer? And it seldom goes higher.

I like our climate. We have storms but never depressing weather. When we get a hurricane it is exciting, terrifying but not dull. Even those hours of suspended agony — when I have filled all the bathtubs in case the water main broke; laid in supplies of candles, food and literature; and then sat down to await the storm's approach behind barred windows — even these hold something too thrilling to be foregone.

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(*The Forum, January, '37*)

The news of the hurricane's approach comes in over the radio every few minutes (while the electric current lasts) so we know exactly how far off it is. It's much like waiting to go into battle, I expect. Even the quavering voices of women singing *Nearer My God to Thee* from the Miami broadcasting station have a pathetic thrill. Up until the last hour we keep going out to see the sights: the usually calm beauty of the sea torn up into mountains of angry yellow water, the scurrying clouds, the carpenters frantically at work along the shops on the main street. And then the moment comes when the radio says, "Do not leave your shelters!" It's terrific. But it's not dull; even when the wind misses your town entirely and you emerge rather sheepishly, as though somehow you had shirked the crisis.

Before the hurricane season, we have a long stretch of almost too perfect weather. With incredible blossoms which the winter tourist never sees; an opal ocean with 300 miles of perfect bathing beach; continuous trade winds which never fail, except for an hour of sacramental hush at dawn and sunset; and nights so cool and glorious that one wishes for a magic carpet in which to explore the stars; I think we almost need the excitement of a hurricane threat. It keeps us from too deep a content, from a dangerous inertia.

And then the winter. It is thrilling to see the country come awake. The long-closed roadside stands and tourist camps take down their shutters; the heavy-laden cars with foreign tags come rolling in, first one or two, then an ever-increasing torrent. We were glad enough to see them go last spring, leaving us to the possession of our secret, magical summer land. But now we are rested and we are glad to welcome them again.

Eighteen miles north of the little town of Delray Beach where I live is the pink penultimate of winter resorts — Palm Beach. I love luxury and all the fine modern things of life, and each year Palm Beach pours them into my lap without the slightest effort on my part.

A month's wearing search of New York, Paris or Calcutta could not offer such a choice of treasures: the finest jewels; the most precious silver, antiques, art treasures; novelties, cars, boats; and the clothes which will set the fashion the world over, six months later. And half a dozen Palm Beach restaurants are not to be bettered in Paris or Vienna. For four months here you have the *n*th degree of luxury overwhelming you in rich doses.

For gay bedlam and ballyhoo and practical shopping you have Miami, an overgrown Nice, an outsized Los Angeles, more sophisticated than either, with better bargains and less hooey.

However, none of this is really my Florida — the Florida that holds me with such deep roots. The long, seemingly vacant months when I get to know the country itself are what has buried my heart in the warm sandy loam of the State.

I live on the East Coast Canal. The low white house, which my husband designed and built for me with his own hands, stands 25 feet back from the water. On the opposite bank is a vast, neglected jungle of old royal palms, a hammock of yellow-blooming brush, sea grape and purple allamanda, and beyond that the sea, whose voice one hears constantly. At dawn the canal is vivid bronze, then gold, then suddenly a riot of green and blue. I am often up at dawn and sometimes am rewarded by a visit from a manatee, one of the enormous, kindly sea cows which browse along the weedy bottoms.

The canal is full of fish. One has only to sit on the garden wall and cast into the yellow waters to raise snook, the sportive snapper, small amberjack — not to mention such little fry as eels, crabs or perch. Sometimes at sunset the water is literally covered with mullet, their mouths open, making a myriad small croaking sounds, like young frogs.

Boats go by so close you can almost touch them, and during the summer we can tell all the regular travelers by the noise of their engines. In winter there are innumerable yachts, large and small, some with very gay parties aboard, singing the more or less close harmony incident to an alcoholiday. Sometimes they carry satisfied fishermen who hold up their spoils for our responsive admiration.

Between the house and the canal is a garden in which strange wild flowers culled from the 'Glades and from the ocean front bloom in a riot of unfamiliar colors, side by side with the friendly commonplace of northern annuals. Spring is in October, when these last are planted. And then we have another spring in May, when the native summer blossoms are brought to their new beds. Two separate springs! I am a gardener, and you ask me why Florida is the best place to live!

People seem to think that Florida is inhabited chiefly by tourists. It's not. And the real population is 98 percent American — most of it born here. These people call themselves Crackers without any apology and are as fine a lot as you'd want to know, with high ideals, a fine sense of honor, and a humor all their own. Among them I count several of my best friends — intimate friends, whose pleasures, troubles and entertainments I share.

Apropos of which, no one has really eaten Florida food until he has eaten Cracker food. I don't

mean the grits and chittlings of popular fancy; I mean heart-of-palmetto chowder. I mean conch chowder; tiny snow-white clams cooked with celery; and the small, hot, native peppers. I am talking about stone crab and the back meat of toadfish fried crisp (with garlic) — as firm and sweet a dish as Savarin ever conceived.

I am talking, too, of old unknown native songs, sung to well-played guitars under a full moon, and round dances on the ocean's edge. Of treks into the mysterious 'Glades where one sleeps in a fire-made circle and awakes at dawn to hunt with camera or gun the wild life of that untouched country.

I'm trying to tell about picturesque cowboys of the cattle towns. Of vast peaceful citrus orchards on little-known islands, with ancient flaming hibiscus hedges that rear their tousled heads a good 15 feet into the restless air. And of long days and heroic battles out on the deep blue Gulf Stream, and the slow, peaceful way home with the long box full of scaly captives, traveling along against the theater of the clouds, an Alpine dream of pink-tinted snowy white.

The alligators, the snakes and the mosquitoes of Florida are mostly myths. The hurricane is more often a threat than a promise. While as for the sand flies — well, we do have sand flies. Perhaps so that when we scratch our backs we'll make sure we haven't sprouted wings!

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Americana

¶ United States Highway No. 99 crosses the Oregon-California line some 600 miles north of Los Angeles. At that point there stands a sign which reads, "Los Angeles City Limits." It has been there many years — the ultimate in civic boasting. — Stanley Walker in *Today*

¶ Sheriff Ralph S. Marshall, Allen County, Ohio, makes no campaign speeches. Instead, he takes Mrs. Marshall to public gatherings, stands her 10 paces away, and shoots cigarettes from her mouth with a revolver. Usually he is elected.
— Albert Benjamin in *The American Magazine*

¶ Item in The Santa Fe *New Mexican:* "No. 525–10–9363 is recovering from an attack of flu." The paper, Republican in the last election, has substituted Social Security registration numbers for names.
— *News-Week*

¶ Mr. and Mrs. Emsy Jackson, Pauls Valley, Okla., Negroes, named their two sons Tonsilitis and Meningitis. Last week they christened a daughter — Appendicitis. — *News-Week*

As Others See Us

RESTLESSNESS is the keynote to the most profound difference between the Americans and the Germans or English. You meet an American who occupies a high position in an insurance company and discover with astonishment that, as a young man, he ran away to sea, then became an interior decorator, and still later established a publishing house. Such careers could be duplicated indefinitely. Americans never consider what they are doing at the time as permanent. They work with interest and intensity but they keep looking over the fence into the next field to see whether there is anything doing over there.

—Richard von Kühlmann in *The Living Age*

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THE AMERICAN, quite apart from any love of money, has a great love of measurement. He will mention the exact size or weight of things in a way which appears, to Englishmen, irrelevant. It is as if we were to say that a man came to see us carrying "three feet of walking stick" and "four inches of cigar." —G. K. Chesterton, *What I Saw in America* (© 1922, Dodd, Mead)

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FOREIGN VISITORS are amused at American men, gray at the temples and thin in the neck, who, asking the whereabouts of their wives, say, "Where are the girls?" They are amazed when they hear stately matrons refer to their husbands as "the boys." The American is reluctant to acknowledge that he has lost his hold on youth; he wants to be playful, and his wife wants to be kittenish. —Joseph Collins, M.D., in *Harper's*

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THE AMERICANS, as a people, see everything magnified — so that after a time the atmosphere of unnecessary emphasis wearies one. They are always making big theories out of little things. Their children's idiosyncrasies, little habits of thought of their friends, the meaning of a book or picture — at once they are ready with an unnecessary amount of feeling for each occasion. And what is so fatiguing is that they expect you to be keyed up to the same pitch of vivid interest. They ask you, earnestly, *what you think* of this or that, when really you haven't thought it worth while to think of it at all.

—Anne Douglas Sedgwick in *The Atlantic Monthly*

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AMERICANS are queer people: they don't give a damn. All the world criticizes them and they don't give a damn. Foreign visitors come and write them up; they don't give a

damn. They are told that they have no art, no literature, and no soul. They never budge. Moralists cry over them, criminologists dissect them, writers shoot epigrams at them, prophets foretell the end of them; and they never move. Seventeen brilliant books analyze them every month; they don't read them. The Europeans threaten to unite against them; they don't mind. Equatorial Africa is dead sour on them; they don't even know it. The Chinese look on them as full of Oriental cunning; the English accuse them of British stupidity; the Scotch call them close-fisted; the Italians say they are liars; the French think their morals loose; the Bolsheviks accuse them of Communism.

But that's all right. The Americans don't give a damn; don't need to — never did need to. That is their salvation.

— Stephen Leacock in *The Forum*

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Bewildering the Burglar

Warden Lawes has statistics showing that more than 70 percent of attempted burglaries prove futile and that burglary is actually "one of the poorest paid of the learned professions." One reason for this is the amazing protective devices which have been developed, some of them savoring of sheer magic.

There is, for instance a device which, as the intruder gropes through a darkened room and before he has even touched the apparatus, will detect his presence and then automatically set off a siren, send a warning signal to the police, turn on the lights, take a photograph of the burglar and give him a dose of tear gas.

Another device widely used in Europe acts not only for burglars but also for fires. Automatically it dials the police station or fire department, as the emergency requires; dials the home of the proprietor of the property; dials the supervisor of the telephone exchange as an added check. Then in a clear, unexcited human voice, the robot tells what is wrong.

These two types of mechanical watchmen depend on the photo-electric cell — that weird "electric eye" which, by means of invisible infra-red rays, "sees in the dark." The "unexcited human voice" emanates from a phonograph record.

Radio waves are being used to protect safes and vaults so that it is impossible for a yegg to get within 20 feet of them without raising the alarm. Roughly speaking, the electric discharge or radio emanation from the intruder's body upsets the finely balanced equilibrium of the electric load carried on the protective device—with the result that an alarm is sounded.

A new messenger bag safeguards the delivery of money and securities. When the bag is grabbed from the carrier it automatically produces a series of explosions to attract attention and emits a stream of dense tracer smoke to assist in pursuing the robber. — H. H. Slawson in *Nation's Business*

The Great Missouri Lion Hunt

Condensed from The American Legion Monthly

Paul Jennings

IF YOU MISLAID your job during a depression, could you create an immediately successful business of your own with a capital of $25?

I made the experiment — by proxy. The results were amazing — especially the by-products. I discovered a disease called White Collaritis, and that when a victim of this malady says "I'm desperate, I'll do anything," the answer is — Phooey!

I worked in the advertising department of a large corporation. So did my friend Hervey. One day, in the blackest period of the depression, a discussion arose as to what we'd do if suddenly parted from our jobs. Springtime having stirred the gypsy in my heart, I suggested it should be easy to turn carnival concessionaire and enjoy a profitable summer touring the wide open spaces.

"People can always find money for amusement," I reasoned. "A clever new carnival game would clean up."

Speculating further, we agreed that the public would prefer prizes of groceries to Kewpie dolls, and that the game should be identified with some current happening. In short, effect a tie-in with a million dollars' worth of free newspaper publicity.

"Something like this crazy lion hunt that is going on," Hervey commented.

We looked at each other and gasped — we had it!

This Missouri lion hunt started when a St. Louis manufacturer had an irresistible impulse to slay a lion. He couldn't go to Africa; ergo, he would bring Africa to him. He would release a couple of lions on Missouri soil, and track 'em down.

The press, humane societies, and the police objected en masse. But the doughty hunter went stubbornly ahead, bought a pair of decrepit lions from a stranded circus and turned them loose on a Mississippi River island. Before his *safari* could be organized, however, the sheriff and his deputies rowed to the island and machine-gunned the lions, thereby keeping their oath to prevent the hunt. Even the depression was forgotten in the repercussions that followed.

With this as a starting point, Hervey and I developed our idea. It so fascinated us that the desire to try it out became an obsession.

"But who can we get to run the contraption for us?" Hervey asked.

That was easy, since half of my acquaintances were jobless. I selected a young architect who not only was "desperate and would do anything," but was doubly qualified in that we needed technical assistance. Henry, the architect, was enthusiastic. He was to get half the profits, while Hervey and I would donate the necessary capital.

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(The American Legion Monthly, January, '37)

Soon we had plans on paper. The Great Missouri Lion Hunt would be housed in a square booth having a counter on all four sides. In the center of the booth would be a table, with a 3-inch glass "fence" around the edges to keep the lions from escaping. In this enclosure were arranged 20 lion traps, similar to the container portion of a safety-match box. One end of the inverted box was hinged to the table top. A thread attached to the other end led up through a tiny pulley suspended over the table, and thence to a lever on the counter. By manipulating the lever, the trap could be raised and lowered at will.

In the exact center of the circle of traps was the Lion Den, an inverted aluminum bowl. When 20 cash customers were stationed at the 20 levers, the lions would be released to gallop madly about. The first customer to trip his trap and catch a lion beneath it won.

The lions? Shiny black beetles that we caught under the stones of a railroad embankment. And could they run!

Next we contacted the owner of a small carnival located on a vacant lot in a factory district. For $10 a week he would lease us a plot near the merry-go-round. For prizes we negotiated with a wholesale grocer, who agreed to furnish the ingredients of an imposing basket for a total of 74 cents.

There is an art to this basket business. First you put two large rolls of cheap toilet paper in the bottom. Then you start the superstructure, carefully tilting and balancing each package so as to conceal a maximum of empty space. Cornflakes did yeoman service. Big cans of sauerkraut were cheap and bulky, with an added virtue of lending weight. We bought catsup, beautiful bottles of vinegar, packaged salt and soap chips.

"Hell, you don't want to give away a prize basket every time," snorted the carnival man. The other concessionaires, it appeared, would regard such amateurish generosity as unfair competition. We met this issue by painting the lions different hues. We had 10 red lions, 20 purple ones (they were beauties) and 70 just ordinary black lions. If a red lion was captured, the prize would be a basket of groceries; if a purple lion, five pounds of sugar; if a black lion, a two-pound package.

Came the day of rehearsal, staged in the architect's back yard. The booth was set up, and the lions were put through their paces. It worked fine, and Henry beamed at the praise lavished upon his handiwork.

Then we started unwrapping the final packages.

"These, Henry, are some props you will use to heighten the burlesque feature of our game," we said.

Henry gaped as there came into view a pair of tropical pith helmets, large horn-rimmed spectacles minus glass, cartridge belts from which dangled toy cap pistols, and a popgun.

"These things will make it funnier — you'll have 'em rolling in the aisle," we promised.

Henry was strangely preoccupied during the rest of the rehearsal.

That evening he called me, saying we should hire a couple of fellows who'd do the actual operating of the concession. He would be kept very busy filling baskets, banking our profits, and so on.

I suspected right then it was a case of White Collaritis, the victim of which invariably displays these symptoms: (a) A sudden conviction of the importance of maintaining his dignity; and (b) a belief that he is incapable of doing any work other than that to which he has been accustomed. However, I agreed to Henry's proposal.

We did our best to force jobs on an accountant, an efficiency expert, two former bank tellers, a disillusioned insurance salesman and a department store rug buyer with a wife and two small children. After much hesitancy, one of the bank tellers and the rug buyer accepted.

The grand opening was on a Thursday night. When Hervey and I reached the carnival ground, it was 9:00 p.m. A cold, misty night, together with the hard times, had restricted attendance to perhaps 500.

This throng milled about in one spot. Glory — it was our booth! They were jammed 10 deep around the place.

We elbowed our way to the front — and gazed upon an astounding sight. Cowering in a corner among the groceries was Henry, paralyzed with terror.

I ducked under the counter and confronted him. Our hired help, he explained, had undergone a change of heart. The rug buyer had taken one look at the outfit he was to wear, and told Henry his wife wasn't feeling well and he wouldn't be able to work that night. The bank teller reported he had heard rumors of a possible opening in a bank, and opined he must go and see about it forthwith.

"And what can I do by myself?" wailed Henry, in the throes of stage fright. I looked at Hervey, and he stared back. Simultaneously, we decided.

"Gimme that helmet — you fill some more baskets," I told Henry. Hervey and I grabbed the headgear, popgun, cap pistols and other accouterments of the African lion hunter, and went into action.

"Hurr-ee, hurree — hurree! The Great Missouri Lion Hunt is about to commence! You pay a dime, and win a grocery store! Try your skill — catch a lion! Hurree — we're gonna turn the varmints loose!"

We whooped our wares in raucous abandon, and in less than a minute 20 players had parted with 20 dimes. Hervey fired a salvo from the popgun, and I lifted the aluminum bowl that covered the lions. The place became a shrieking mass of excited humanity as each player worked his lever madly, attempting to snap his trap on a scurrying lion. Even Hervey and I were carried away. Hervey pounded lustily on a lard can tom-tom, while I fired volley after volley from my trusty cap pistols.

"The little girl did it! And she got a *red* lion — she wins a basket of groceries." The prize was presented with a grand flourish. Another hunt was in progress.

By closing time we had a neat profit. But our demonstration had not cured Henry of his stage fright. He hesitatingly agreed to remain in charge and oversee the carnival spieler we hired to operate our bonanza. Under the practiced handling of this worthy, the next night saw no decline in business. However, the visible cash receipts, when Henry checked up at midnight, were shockingly disproportionate to

the actual intake. We fired the new man pronto, and hired another spieler. Saturday night was a repetition of Friday — plenty of business, but a mysterious dearth of dimes.

"This just isn't my line — I'd better quit," confessed Henry.

So, freed of our obligation to Henry, and being ourselves unable, because of our jobs, to pack up and follow the carnival, the Great Missouri Lion Hunt expired. But by golly, it was a swell game, and I hereby bequeath it to any unemployed chap who is not afflicted with White Collaritis. With it, he can make money, have lots of fun and — if worst comes to worst — he can eat his prizes.

But our experience convinced me that nothing can be done for victims of White Collaritis. The statement "desperate — will do anything" only means that the victim can borrow no more money, and probably must go on relief unless he can find a job that really appeals to him.

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Along the Airways

¶ With two soaring "flying boxcars," General Air Freight, a division of TWA, has inaugurated midnight to dawn freight service between New York and Chicago, in reconditioned planes of 3500-pound capacity, no longer suitable for passenger service. The flying freight trains offer a 57 percent slash from the former airplane freight rates. To speed the trend toward air freight, TWA throws in for good measure a free pick-up and delivery service. Delivery by fast rail freight, Chicago to New York, takes 28 hours. By air, it takes only seven hours.

— The Literary Digest

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¶ Airline tourist travel got its first real start last summer with scenic tours over Yellowstone Park and the Grand Canyon. In Oregon recreational airports in inaccessible mountainous spots have been established, such as the one at Crater Lake, where one can fly to fish, hunt or swim.

— Aero Digest

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¶ A Chicago bride-to-be wants orange blossoms overnight from Florida. A Missouri woman has to have, on a few hours' notice, a New York evening gown. Mildred Johnson, Philadelphia girl, runs an air shopping service for such emergencies — for people who want rare foods, flowers, clothes and other things in a hurry from distant places. The customer has only to telephone his request to the local railway express agent, who gets in touch with Miss Johnson. She telegraphs to one of her co-workers at an airport nearest the place where the desired item is obtainable and he does the rest.

— Boston Evening Transcript

The Wage Snatchers

Condensed from Today

E. Jerome Ellison and Frank W. Brock

IT WAS with a considerable shock that New York City recently discovered that the garnishee racket had taken $3,500,000 from its municipal employes alone since 1929. In one bureau, the Department of Sanitation, 3000 employes faced garnishments totaling $600,000. Then, when the Russell Sage Foundation reviewed the investigation it had made in 14 cities in 1934, the racket was revealed as a nation-wide menace. In Memphis, more than half the employes in typical industrial firms were found to be embroiled in garnishments; in Birmingham, one out of three salaries was attached; in Chicago, one out of six. And there's every indication that the racket has been steadily growing since 1934.

The salary-raiding blight was, ironically, created entirely by law. With the vast increase of installment buying, many states passed stringent garnishee laws for the protection of creditors. These laws make it possible to take absolute possession of a man's income, or a portion of it, with very little legal fuss. The racketeers don't even bother to collect down payments. All they want is signatures — and they get them. Establishing themselves by chicanery as "creditors," they reap a handsome harvest. In states where this legislation exists, nearly 20 percent of 48,000 employes covered in the Russell Sage report had their salaries tied up with garnishments; in states where no such crushing laws existed only 1.5 percent were having garnishee trouble, and these probably deserved it.

The tools of the racketeers are the garnishee and wage assignment, called by an Assistant District Attorney of New York "the twin bastards of the law." A wage assignment, when not secured by trickery, is the voluntary act of a salaried employe directing his employer to pay a creditor a portion of his salary; a garnishee accomplishes the same thing, but by court order.

Here's how the pirates work: Last December a salesman for a New York jewelry firm of unsavory reputation showed a prospect what he said was a diamond set in a platinum ring. He suggested that it would make a nice gift for the man's wife. The prospect thought it might — but his wife was away, and he didn't want to buy the ring without first seeing if she liked it. "Take it on ap-

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(Today, December 26, '36)

proval," said the salesman, "sign a receipt, and return it if it doesn't suit." So the man signed. His wife, it turned out, didn't like the ring; furthermore, an appraiser placed its value at $5. But when the victim tried to return it, the jeweler wouldn't take it back. The "receipt" was a wage assignment and confession of judgment which enabled the jeweler to collect $75 from the dupe's employer by merely presenting the slip.

This is the standard technique of the wage raiders — giving out merchandise of any sort "on approval," getting the victim's signature on a "receipt," then collecting from his employer for goods he hasn't bought and doesn't want. It is easy to say, "but the sap should have read what he signed." Yet the fact is that most people are honest, and they expect other people to be honest.

Once a town becomes infested with a gang of wage snatchers they go about their work with amazing thoroughness. In New York a network of companies operated under one clearinghouse where sucker lists were exchanged. One employe wound up with five separate garnishments against his $1500 yearly salary. Another acquired merchandise valued at $60 — and had his salary garnisheed for $1000, the amount having been raised successively by threats, "incidental charges," and flat misrepresentation.

Before a garnishment is applied, the salary shark employs a variety of intimidating ruses to bleed his victim. Many corporations, to avoid the additional bookkeeping expense which would be entailed by thousands of extra salary disbursements, have an inflexible rule that salary attachments bring immediate dismissal. This is an immense help to the racketeer, for a curt note threatening to present the salary attachment to the employer is enough to bring his victim to terms.

In 1934 the New York law, which had permitted assigning a man's entire wage, was changed. Under the new law wage assignments on incomes over $12 a week cannot exceed 10 percent of an employe's salary, and only one attachment is effective at one time. Other creditors must wait their turn to attach the 10 percent, and sometimes it's a long wait. But not all states protect employes in this manner. State laws vary from absolute prohibition of the mortgaging of wages to practically no restrictions — and rackets thrive in inverse ratio to the employe protection afforded.

Things are getting hot for these racketeers in New York. Those who have hurriedly left the city are certain to set up shop in states where the garnishee laws give teeth to their racket. Be on the lookout for them, and above all — Read What You Sign.

At Your Service

By

Selma Robinson

IF YOU WANT a thing well done, don't do it yourself. Call, rather, upon one of the hundreds of little agencies all over the country that have found it pays to do for others what others do not wish to do for themselves. Many of these enterprises were started by the jobless during the depression; all of them are examples of initiative in applying personal skills or ingenious ideas to the service of others.

Maids for the maidless was the idea of a young man of Manhattan who discovered that his friends were having as much trouble running their homes as he experienced. His service, which is called Jeeves, provides, at a low monthly rate, a uniformed girl to tidy your apartment, make the beds and even do a few pieces of laundry. If you want breakfast or dinner, a slight additional charge will take care of that. If you are throwing an important party, a bona fide butler will arrive in correct dress and behave like one who has been the family servitor for years. The Jeeves servants are investigated and bonded; a supervisor comes around weekly to see that their work is properly done.

Emma Riley, a colored woman in Dallas, carries on a profitable business of catering in the home. Emma does not go in for fancy effects. The food she prepares is homelike, but not plain. With the food she sends Negro waitresses in black dresses with white caps and aprons.

Nurseries and playgrounds by-the-day are being expertly conducted by former schoolteachers, governesses and camp counselors. The more prosperous maintain a private playground, while the more modest simply call for children, take them to the parks for nature study, to museums for art, to the movies for fun.

The Home Bureau of Manhattan prepares and delivers to invalids those special diets doctors are fond of ordering and which most households find so difficult to provide. If you must turn your home into a hospital, it will provide nurse, special attendant, invalid furniture, surgical dressings and supplies. For hotel guests with children, it sends a qualified governess for an evening or, if necessary, it can supply one to accompany your children on long trips.

Diaper services in many cities now free mothers from drudgery. For approximately $5 a month these supply sterile cloths, a sanitary deodorizing can, and a frequent delivery service. Each diaper bears the name of its customer

and is tested for bacteria before delivery in cellophane.

There are several unique laundries in Texas that are a blessing to women in homes without modern improvements. In a convenient building, washing machines are installed with rinse tubs. The housewife brings her washing there, and is able to take advantage of labor-saving equipment and drying facilities. Charges are on a time basis.

The next best thing to an accommodating grandmother is a personal mending service. Marshall R. Weiss's Little Mending Shops keep Philadelphians from going through heel or elbow. They mend holes burned in silk dresses, clean and press neckties, turn the edges of cuffs, and other such things that the lady of the house used to do.

Two years ago Mrs. Richard L. Rogers returned to her apartment, which she had sublet, and found chairs broken, glassware cracked, pitchers minus handles, gashes in the upholstery. It took nearly a year to get the right person for each mending job but by that time she had an impressive list of workmen. And so Repairs, Inc., was born. Today she has clients in all parts of the country. Be it $10,000 tapestry, or 98-cent wagon — if someone loves it well enough to want it whole, Mrs. Rogers' workmen will do their best.

The John Scott Service was formed by five men who were down but not out. Each, a highly skilled craftsman, found it impossible to maintain his own business; but by pooling their resources they were able to function together as professional handy men and relieve the master of the house of many onerous tasks. The original five has grown to 22. They like paint jobs (bringing along a cut onion which they swear will absorb paint odors); they do repair work in general and do not object to such minor assignments as putting the door back on its hinges, replacing a knob, or removing cigarette burns from a table top.

Spring and fall housecleaning is among the most irksome tasks known. So Hostesses, Inc., with a staff of competent supervisors and cleaning women, made a specialty of it. They will close your house in the summer and open it in the fall, take an inventory of books, linens, silver and furniture. This is not all. They began by being what they still are — hostesses to women in New York on conventions, to parties at hotels or in homes, skilled in the business of entertaining.

Ideas Unlimited will take care of "anything from airplane trips to zebras." It is they who will meet your young son when you send him in alone on the train to your dentist, who will provide a chaperone for your niece on a week end in town. Mrs. Douglas

Elliman, who started the service, is not surprised at any request. She found an elephant for the Republican Party and a suckling pig for the opening of a night club. Her latest plan is a commuters' club for women, with quarters in a hotel suite. Here one may change clothes for a night in town, receive packages or last-minute telephone calls from husbands, meet friends, or rest between engagements on a busy day.

Left jobless after years of secretarial work, Mrs. Josephine Whitney Ottman put her training to work by organizing a Personal Service. She will act as a guide to New York, do your shopping if you are out of town, or tell you where to shop when you come to town. Young women unhappy in their jobs come to her for guidance. Usually the client solves her own problem, for what she wants most is an opportunity to think out loud in a large and friendless city. A member of Mrs. Ottman's staff will call on invalids, play backgammon or cards, read aloud, and otherwise amuse them.

No matter what your problem is, someone can solve it professionally and inexpensively. And the fee you pay goes to carry on the good and clever work of people who have learned to lend their wits for your comfort and leisure.

(*Other services at your beck will be described in the April issue*)

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Solve It Yourself

PRINTED TO simulate a police record of a murder, a new type of book called *Crimefile* contains bits of evidence tied together in a cardboard folder. From the assortment of telegrams, note-covered scraps of paper, reports of questioning of witnesses, human hair, a burned match, and a swatch of crimson-stained curtain, the reader is supposed to solve the crime. A sealed solution in the back contains a police analysis of the evidence and a signed confession by the murderer. — *The Literary Digest*

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Examination by Phonograph

NO MORE *written* examinations in English at Russell Sage College for Girls. Hereafter each student will take examinations out loud at a microphone. Samples of her *spoken* English will be automatically recorded from the beginning of the term, and her standing in English will depend in large part on the improvement in her speech.

— Princess Alexandra Kropotkin in *Liberty*

The Real Boston Tea Party

Condensed from "Revolution, 1776"

John Hyde Preston

WITHOUT Samuel Adams of Boston, the American Revolution would never have come as it did. It might have been delayed a decade or a generation. He harnessed the unrest of the people, conserved it and turned it into channels of his own making. Samuel Adams has a much clearer claim than George Washington to the title Father of his Country. Adams was the father, Washington the nurse.

Vignettes of History —XXXV—

It was the Boston Massacre that gave Samuel Adams his chance. Something over 45 years old at that time, he had been a persistent failure, in the law and in successive businesses. His stocky little figure with the shaking hands, the bright, burned-out eyes, the tremulous voice, the shabby clothes — his big jaw often unshaven — became traditional around Boston. He was hot-tempered, embittered and inhibited. But as leader of the Caucus Club of Boston — a party organization run on Tammany principles — he discovered that he had an unsurpassable flair for political organization and propaganda. He was a born rebel, and his failures had only sharpened his appetite for revolution. He seized on the Massacre with the unerring skill of a master publicity agent.

There had been great unrest in Boston since 1768. At that time the British ministry had made the fatal error of sending in an army of occupation to protect British customs officers, after a riot caused by their attempt to collect duty on a shipload of smuggled Madeira. The wine had belonged to John Hancock, a young man from one of Boston's best families. Most merchants were smugglers in those days, as their fathers and grandfathers had been before them.

The soldiers sent to Boston were a rowdy crew, who raced their horses through the streets, mockingly played "Yankee Doodle" before churches on Sunday mornings, and got drunk every night. They were anything but the king's best troops, but the colonists thought them representative of the royal army, and that their spirit was the English spirit. Men like Samuel Adams encouraged this conception. It became a pleasant pastime for idle Bostonians

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to fling insults at these "bloody backs." "Lobsters for sale!" someone would call out as a group of redcoats walked down the streets. And the lobsters glowered ferociously.

In March, 1770, after several days of almost continual street brawls, with hard snowballs and fists as weapons, the scene got rougher. An ugly crowd gathered before the Customs House one evening. When a boy ragged an officer of the Horse Guard for not paying his barber's bill, the sentry struck him over the head with the butt of his rifle. The crowd became a mob, and the sentinel called the guard to his aid. Captain Preston and eight men lined up, with guns loaded and leveled, and ordered the crowd to stand back. They only came nearer. Then someone threw a big stick which hit a soldier named Montgomery, who lost control, raised his musket and fired into the crowd. A half-breed Negro screamed and fell. Immediately the other excited soldiers fired too, and ten more citizens fell in the snow. The rest of the mob — about 100 in all — stood in frozen terror a moment, then fled.

The town was in an uproar. Bells rang, drums beat, the people armed themselves and rushed about yelling for justice and the blood of these British murderers until the British Governor Hutchinson appeared on the steps of the Customs House and assured the mob that justice would be done. Captain Preston and his soldiers were arrested on a charge of murder. By midnight the uproar quieted and Boston went to bed.

Next morning Samuel Adams stood up before a Committee of Investigation and moved that the troops leave town. Governor Hutchinson's pleas for them to stay were ridden down, and they departed. The customs officers departed too, scared white.

Then Adams sought out little Paul Revere, the engraver and silversmith. Revere made a dramatic cartoon of the Massacre, with the emphasis on the aspect of cold-blooded murder — quiet Boston citizens standing up before a firing squad of tall redcoats. Sam Adams wanted to catch the imagination of the mob, men to whom the complications of the Stamp Act were Greek, but who would understand a picture of nine British soldiers mowing down innocent men. Thousands of copies were struck off and broadcast over the 13 Colonies.

Adams also had an account of the brawl written up, called it *A Short Narrative of the Horrid Massacre in Boston*, and sent it to important people in England. This version proved definitely that the soldiers had fired without reason, and that all Bostonians were essentially only interested in harmony and civil liberties.

Samuel Adams was started now, and he went roaring on, promoting the idea of revolution with fanatical intensity. "Foreign" was his keynote — England was a foreign despot. She had no right to tell Americans what they should do, to levy duties, to fill the Colonies with her agents. The fact that hers was one of the mildest colonial administrations ever known made no difference. Abstract ideas about liberty and greed for commercial profits were so intermingled in the minds of the "patriots" that it is hard to be certain which was stronger. But only a few artists of rebellion, like Sam Adams, wanted independence for its own sake; and even he was not entirely selfless. Revolution would bring him fame, and his hunger for fame was all-consuming.

News came to Boston one day of an uprising in North Carolina. A band of farmers had revolted against the British Governor Tryon. Tryon had beaten them on the banks of the Alamance River, wrecked their homes, and hanged six of the ringleaders.

The Battle of the Alamance was unconnected with British tyranny. It was strictly a local affair — the uprising of certain western Carolinians who were jealous of certain eastern Carolinians. Tryon whipped the insurrectionists with some regiments of colonial militia — the very men who were afterwards to serve under Washington in the Revolution. The men he whipped were loyalists, and all of them took the oath of allegiance to King George when the war came on. If Samuel Adams had wanted to investigate, he could easily have found out the truth of this. But the truth was not always convenient to his machinations. He seized for propaganda purposes upon the Battle of the Alamance; he extolled the slain "patriots" and wept over their blood.

At a moment when Samuel Adams and his fellows were worrying lest the spirit of resistance should diminish in patriotic hearts, a new scheme of the British Empire swept like a cyclone into colonial affairs. In 1773, the famous East India Company was near bankruptcy, partly because of an appalling drop in the American tea trade. The colonials were refusing to buy British tea because of the threepence tax — they smuggled Holland tea instead. The East India Company had millions of pounds of tea stored in London, and the prospect was that it would stay there forever. So the Company decided to build warehouses at Boston, New York and Philadelphia, ship the tea to America, and undersell the smuggled Dutch tea. It was a scheme designed to be a boon to all Americans who were not smugglers; the British could not con-

ceive that even those eccentric Americans would object to getting tea cheaper than ever before.

But Samuel Adams refused to see it that way; and when John Hancock heard of the plan, he exploded. It was just another case of imperial browbeating, and he told the people that the blood of their forefathers demanded resistance. He neglected to say that he and his friends had huge warehouses full of smuggled tea, whose value would be cut in half the moment the East India Company landed its shipment. Most American historians have neglected it, too. We were taught in school that the colonists resisted because the British were trying to force an unswallowable tax down their throats; that the scheme was "tyrannous" and "cruel."

Samuel Adams had the difficult task of convincing the colonists that they were getting a rough deal in having to pay a lower price for tea, and this is how he did it. The East India Company were not tea brokers alone, he argued. They dealt in many other commodities; and if they were allowed to sell tea in America it would not be long before they were selling other articles and pushing local merchants out of business. How would they like that? The chorus of merchants swelled: Down with British monopoly! And, continued Adams, selling tea at a lower price was only a ruse. As soon as the company was firmly established, prices would begin to soar. These arguments slipped into the colonial mind as easily as water into a pool.

In December, three tea ships arrived in Boston with cargoes valued at $75,000. They lay there, still loaded, while patriotic feeling smoldered and grew hotter until, on the night of the 16th, it burst into flame. Seven thousand colonials gathered at the old South Meeting House and demanded that the tea ships return to England. If they did not, they vowed they would destroy the cargoes.

The owner of one of the ships took a flying journey to Governor Hutchinson's country place to ask his permission for the ships to go home. The meeting waited for him. Darkness had fallen when he returned, bowed to the chairman, and said: "The governor has refused, sir."

The crowd moved forward, and Samuel Adams drew himself up, dramatic and sinister in the candle-light. Waving his arms significantly, a fierce light in his eyes, he roared at the multitude:

"This meeting can do nothing more to save the country!"

Immediately some 50 prominent Bostonians, painted and dressed like Indians, and carrying hatchets, poured down to the docks. For three hours after that there were no sounds except the businesslike noise of hatchets

cracking boxes open and of boxes splashing into the sea. The moon rose and stretched its track languorously across the waves. It fell upon the dark forms of men bent in feverish labor. Soon, from the water around the wharfs, a delicious aroma of wet tea arose and was blown over the town of Boston. Patriots sniffed the air and winked significantly.

Samuel Adams had won his point. But he knew this was only a beginning. Already in his imagination he heard the sound of soldiers' feet, the sound of guns. . .

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¶ How animals cure their ills

Mother Nature Knows Best

Condensed from The Virginia Quarterly Review

Archibald Rutledge

As a plantation boy, I kept many wild creatures as pets. One of these was the fawn of a whitetail deer. One day a barbed wire fence tore an ugly gash in its side. I cleansed the wound with carbolic water and bandaged it. But my patient pulled the bandage off, and carefully licked the hair away from the injured place, exposing it fully to the air and sunlight. He took entire charge of his own trouble and shortly healed himself.

Birds and animals appear to know just what herbs will cure what ills. The Indians and our pioneer ancestors learned the rudiments of medicine by observing what plants were sought out by animals suffering from wounds, fever, alimentary disturbances; by watching a bear grubbing for the roots of fern; by noting how the wild turkey, during a rainy spell, compels her babies to eat the leaves of the spicebush; by seeing a wolf, bitten by a rattler, confidently chewing snakeroot!

We may wonder why carrion birds are not infected by their food. But nature has supplied the vultures with heads that are practically featherless; they scrupulously clean their huge beaks; and, further, the vulture is the only bird known to me which will select a high place exposed to the sun and sit there with wings extended for the purpose of cleansing his feathers. The manner of the bird's life calls for especial cau-

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ion in sanitation, and he takes it.

Both birds and animals bathe egularly to rid their bodies not nly of parasites but of possible ources of infection. These baths re of many varieties — water, un, mud, dust. In the Yellow- tone, old grizzly bears use the ot sulphur baths, which may lleviate the aches and pains in- ident to age. It is almost a daily abit of such game birds as the uail, ruffed grouse and wild tur- ey to take dust baths to dis- ourage insects.

Birds and animals that are in- ured are inclined to act swiftly nd unerringly. If caught in a rap, or so injured that a leg dan- gles because of a broken bone, hey do not hesitate to perform n amputation. When I was a oy, I set a steel trap in our let- uce garden. The next morning I found a mother rabbit crouched eside the trap, in which was one f her babies; she was amputating is foot to free him. I have never since set a steel trap.

More remarkable than the he- roic self-amputation of a limb is the care given the wound. A musk- rat will completely cover such a wounded part with hemlock gum, thus excluding dirt and germs that might lurk in the water in which he swims. Bears also smear their wounds with spruce or hem- lock resin, and occasionally with clay. But I never knew a muskrat to use the latter. He knows that water would dissolve it. The orang- outang, the chimpanzee or the gorilla, when wounded, will at- tempt to stanch the flow of blood with its hands, and will then close the hole with packings of astrin- gent aromatic leaves.

Some birds seem aware of the necessity for keeping a broken wing "in splints." I have seen a wild gobbler with a broken wing lie down in a certain position, and with his bill adjust his wounded member, trying to keep it in the proper position for knitting. This break knitted completely, though the wing did not have the same angle as the other. Among woods- men it is well known that a wood- cock with a broken leg will apply to the injured member a splint of clay, sometimes reinforced with fibrous roots.

I used to have a flying squirrel in a big cage. One night she caught her foreleg in a crack, and in her frantic efforts to escape, she broke it. For several days she lay with her injured paw in the same posi- tion. She who had been viv- idly active suddenly became pas- sive, intent on the one great aim of healing herself. And this she did by being absolutely quiet and, I think, hopeful.

When a wild creature is injured it first seeks solitude and com- plete retirement. Then, besides giving scrupulous attention to its external wound, it takes internal care. It may induce vomiting; it

will almost certainly take a laxative. Members of the canine and feline families, when below par or in physical distress, eat green grass. Wild bears eat berries and roots that are cathartic in their effect. The ungulates rarely need a laxative, but they do sometimes need medicine that has the opposite effect. This they find in tender bark and twigs of trees that are rich in tannic acid.

An animal with fever always hunts up an airy, shady place near water, and remains quiet, eating very little and drinking often until it recovers. On the other hand, a rheumatic animal always hunts the hottest spot that it can find in the sunlight and soaks up all the heat possible.

With the changing seasons, when their systems require certain adjustments, some unerring instinct causes birds and animals to change their diet. For example, in the South, where there are great dredge-cuts left by phosphate mining, buck deer will travel miles to drink that water, which is rich in lime. They need lime for horn growth.

All female birds need lime to form eggshells; and it is a common thing to see even birds of the uplands in mating season resort to places where shellfish are found. They have to have lime and they know where to get it.

When sick or wounded, wild creatures resort to the ancient remedies of nature: medicines, pure air and complete relaxation. While I marvel over their capacity to heal themselves, my greater wonder is reserved for the majestic faith with which they undertake their self-healing.

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How's Your Pronunciation?

Some words in this issue, commonly mispronounced; and the way they should be pronounced according to Webster's New International Dictionary.

Appa-rā'-tus (accent the third *a* and by preference rhyme it with "hay"). Ce-ment' (both noun and verb are accented on the second syllable). Cem'-etery (this is approved American use; cem'-etrĭ, frequently heard in this country, is British). Chĭ-cān'-ery (starts with *sh* sound); Colum*n*ist (few pronounce the *n*, as they should). Har'-assed (commonly accented on the second syllable, but the dictionary prefers the first). Kay'ak (rhyme the *ay* with "eye"). Panor*a*ma preferred. Munic'-ipal (many persons say municip'-al, and shouldn't). Trav'-ersed (not traver'-sed). Waikiki — the song-writers have the famous beach all wrong when they give it a last-syllable accent; correct: Wah'-e-kee-ke. Route — rhyme it with "shoot" to be correct; though military and railroad men insist on rhyming it with "out." Tomā'-to (rhyme it with potato if you wish; those who say tomah'-to are using Webster's second choice). Respirator: *Res'-pĭrayter* (and not, as often pronounced, respī'-rator).

ARCTIC ADVENTURE

My Life in the Frozen North

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK

PETER FREUCHEN

Author of "Eskimo"

PETER FREUCHEN, a giant of a man, is one of the great modern adventurers — a trader, scientist and explorer, who for years lived gaily, dangerously, and intimately among the Eskimos.

His frank account of Eskimo manners is given not with any intent to shock the reader, but simply as an honest picture of a strange, brave people whose standards are the result of life in a hard, unyielding country. Of his own achievements he speaks modestly.

As an explorer, Freuchen's position is secure. His explorations were largely responsible for securing North Greenland as Danish territory; and with Rasmussen he traversed the North Greenland icecap, a feat never before accomplished. For his services to Denmark, Freuchen was decorated by King Christian.

The experiences here presented form but a part of the numerous adventures — humorous, surprising, or desperate — in his 500-page narrative.

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As a young medical student in the University of Copenhagen, Peter Freuchen witnessed an event which shocked him with the irony of civilized life, and first crystallized his wish to escape from it.

"One day at the hospital," he says, "the victim of a dock accident was brought in bruised beyond recognition, his skull fractured and his ribs crushed. For months all the doctors said he could not live. Six months later his recovery was pronounced complete. It was a modern miracle, and surgeons flocked to Copenhagen from all over the continent to examine him. Finally the doctors reluctantly turned him out into the world again. We all watched him go. We watched him stop at a corner, then start across the street. We all saw an automobile — one of the first in Copenhagen — run him down and kill him.

"That made me burn with impotent fury. I decided I was not cut out to be a doctor, and left the University to join the Mylius-Erichsen expedition then setting out to explore Greenland."

It was this expedition that gave Freuchen his first experience of Arctic conditions. He became acquainted with Eskimos, learned to paddle a kayak and drive dogs, and finally volunteered to spend six months of Arctic darkness alone in a tiny hut, taking meteorological observations. During this lonely time wolves often prowled about his hut, and to drive them away he used "a God-given gift which no one had appreciated before":

"I love to sing. And my voice is so terrible that no living thing, not even a wolf, can endure it. So I never stepped outside my door unless I was singing at the top of my lungs. I went about shouting out my joy in life over the snow and the Arctic night. The wolves were defeated. I can truthfully say that I made my living with my voice, a statement which nobody who knows me would believe."

When the expedition returned, Freuchen already had gained a working knowledge of the Arctic. A little later he met Knud Rasmussen, the son of a Greenland missionary and his part-Eskimo wife, who became his great friend. Together they determined to found a trading post in the northernmost inhabited section of Greenland. With financial backing from a prominent Dane, they secured a boat to take them, with a stock of trading goods, to the remote, ice-bound harbor of Thule.

The boat left us, two lone white men, in a little world of North Greenland Eskimos. We built a house on shore; it was not very big nor very comfortable. Still, during the long winter months when it was banked with snow it was warm enough inside. And it was always crowded with Eskimo guests — the wonderful people who were to be my lifelong friends.

Ashore our first problem was to secure meat for our dogs. That is, in fact, the greatest problem of the North. Eskimos take great

pride in their dogs, and keep far too many of them. Humans and dogs eat exactly the same things, but the dogs consume far more than the natives.

It is an Eskimo custom to present everyone with a portion of meat at the killing of a big piece of game. I became aware of this practice the first day we went out after walrus in the fjord. Men in kayaks take after the big beast and hurl into him harpoons attached to large bladders, designed to keep the walrus afloat. The killing must then be done by spears, and this takes time, skill and bravery: if a spear sticks into the walrus without killing it, the man has to row close enough to yank the spear out again, an extremely dangerous maneuver.

When a walrus has been hauled to shore, the man who first put his harpoon into the animal takes the head, the left flipper, the guts, and especially the heart. (Eskimos find many uses for the vital organs of game, and the walrus stomach, filled as it usually is with clams and oysters, is considered a particularly delicious and healthful delicacy.) Number two takes the right forepart, number three the left rear portion, and so forth. I was lucky the first time to get a forepart, because I had shot the animal after someone else had harpooned it.

I thanked the hunter as I found myself suddenly the possessor of several hundred pounds of meat. Later he told me not to do that. "Up here we don't like to hear thanks for helping each other. If I get something today, you may get it tomorrow. Some men are not lucky, or may not be able to run or row as fast as others. They would feel unhappy to have to thank their fellows all the time. And the big hunter's pleasure would die if others were constantly humbled by him." Rather a nice way of living!

THE DOGS we had brought with us from Danish Greenland still had full sets of teeth, and we were asked by the natives to dull them, to prevent their eating the sealskin lines with which they were kept tied up. Puppies' teeth are easily flattened by using a stone or a file. But ours were full-grown dogs, and the operation had to be performed with a hammer. To handle the poor animal for this operation, he must be stupefied — hung by the neck until he is unconscious. Then he is hurriedly let down, his jaws pried apart, and his teeth flattened with a hammer. This is, of course, a cruel operation, but it apparently does not hurt the dogs very much. Time after time I have seen them jump up and shake their heads a little, then run off to eat or fight.

With dulled teeth, the dogs cannot eat frozen meat in winter,

and it is always a matter of great concern to thaw it for them. They are fed mostly on walrus hide cut into large chunks, and are fed in a group so that, in order to get his share, each animal must wolf his food. Since they are unable to chew the food, it requires a long time for digestion and remains in their stomachs for several days, thus giving them an impression of having been filled up recently.

On sledge trips we feed our dogs every second day, and at home, during the winter when they are doing no work, every third day. In summer they need to be fed no oftener than once a week.

ON THE 19th of October came the day when the sun dropped below the horizon for the winter. One might think the natives would regret its going, but they rejoice instead. The long summer, with the sun always circling overhead, is tiresome. They live in skin tents then, and it is impossible to make these dwellings dark. It is always broad daylight, and eyes ache for darkness. As soon as the sun disappears the women cry out: "Oh, joy and happiness; the sun is away! Now comes the winter when we shall hear from the fjords, and we ourselves shall go and visit. Now the seals will be at the blowholes."

The winter season must be taken advantage of from the start. For a short period before the snow falls it is possible for the hunters to walk in their bearskin soles on the ice in perfect silence, and thus get near enough to spear the seals at the blowholes before attracting their attention.

As soon as the ice was well formed, Eskimos from distant parts began to arrive at Thule to visit and trade. A whole family would arrive on a sledge. They came no matter at what time of day, for when it is dark natives have no special period reserved for sleep; they sleep when they are tired.

In our house someone was always awake to receive them. Some would begin by refusing to come in, saying they were only out for a little trip on their way to another settlement. But eventually they came in, and I began the formalities of trading, learned from Knud. After a good deal of talk about hunting and dogs and children, I would ask whether the visitor had any foxskins. He would be astounded:

"Foxes? Who, me? Oh, no! It happens that a very poor hunter is present. It takes a skilled hunter to catch a fox."

"I am so sorry," I would answer, "I am in great need of really fine foxskins, and I knew that you would have the very best ones."

"Oh, at last I have something amazing to tell at home! It happens that a poor man has been

bold enough to enter your house and has teased you. I am no fox hunter."

"But I am desolate. What have you in your bags out there?"

"Nothing to be spoken of in this splendid house. They are just some old scraps we have brought along to wipe our hands with."

"Suppose you let me see them. I am not accustomed to seeing really fine fur."

"Positively not!" he would answer. "They should have been thrown away before we reached this settlement."

After endless haranguing I would persuade the man to fetch his bags inside. One such customer dumped 50 or more fine skins on the floor. The wife had chewed every ounce of fat from them, and the fur was rich and lustrous. At this point I sat down and rubbed my eyes, as if I could not believe that I beheld such excellent skins.

Finally, after this palaver had wasted several hours, I asked him to stuff them in his bags again! I wanted to buy them I said, but I had nothing with which to pay for such incomparable pelts.

"You wouldn't fool me and pretend that I would dare take anything for such a filthy heap! Take them as a gift."

And then at last came the actual bargaining. I said:

"I am overjoyed to own these skins, and I would like to give you some of the worthless stuff we brought with us."

The tone changed slightly:

"We would be so happy to have anything you gave us."

"Here," I said, "you take the key and go look through our storehouse. I am ashamed to go with you and witness your disappointment."

This was the high point of the bargaining. The customer and his wife took the key and disappeared into the store. Some of the local Eskimos who were familiar with the stock went with them and explained the value of different items. I knew that everything in the store would be minutely examined. If there were 50 guns all would be taken down. Every kettle would be peered into. The natives knew what they wanted and looked out for themselves. Sometimes they remained in the store for more than half a day. It mattered little how long they stayed — I had already appraised the fur and knew what I could afford to pay for it.

Occasionally an Eskimo would tell us that we asked too little for our trade goods. One old man offered me five fox pelts for a knife. "No," I said, "a knife costs less than one fox." He said mildly: "My tongue may fall out because I protest against a white man. Nevertheless, I must speak. You cannot know that for one year I am without a big knife.

Therefore I give you so many skins." He had seen people die of exposure because they had no knife to cut snowhouses; or starve before a walrus they could not carve up. In Eskimo logic, goods possess value according to the buyer's need, and the buyer should decide the price.

WE DECIDED that I should try to cross Melville Bay that winter to secure supplies from the Danish government post at Tassiussak. Four men accompanied me with their sledges. Unless there was a storm, we slept at night in the open, in our sleeping bags. The trick to keeping warm in a sleeping bag is to get in naked. If clothing is taken inside, snow or ice clinging to it will melt and make the bag damp. At 40 below zero, it takes a long while for the bag to warm up, but even if a fellow cannot sleep because of the cold, he can at least lie quiet and feel slightly rested in the morning, when comes the task of dressing again in the open. This is rather difficult.

The clothing consists of two skin suits, the inner one with the fur turned inside, the other with the fur out. The first move is to secure the pants from beneath the bag. Often they are fairly comfortable, for the warmth from the sleeper's body has permeated them. Then you put on the boots. These are usually frozen stiff, but are easy to get into, though you may have to stomp around a bit to start circulation in your feet. And then comes the worst job of all — especially for me — to get the coat on.

My nose is prominent, and invariably frostbitten in the morning. A coat of caribou skin is heavy of itself, and must be pulled over the head like a turtle-neck sweater. Each day on the road a little more ice gets into it, and it feels like rough sandpaper as it is dragged over the face. The sleeves are usually frozen solid, and must either be hammered soft or a harpoon handle shoved through them to make a passage for the arms.

IN SPITE of all this, traveling in winter has its charms. There is the sweet odor of meat over the blubber fire at night, the natives working swiftly and quietly, their stout bodies a very part of the great wilderness, the dogs tied safely near-by, and towering above in gigantic, white silhouette, some protecting iceberg. Our nights were fine and peaceful.

One day while traveling we noticed an ominous drift of snow on the ice — the natives call it "floor sweepings." Soon the wind struck our faces. A bad storm was beginning. We tied our dogs as quickly as possible, took our knives and saws and went to work cutting out blocks of snow.

On the east coast of Greenland, where we had used tents, we had considered a snowstorm as a brother of the devil. But now I heard the men say that they were happy to have a snowstorm as it would compel us to make a house, where mittens and stockings could be dried. Our igloo was soon completed. We brought everything inside, covered the ledges with skins, and lit our blubber lamps. The last man to enter cuts a large block of snow and plugs the entrance. The occupants are then in a cozy room and the howling of the gale is only a pleasant reminder of their own comfort. The dogs, outside, merely curl up, their noses buried in their tails, and let the snow furnish a warm, comfortable blanket.

When I had learned this means of defense against a storm, the delay seemed a pleasant respite from routine. We remained snugly inside the igloo for three days, till the storm abated. Then we excavated our sledges, and the dogs popped up like subterranean beings, stretching and running about to get the rigor out of their bodies.

Our dogs were rested, hungry and full of energy, and sped over the snow. Poor beasts, they live only from one meal to the next, and they believe that the faster they run the sooner they will be fed. But Melville Bay is wide, and the darkness made it wider, as we could never know what manner of ice we were running into. It required days for us to cover the same territory we could have traversed in hours had it been daylight.

At the Eskimo settlement of Cape York we rested for several days, and while there were invited to Angutidluarssuk's house to eat giviaq. Everyone from the village was gathered there ahead of us. The women had shed their boots and sat on the ledges. As the house grew warm with the crowding, more clothes were removed till everyone was naked from the waist up. Their fine muscular bodies glistened in the light. After some talk, Angutidluarssuk had a great idea: how about having a bite to eat?

That being what we had come for, we said we had never given it a thought, but if he offered us something we knew it would be the best food in the world.

The old man laughed. "Well, there are some people who don't know much. I never have a thing fit to eat." Then he went outside, returned with a big poke of sealskin, frozen and covered with snow, and began to chop it open with an ax. All of it was frozen solid. After half the thing was split to pieces he took a portion of the mess — birds and feathers — in his hands, broke it to bits, removed most of the feathers and commenced to eat.

"As was foreseen," he said, "the taste is awful! Even my poor dogs will refuse to eat this."

At this signal everyone jumped at the savory delicacy, and an eloquent silence, broken only by the crunching of bones, ruled over the whole house.

I must tell you that we were eating little auks. These birds, hardly bigger than starlings, live in such great numbers in the cliffs near-by that the mountains seem alive. Auk meat is delicious. But here we were consuming a special delicacy — auks pickled in oil. This is done by killing a seal and skinning it through its mouth without splitting the skin. Most of the seal blubber is left clinging to the skin.

The person intending to fill the hide takes it along with him to a spot where the birds are thicker than fish in an aquarium and, with a net attached to a long stick, he catches the auks as they fly past, often bagging enough in one day to fill his sealskin, which is then tied up and covered with stones. The sun must not reach it or the oil will turn rancid. During the summer the blubber soaks into the birds, which decompose slowly without interference from the air.

This makes a dish which tastes like nothing else in the world, and one loved by old and young alike. The gastronomist takes the birds by the legs and bites the feet. Then with a deft twist of his hand he removes the feathers — or most of them. After that he skins them, from the bill back, and, having turned the skin inside out, sucks the most delicious fat out of it. Finally he swallows the skin at one gulp, and then begins on the meat.

After our hunger was dulled one of the most talented visitors belched and nearly lifted the roof off the house, and all the others followed his example to prove to their host the enjoyment of his feast.

THERE IS no such thing as an easy, uneventful trip in the Arctic. On a single short trip I have narrowly escaped freezing, fallen into a crevasse and been plunged with my dogs into the ocean. But this journey was completed without important mishaps, and on our return to Thule we settled down contentedly in our little house. Perhaps most men could not have endured the isolation, but I had everything I wanted — friendship, trust, and a busy, active life. We did not cheat the Eskimos, for they were our friends. Everyone in the village visited us daily. When a man did not come, we could be sure he was out hunting.

One day I remarked to one of the hunters that I had not recently seen his mother-in-law, Krulee.

"Oh no," he replied. "I left her on an island to catch little auks, and we will see her next fall if she is still alive. She was quite fat and can endure much privation. She can stay in the cave very nicely."

I was startled. Here was a decent fellow, leaving his old mother-in-law to die if she could not contend with the weather and starvation. We could not permit such treatment of old people while we lived here and, to teach them a lesson, I hitched up my dogs and started after her. It was a journey of some days, and I came near to losing my life on some rotten ice, but at last I reached her.

She thought I had merely stopped to visit her, and when I told her to make ready to return, she looked as if she had been rescued from the grave, clapping her withered hands and singing about the grandchildren she would see again. She did not have much to take with her. "My pot!" — it was an empty meat tin. "My teakettle!" — a condensed milk tin. Her sleeping blankets were caribou skins, worn bare. But one precious object she never took off — a genuine enamel cup which Knud had given her, and which she wore on a string round her neck. Suddenly she remembered that she could not leave yet. "You see, my son-in-law left me three sealskins to fill. I have filled one and a half, and I must finish the second before going home."

I could not resist her. I forgot that I was tired. I spent the whole day catching little auks for the man who had left his mother-in-law to almost certain death and had ordered her, as her final task, to fill three pokes so that he might give impressive parties during the coming winter.

On the way home she talked of what she had thought of while she had been alone. She had wept a few times, but only to while away the time, and she had no ill word for her son-in-law.

Lovely old Krulee! I regret that I should be lying if I described the reception she received from her son-in-law as "enthusiastic."

HUNTING TRIPS were sometimes the occasion for wife trading — a custom which results, not from a lack of morality, but simply from a code different from that of the white race.

An Eskimo's love for his wife is quite apart from the urgencies of his sex life. If a man desires a woman and has no wife of his own, he may borrow another man's wife — but never without the consent of her husband. For a race of hunters, the system has its advantages. The hunter needs a woman along to have his igloo warm, his food hot, his boots dry and mended. She can scrape and dry the skins, so that he can return with three times as many as

if alone. Now, if his own wife is ill or pregnant, how much better for him to leave her with a friend and take along his friend's wife.

The Eskimos believe that the human animal can be trusted in any relationship save the sexual one. Accepting this, they arrange their lives accordingly. When the hunters come home, the wives return happily to their own husbands. In most of the larger communities there are houses reserved for young people, where the boys and girls may live together without censure. The Eskimos consider no marriage happy unless a sexual affinity exists between the two concerned, and therefore they believe it most important for the man and woman to test this affinity before they undertake a permanent union.

I never heard any obscene talk or unclean stories among Eskimos, because everything that is human is natural, and the refinements and perversions of sex have never occurred to anyone.

One day a party of us were hurrying back from a trip, to get Atitak home in time for the birth of her child, when an Arctic gale hit us, whipping the dogs off their feet into a huddle about the sledges. We were crouched together against the storm when Atitak's husband told us that her moment had come. It was a time for desperate measures. Building an igloo was impossible because the snow was too thin to cut blocks; undressing Atitak was out of the question. Finally we placed her in the lee of a sledge, and several men grouped to windward. We cut Atitak's pants only as much as necessary, as she stood on her knees. The child came promptly, and Atitak snatched him inside her coat and soon had him warm and snug. Meanwhile the storm had abated somewhat, and Knud took her ahead on the fastest sledge. When we arrived, she was well and gay, the boy already slung in her hood.

LIFE for us now settled down to a routine of hunting, trading for furs, and frequent long journeys to other Eskimo settlements, where entertainment was always lavished upon us. On one such occasion, after a feast of narwhale skin, we sat back for music. These eerie Arctic songs are hypnotic in the dull throb of the drum, though there are no words, nor music either, to our ears, for the repeated rhythms ascend by quarter tones, ending in a wild shriek. The singer stops only when too exhausted to stand; then another, challenged to match him, jumps up. As the room grows hot their clothes are thrown off until they stand naked, their fine tanned bodies rigid with muscles, long hair streaming. Finally two women leaped up for their turn, and gradually the whole audience joined

in, emotions whipped up to a frightening pitch. Such a passion for excitement one would never suspect in these silent, patient women who sit all day sewing.

One winter a distressing accident occurred. A man and his wife went out hunting, leaving their 13-year-old son at home. One of the favorite games of Eskimo children is to hang each other up by their hoods until they lose consciousness. The others take them down as soon as their faces turn purple. They often play this game, for they think the state of unconsciousness delightful. They played it on this particular day.

The boy, the largest in the group, hung the others up one after another, and lifted them down when they were purple, laying them on the ledge to recover. After all had had their turn, he helped them hang him up. Eventually he turned purple and kicked his legs as a signal to be taken down; but he was too heavy for the children to lift and, when he stopped kicking, they ran outdoors, leaving him hanging. When the sledges came home, the father, crawling through the tunneled entrance, saw the feet of his son hanging down over the doorhole. Then followed a five-day mourning. No one could leave the village, and all sledges were pointed toward the houses so that no one could be suspected of going.

At about this time, one of my Eskimo neighbors strongly advised me to marry — no man should be without a woman — and he had just the girl for me. Over my protests he brought her forth, undressed her, and like a slave trader, pointed out her qualifications. I was embarrassed for us both, and tried to offer inoffensive reasons for not wanting a wife. Finally I pretended to sleep. Later I heard the girl whisper to Mayark: "Should I stay, or go away and let him come to me?" She went, and I did not go to her.

DURING a later winter, when Knud was away bear-hunting, I was living with Minik and his wife. Then Minik too set out hunting, leaving me alone with his young wife. To avoid gossip we invited a girl named Navarana to spend the nights with her. Navarana's clothes were disgraceful, but she was always in the best of humor and our room became a cheerier place when she entered it. Her speech was full of that characteristic Eskimo understatement, as when they say, "the bear is so constructed that he does not like to have a spear in him"; or, gossiping of a winter's journey: "she belongs to those who are angry when adrift on an ice pan if they have small babies." Or when Navarana's grandfather, wishing to tell of his approaching death, said with the greatest dignity: "It is not impossible that someone is going to sleep and keep on sleeping."

I came to await Navarana's arrival each day with impatience. Finally one evening when she came, Minik's wife was absent, and I told her that she had better stay with me. She looked at me a moment and then remarked simply:

"I am unable to make any decisions, being merely a weak little girl."

But her eyes spoke the language every girl knows. I only asked her to move from the opposite side of the ledge over to mine — that was all the wedding necessary in this land of the innocents.

NEXT DAY she wanted to know whether she was to return to her home or not, and when I said No, that was final. A few hours later one of her brothers came to ask why she had not come home. She said:

"Somebody is occupied by sewing for oneself in this house!"

The boy was startled but said nothing, and turned on his heel to race from house to house with the news.

Again I was amazed at the discretion of these wonderful people. Not one of them spoke a word to either of us which would indicate that the girl had not always lived in our house. Visitors came as usual, and talked as if she had long been my wife.

An entirely new life now opened up for me, one which bound me closer than ever to the Arctic. It did not occur to me that I was "going native." I did know that my marriage to an Eskimo girl made a final breach with the world I had known, but I had already left that world far behind. We fixed up our room, had a fine wardrobe made for Navarana, and when I killed a seal, we invited everyone to a feast. She was as happy as could be. The best dressed woman in the tribe, she had her own dog team, visited her own fox traps, and had great good luck.

The Eskimos resent any public display of emotion. Couples never say good-bye when taking leave, and our wives never mention our names when we are away, however long, for to express concern over an absent mate is shockingly bad taste. The year after my marriage, Knud and I made a journey across the north Greenland icecap in the hope (which proved futile) of finding the lost explorer Mikkelsen. We were fortunate to come through ourselves, for it was a journey never before accomplished. We had been absent many months, but when I entered my house, no Navarana!

I yelled: "Navarana, I am home!"

"What of it?" Her voice came from above. "Somebody is cleaning a few skins!"

Not until everybody had gone would she come and greet me. She had feared, she said, to embarrass me.

LIVING and traveling with her, I learned many things about Eskimo nature that I would not otherwise have known. Once she and I were caught in a terrific gale while trying to cross a difficult pass. I asked her if she were afraid. "Is a woman afraid when she is driving with her husband?" she countered. Though I whipped and swore and yelled, the tired dogs made no progress. I suggested that we turn back — the dogs could not cross the pass.

Navarana looked up shyly: "It's not impossible that something could make them try it." She asked me not to think badly of her. Then she took my whips and started for the dogs. They perked up at this new voice of authority, and instantly Navarana had them on their feet. She was a fury turned loose. From the shy, sweet little thing of a moment ago she was transformed into a mad witch. The crack of the whip was like ice breaking; her voice echoed over the icecap, and the dogs leapt into their traces. We dashed toward the highest point in the passage as if we were on the heels of a bear. With the big whip in her hand, my wife was more beautiful than ever, and I forgot everything in my awe of her.

When we reached the top she halted the dogs and handed me the whip:

"They hurried because they were ashamed to be driven by a poor woman, but don't tell about it. The women must not say that my husband is not the best dog-driver in the country."

Later, on another trip, we were storm-bound for days in an abandoned hut, with nothing but our sleeping bags and a few candles. Our food was gone, and I went out in a vain attempt to shoot a rabbit. When I returned, Navarana ran to meet me.

"Oh, what a bad wife you have," she exclaimed. "I have no supper for you! A poor wife does not remember to bring along enough food."

The next day was no better — and the next. The following night, returning from a fruitless hunt, I found Navarana trying to fry something in a little tin held over five candles. She told me that in tearing down the old stone rack used formerly to keep the meat away from the dogs she had found two seal flippers. "Here is one for you," she said.

I was ravenous and wolfed it at once. It was not fresh, but it was food, and I felt much better. Then I looked at Navarana.

"Where is the other flipper?" I asked.

"I ate mine."

I realized she was lying, and humiliated and ashamed I went out once more, determined not to return without meat. It was moonlight now, and luck was with me. I shot two rabbits, and when I re-

turned with them, Navarana ran pell-mell to meet me. She screamed her joy as if she had never known such fine game existed. We spent hours over that meal, and were then able to continue our journey to a settlement.

AND NOW began a new phase of my existence: there was to be a new member of my family. The baby was born at 3 a.m. on a June morning. At eight o'clock Navarana got up, straightened the house, and walked out with the boy on her back. That night she led the ball with Knud and danced with abandon. On the fifth day she climbed the mountain top with little Mequsaq in her hood, and pointed out the hunting grounds telling him to be a big killer of game and provider of meat.

When he began to take his first steps, I made him crude toys, and my life was filled with him. By the time our little girl, Pipaluk, was born, infinitely tender, and much whiter than her brother, he could talk a bit and was full of the devil. He went everywhere with me in an improvised sling at my shoulder.

THROUGH the years that followed, Freuchen and Navarana shared many adventures and hardships, never losing the gaiety of their life, nor their deep love and respect for each other. The great event of Navarana's life was when Freuchen took her, with the children, to visit Denmark. They were received in Copenhagen with great respect and curiosity, presented to the King, and fêted with balls and entertainments. Navarana, however, was unimpressed by the wonders of civilization. Two things only surprised her: it was winter, yet the sun shone; then, a horse feeding from a nosebag — the fact that it could eat as it pulled the cart was to her a certain proof of white men's intelligence. When a friend presented her with some expensive perfume, Freuchen found her using it to soak her feet, swollen from unaccustomed shoes. "The stuff smells terrible," she said, "but it is wonderful for cooling sore feet."

Their short visit over, they returned to Greenland, leaving their daughter Pipaluk with Freuchen's parents in Denmark to go to school.

THE NEXT YEAR Navarana fell victim to influenza and was ill for a long time. I did not leave her side, but nothing we could do helped her. It was ghastly to sit helpless and watch her fade away. She spoke often of her visit to Denmark, the high point in her life.

After a long while she took my hand and told me how happy she was to have had a husband who would talk with her as an equal. I went into the kitchen to brew tea for her, thinking how much I loved her and how much she had developed since marriage. I tiptoed in

again, and as I watched, her lip just quivered. Then she was dead.

Just now I have read in her gracious book, that in 1934 Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, as American Ambassador to Denmark, laid a bouquet of red flowers upon Navarana's grave. It brought tears to my eyes, and I bow my head.

THE NEXT chapter of our lives, Knud's and mine, occupied several years. Our Hudson Bay expedition was probably the last major surveying party to lose itself in the wilds without contact — no radios to broadcast progress, no newspaper headlines, no prizes, no cigarette endorsements. On that journey (in 1923) I had to endure more hardships than I ever encountered before.

We set out in terrific cold, the temperature hovering around 60 below, the wind burning into our faces. One night I was caught away from camp alone, when the wind turned into a storm, the storm into a gale.

I was soon utterly exhausted, and a craving for sleep gripped me. I thought that if I could dig a sort of grave under my sledge I might be protected from the gale. Gouging out a hole, I laid a piece of bearskin in it, shoved the sledge over the little grave and crawled in at one end. The space was just large enough for me to lie flat, and I immediately went to sleep.

I wakened realizing that there was no feeling in my left foot. That is bad. So long as a frozen limb is painful, it is comparatively harmless, but when there is no sensitivity, look out!

My first thought was to crawl out and run about to get circulation started again. But so much snow had piled up outside that I could not break through. That frightened me, and I thrashed about until I felt a little warmer. Then I attempted to turn over, lifting the sledge above me, but it was evidently weighted down by a heavy drift. I was buried alive!

Slowly the desperateness of my situation dawned upon me. The snow was hard and could not be dug away with hands hampered by mittens. I decided to sacrifice one of my hands, let it freeze and use it as a spade. I pitied myself, as I had plenty of uses for both hands. But even this was a flop. My frozen hand made a poor tool, and I held it against my body to thaw it out.

Then it occurred to me to try the piece of bearskin. I chewed on the edge of the skin and it froze hard as glass instantly. With this it was possible to dig. From time to time I put it back into my mouth to moisten it and let it freeze again.

I lay there scraping, and made progress, but what slow progress! I kept at it, and after a while had a hole leading into the open.

With success in sight I grew im-

patient. The hole looked so tempting that I tried to work my way out through it. But it was still too small, and I stuck fast with only half my face out.

Unfortunately my long whiskers were directly beneath the broad sled runner and, as there is always moisture about the mouth, they froze fast to the runner and I could not move. I was so doubled up in my grave that I had no strength to do a thing. Caught like a fox in a trap, I felt sure that this was the end.

How long I lay in that cramped position I do not know. Perhaps I fainted. The snow filled my eyes and nose and I knew that I could not last for long. My thoughts turned to my home in Denmark, and to a dear friend there, Magdalene, whose letters had often cheered me after the death of Navarana. Suddenly angry at the absurdity of my situation, I made a last effort and jerked my head back into the hole.

The relief was heavenly. The grave felt cozy again. I wiped my eyes free of snow and rubbed my badly frozen face. Then I felt something warm and sticky coursing down my neck. It was blood. I had yanked part of my beard away and the skin with it. Since then I have never had quite so much beard around my mouth.

But I had no time to lie idle. Working in spurts of nervous energy I soon had scraped a hole which I was sure would be large enough to let me through. I was as excited as a young actress making her debut. I crammed my head through the opening and I was caught once more at the shoulders.

I had heard that a dying man is able to make a last superhuman effort to save himself. I exhaled, and jammed myself a little farther into the opening. Then I sucked my lungs full, and pushed. The sledge gave slightly above me. I repeated the process, pushing inch by inch until my right arm was free. One last lunge and I was out!

There, standing upright on the sledge, was my snow knife. If I had only been wise enough to take it inside with me, none of this would have happened.

I got to my feet, and immediately tumbled over. I rose, only to fall once more. Not only the left foot, but the whole leg was frozen. It was impossible to bend the joints, so I crawled.

I first looked for the dogs, but they were still buried in the snow. I knew the camp was near and began crawling. Two and a half hours later I suddenly saw a dog standing just ahead of me. He turned about and ran. I followed his tracks and reached the igloo.

My friends found that the foot was as bad as I had anticipated. Next day I started back to our base. I rode on a sledge, and made

a point of keeping the foot frozen. It did not hurt me then. But it was a bad week, and for months after my arrival I lay on my back.

Gangrene is painful — and odorous. It stinks to heaven, and one cannot get away from it. As the flesh fell away, the bones protruded. The sight of it sent my nerves jangling. I went through a living hell, and each night felt that the old man with the scythe was close after me.

When a man is sick and cold and lonely he gets strange ideas, and one day I decided that I wanted those frozen toes off. A native woman doctor thought that might be the best thing to do, and she knew just how to do it — bite them off at the joints. I thanked her very much, but took no stock in her method; fitted a nail puller over each toe and banged it off with a hammer.

I cannot attempt to describe the physical pain — but there was a spiritual pain, too, in discarding a portion of my own body, even a useless part.

Later on I was moved to a settlement where there was a doctor, and he took off part of my foot. As I sat around recuperating, a great longing came over me, from a great emptiness within me. I wrote a letter to my dear friend, Magdalene, and asked her to marry me. I knew I could not hear from her for more than a year, but — well, I would have something to look forward to.

It was months later, after another long exploring trip, that the condition of my foot forced me to return to Denmark. Meanwhile no word had come from Magdalene. At last, on a certain day, my boat sailed into Copenhagen. The captain hoisted all his flags and stationed me on his bridge.

There was a great crowd. I saw my father and mother and little Pipaluk, now a big girl eight years old, whom I hardly recognized. There were dozens of journalists too, and — Magdalene. I jumped onto the gangplank and rushed down to her. I have remained with her ever since.

My son Mequsaq soon came down from Thule to join us. Since then he has lived about half the time in Greenland, the other half with us on our farm in Denmark.

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As a convenience to readers who do not have easy access to a bookstore, orders for "Arctic Adventure" ($3.50), or any books quoted or mentioned in The Reader's Digest, may be sent (with remittance) direct to The Reader's Digest Book Service, Pleasantville, N. Y.

¶ A true story of the war years, by a famous English novelist

Told by the Schoolmaster

Condensed from "Forsytes, Pendyces and Others"

John Galsworthy

WE ALL REMEMBER still, I suppose, the singular beauty of the summer when the war broke out. I was then schoolmaster in a village on the Thames. Nearly 50, with a game shoulder and extremely deficient sight, there was no question of my fitness for military service, and this, as with many other sensitive people, induced in me, I suppose, a mood abnormally receptive. The perfect weather, that glowing countryside, with corn harvest just beginning, the quiet nights trembling with moonlight and shadow, and, in it all, this great horror launched and growing, the death warrant of millions of young men signed.

One of those evenings toward the end of August, I left my house and walked up toward the Downs. It was perhaps half past nine when I passed two of my former scholars, a boy and a girl, standing silently at the edge of an old gravel pit. They looked up and gave me good evening. Pausing on the crest, I could see the unhedged fields to either hand; the corn stocked and the corn standing, just gilded under the moon, which spread a glamour over sky and fields, woods, farmhouses, and the river down below. All seemed in a conspiracy of unreality to one obsessed, like me, by visions of the stark and trampling carnage going on out there. I remember thinking that Joe Beckett and Betty Roofe were absurdly young to be sweethearting, if indeed they were, for they hadn't looked like it. They could hardly be 16 yet, for they had only left school last year. Betty Roofe — an interesting child, alert, self-contained — was the daughter of the village laundress, and I used to think too good for washing clothes, but she was already at it and as things went in that village, would probably go on doing it till she married. Joe Beckett was working on Carver's farm down there below me, and the gravel pit was about halfway between their homes. A good boy, Joe, freckled, reddish in the hair, and with blue eyes that looked at you very straight.

I was still standing there when he came on his way to Carver's and I look back to that next moment with as much regret as to any in my life.

He held out his hand. "Good-bye, sir, in case I don't see you again. I'm joinin' up."

"Joining up? But, my dear boy, you're two years under age, at least."

He grinned. "I'm 16 this month, but I bet I can make out to be 18. They ain't particular, I'm told."

God! What a crime was war! From this hushed, moonlit peace, boys were hurrying off to that business of man-

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made death as if there were not Nature's deaths galore to fight against. And we — could only admire them for it! Well! I have never ceased to curse the sentiment which stopped me from informing the recruiting authorities of that boy's real age.

Crossing back over the crest of the hill toward home, I came on the child Betty, at the edge of the gravel pit where I had left her. Her voice was even enough, but she was quivering all over. "He's so headstrong, Joe! He just gets things into his head. I don't see that he has any call to go, and — and leave me."

I couldn't help a smile. She saw it, and said suddenly:

"Yes, I'm young, and so's Joe; but he's my boy, for all that!"

And then, startled at such expansiveness, she tossed her head, swerved into a beech clump like a shying foal, and ran off among the trees.

So Joe went, and we knew him no more for a whole year. And Betty continued with her mother, washing for the village.

In September, 1915, I was standing one afternoon in the village schoolroom and thinking, as usual, of the war and its lingering deadlock. Under the pollard lime trees on the far side of the street I could see a soldier standing with a girl. Suddenly he crossed over to the school, and there in the doorway was young Joe Beckett.

"I thought I'd like to see you. Just got our marching orders. Off to France tomorrow, been havin' my leave."

I felt the catch at my throat that we all felt when youngsters whom we knew were going out for the first time.

"I've got something to tell you, sir. Betty and I were spliced last week." He went to the door, and whistled. In came Betty, dressed in dark blue, very neat and self-contained. "Show him your lines, Betty, and your ring."

The girl held out the official slip, and from it I read that a registrar had married them under right names and wrong ages. Then she slipped a glove off, and held up her left hand — there was the magic hoop! Well! The folly was committed — no use in crabbing it!

"What time is it, sir?" Joe asked me suddenly.

"Five o'clock."

"I must run. My kit's at the station. Could I leave her here, sir?"

I nodded, and walked into the little room beyond. When I came back she was sitting where she used to sit in school, bowed over her arms spread out on the inky desk. Her dark bobbed hair was all I could see, and the quivering jerky movement of her young shoulders. Joe had gone! Well! That was the normal state of Europe, then! I went back into the little room to give her time, but when I returned once more, she, too, had gone.

The second winter passed, more muddy, more bloody even than the first, and less shot through with hopes of an ending. Betty showed me three or four of Joe's letters, simple screeds with a phrase here and there of half-smothered feeling, and signed always: "Your loving hubby, Joe." Her marriage was accepted in the village. Child marriage was quite common then. In April it began to be obvious that their union was to be "blessed," as they call it.

One day early in May I was passing Mrs. Roofe's, and stopped to ask after Betty.

"Nearin' her time. I've written to Joe. Happen he'll get leave."

"I think that was a mistake, Mrs. Roofe. I would have waited till it was over."

"Maybe you're right, sir, but Betty's that fidgety about him not knowin'. She's dreadful young, you know, t'ave a child."

"Everything goes fast these days, Mrs. Roofe."

I was sitting over my Pensions work one evening, a month later, when someone knocked at my door, and who should be standing there but Joe Beckett! "Why! Joe! Got leave?"

"Ah! I had to come and see her. I haven't been there yet — didn't dare. How is she, sir?"

Pale and dusty, as if from a hard journey, his uniform all muddy and unbrushed, and his reddish hair standing up anyhow — he looked wretched, poor boy!

"I haven't had any sleep for nights, thinking of her — such a kid, she is!"

"Does she know you're coming?"

"No, haven't said nothing."

He was only just in time, for two days later Betty had a boy-child. Joe came to me, the same evening, after dark, very excited.

"She's a wonder," he said, "but if I'd known, I'd never ha' done it, sir, I never would. You can't tell what you're doing till it's too late, it seems."

Strange saying from that young father, till afterwards it was made too clear!

Betty recovered quickly and was out within three weeks. Joe seemed to have long leave, for he was still about, but I had little talk with him, for, though always friendly, he seemed shy of me, and as to talking of the war — not a word! One evening I passed him and Betty leaning on a gate, close to the river — a warm evening of early July, when the Somme battle was at its height. Out there hell incarnate; and here intense peace, the quietly flowing river, the willows, and unstirring aspens, the light slowly dying; and those two young things, with their arms round each other, and their heads close together — her bobbed dark hair and Joe's reddish mop, getting quite long! I took good care not to disturb them. His last night, perhaps, before he went back into the furnace!

It was no business of mine to have my doubts, but I had been having them long before that very dreadful night when, just as I was going to bed, something rattled on my window, and going down, I found Betty outside, distracted.

"Oh, sir, come quick! They've 'rested Joe. I was afraid there was some mistake about his leave — it was so long. I thought he'd get into trouble over it, so I asked Bill Pateman" (the village constable) "and now they've come and 'rested him for deserting. Oh! What have I done?"

Outside the Roofe's cottage, Joe was standing between a corporal's guard, and Betty flung herself into his arms. Inside, I could hear Mrs. Roofe expostulating with the corporal, and the baby crying. In the sleeping quiet of the village street, smelling of hay just harvested, it was atrocious.

I spoke to Joe. He answered quietly, in her arms: "I asked for leave, but they wouldn't give it. I had to come. I couldn't stick it, knowing how it was with her."

"Where was your regiment?"

"In the line."

"Good God!"

Just then the corporal came out. "I was his schoolmaster, corporal," I said. "The poor chap joined up when he was just 16 — he's still under age, you see — and now he's got this child wife and a new-born baby!"

The corporal nodded. "I know, sir," he muttered. "I know. Cruel work, but I've got to take him. He'll have to go back to France."

"What does it mean?"

"Deserting in face of the enemy," he whispered hoarsely. "Bad business! Can you get that girl away, sir?"

But Joe himself undid the grip of her arms, and held her from him; bending, he kissed her hair and face; then, with a groan, he literally pushed her into my arms and marched straight off between the guard. And I was left in the dark, sweet-scented street, with that distracted child struggling in my grasp.

"Oh! My God! My God! My God!" over and over again. And what could one say or do?

All the rest of that night, after Mrs. Roofe had got Betty back into the cottage, I sat up writing in duplicate the facts about Joe Beckett. I sent one copy to his regimental headquarters, the other to the chaplain of his regiment in France. I sent fresh copies two days later with duplicates of his birth certificate to make quite sure. It was all I could do. Then came a fortnight of waiting for news. Betty was still distracted. The thought that, through her anxiety, she herself had delivered him into their hands nearly sent her off her head. Probably her baby alone kept her from insanity or suicide. And all that time the battle of the Somme raged, and hundreds of thousands of women in England and France and Germany were in daily terror for their menfolk. Yet none, I think, could have had quite the feelings of that child. Her mother, poor woman, would come over to me at the schoolhouse, and ask if I had heard anything.

"Better for the poor child to know the worst," she said, "if it is the worst. The anxiety's killin' 'er."

And then one day I did get news — a letter from the chaplain, and seeing what it was, I stuck it in my pocket and sneaked down to the river — literally afraid to open it till I was alone. Crouched up there, with my back to a haystack, I took it out with trembling fingers.

"Dear Sir: The boy Joe Beckett was shot today at dawn. I am distressed at having to tell you and the poor child, his wife. War is a cruel thing, indeed!"

I had known it. Poor Joe! Poor Betty! Poor, poor Betty! I read on:

"I did all I could; the facts you sent were put before the Court Martial and the point of his age considered. But all leave had been stopped; his request had been definitely refused; the regiment was actually in the line, with fighting going on, and the situation extremely critical in that sector. Private considerations count for nothing in such circumstances — the rule is adamant. Perhaps it has to be, I cannot say. But I have been greatly distressed by the whole thing, and the Court itself was much moved. The poor boy seemed dazed; he wouldn't talk, didn't seem to take in anything; indeed, they tell me that all he said after the verdict, certainly all I heard

him say, was: 'My poor wife! My poor wife!' over and over again. He stood up well at the end."

He stood up well at the end! I can see him yet, poor impulsive Joe. Desertion, but not cowardice, by the Lord! No one who looked into those straight blue eyes could believe that. But they bandaged them, I suppose. Well! A bullet in a billet more or less, what was it in the wholesale slaughter? As a raindrop on a willow tree drips into the river and away to sea — so that boy, like a million others, dripped to dust. A little ironical though, that his own side should shoot him who wouldn't be legal food for powder for another month! A little ironical, perhaps, that he had left this son, legacy to such an implacable world! But there's no moral to a true tale like this, unless it be that the rhythm of life and death cares not a jot for any of us!

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Scotch Joke

EARLY IN THE 1900's, one of the fast-growing Japanese steamship lines ordered two liners from a Scottish shipbuilding firm. Plans were drawn up in accordance with Tokyo's wishes and a year later the first ship was delivered. Then the Japanese asked to have the drawings for the second ship sent to them for some necessary revisions. When this was done the Japanese canceled the order and built the ship themselves from the Glasgow plans. All went well until the day of the launching, when the Japanese-made vessel rolled over and sank. The consternation in Tokyo was not alleviated by the almost inaudible chuckles from Glasgow, where the canny shipbuilders were telling their friends how, before returning the designs for "revision," they had altered them to shift the center of gravity over into the starboard coal bunkers.

— Stuart Lillico in *Current History*

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Britain's Polite Polysyllables

THE BRITISH are renowned for their suavely euphemistic phrases. When Winston Churchill, for example, referred to a statement made by a colleague as a lie, he did not blurt out the short and ugly expression; he stated that the assertion was a "*terminological inexactitude.*"

This rare talent has again been exercised, this time in connection with naval armaments. Sir Samuel Hoare was telling the House of Commons why the Government had decided to retain five over-age cruisers. Not because it feared that war might break out soon, as some cruder statesman might have put it. Instead, Sir Samuel phrased it much more delicately: "*In view of the deterioration of the general international situation.*"

Britain muddles through, and overwhelms the toughest problem with polite polysyllables. — St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*

Reader's Choice

Outstanding Articles in the General Magazines for March

IMPORTED AMERICANS, by William Seabrook — Intimate observations of farmer, politician, intellectual, and social leader reveal the Scandinavians in this country as a paradoxical people contributing great men, famous women, and the coöperative idea, among others, to our civilization. The first of a series.

IT MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE, by John Janney — A new drug, introduced in America by two young Baltimore scientists, combats successfully the dread streptococcus and, it is predicted, will save 12,000 lives this year.

THE WORLD'S MOST MODERN HOUSE, by Lawrence McCann — With electric eyes, and ramps instead of stairs, Earl Butler's house in Des Moines is no collection of gadgets but a comfortable, ably-planned home. (Note also articles in *Harper's* and *Forum* on housing this month.)

THE MAN WITH THE MAGIC WALLET, by J. Edgar Hoover — Elmer Mead, who looks like a deacon and is one of the country's most notorious confidence men. By letting finders of his often-lost wallet in on "a good thing," he tricked innocent people out of millions and inspired the recent federal law putting G-men on the "con" men's trail.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS, as told to Jerome Beatty — The Government really can help the income-tax payer through the annual March agony, says this revenue agent, who suggests where to go for advice and how to deduct all that is coming to you.

CROWN PRINCE OF THE G.O.P., by Beverly Smith — Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., conqueror of the Curley machine in Massachusetts, youngest freshman of the U. S. Senate: is he a white hope or just a lucky kid?

ROOSEVELT'S BIG CHANCE, by Frank R. Kent — Three reforms which, according to one of the President's severest critics, could make his place secure in history.

PUZZLE-BUSTERS, by J. B. Griswold — The National Puzzlers' League, where great and small adopt crazy pseudonyms and match wits over word patterns.

RESURRECTING THE DEAD, by Henry Morton Robinson — The artificial heart-pacer can revive hearts which have stopped, and may necessitate a new legal definition of death.

THE VANISHING AMERICAN MALE, by Stewart H. Holbrook — A longing glance at the he-man of yesteryear.

WHY CANADIANS DISLIKE US, by Richard W. Scott — Ignorant of its ways, we are buying up the country, and Canada has acquired a "little brother" complex.

ARTILLERY IN THE NEXT WAR, by A. B. Conway — Guns rather than man power will decide the next war, declares this expert who discounts fantastic prophecies and says long-range guns may prove superior to air raids, and that high-speed tanks can be stopped.

I THOUGHT I KNEW MY FRANCE, by André Vaillant — Amusing notes on what a Frenchman learns in America about his native land.

LOTTERIES OFFICIALLY APPROVED, by W. P. Munger, Jr. — The state lotteries of Australia and how they work.

THE CASE FOR FREE SPEECH, by Albert Jay Nock — Free speech is worth all its attendant nonsense, demagoguery and sedition, and needs honest support.

THE STORY OF A STRIKE, by Gordon Carroll — The *Mercury's* managing editor covers the industrial war among Akron rubber workers.

FORUM and Century

ADVENTURE IN FINANCE, Anonymous — Will success or disaster await the marriage of the woman who lends her fiancé money to complete his professional studies?

JOHN L. LEWIS'S PUSH FOR POWER, by Louis Adamic — Formidable, six-foot John Lewis, with imposing head and fierce physical drive, at 57 makes his bid for supreme leadership of Labor. A sympathetic writer bids Lewis's friends watch him critically.

THE MENTAL UNDERWORLD, by Upton Sinclair — You can make your subconscious work for you, says Mr. Sinclair, who deplores the ignorance and indifference of the medical profession toward this source of healing power.

A HOUSE FOR A GOD, by Janet Mabie — Buckminster Fuller's conception of simplified modern living in a metal house hung on a steel mast, where you will have pneumatic floors, sunlight through the roof, soundproof rooms, and will clean dishes with a fog-gun instead of water.

HIGH TRAILS, by Arthur Guiterman — A poet's walking trip in Glacier Park.

CAN WE EMPLOY THE EIGHT MILLION? A Debate — Business, with the help of sense and science, will abolish unemployment in two years, says the Vice-President of the Alexander Hamilton Institute; J. George Frederick, less optimistic about business acumen, disagrees.

Harpers MAGAZINE

LAMBERT OF FIJI, by Webb Waldron—A small-town American brings health to Pacific islands by creating a system of medical training for native youth.

THIS RECOVERY, by George Soule — A comparison of previous guesses with current facts by an economist who foresees continued revival with only minor setbacks in the next few years.

ARIZONA DESERT, by J. B. Priestley — The old West beside Boulder Dam, the vast desert and its strange oases, the cowboys and CCC boys, stir Mr. Priestley to speculate on America's and the world's future.

FLYERS ARE INARTICULATE, by Beirne Lay, Jr.—Thinking might make cowards of them all, declares an army aviator, describing personal sensations during a too-conscious night flight.

OUR BACKWARD THINKERS, by Alice Beal Parsons — Political intellectuals concern themselves too much with the already outdated theories of fascism and communism and fail to face the facts of our current situation.

ENGLAND'S WEAK SPOT, by Elmer Davis — The concentration of wealth, population and industry in London, which is vulnerable to guns from the European coast and raids from the air.

FREE SAMPLES IN CHINA, by Carl Crow — The thrifty Chinese create problems of merchandising which can't be solved by American advertising methods.

FACING THE FACTS ON HOUSING, Anonymous — Complications of the antiquated system of home building which can't be cured by subsidies.

Hearst's International Cosmopolitan

CAFÉ SOCIETY, by Lucius Beebe — The "400" is on the shelf and a new aspect of New York society glitters in the night clubs, hotel ballrooms and gossip columns.

MODERN MIRACLE MEN: DR. J. M. HISS, by Rex Beach — A Los Angeles "foot doctor" who has treated 250,000 cases and believes that many ills are due to curable foot disorders.

FAREWELL TO SPORTS, by Paul Gallico — "The wildest, maddest and most glamorous period in the history of sport" passes in review before a writer leaving the field. First of a series.

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD, by Marcia Davenport — The Norwegian singer who arrived in America, doubtful and homesick, three years ago to become the sensation of the opera.

PUERTO RICO, ISLAND OF MYSTERY, by Talcott Powell — The crossroads of two hemispheres, less than a day's flight from New York, and too little known to most Americans.

WHAT TO DO WHEN THE PROWLER COMES, by a reformed prowler — Advice from one who knows, on how to keep burglars out and what to do when they get in.

Scribner's

CAREERS IN GOVERNMENT, by Leonard D. White — Growing opportunities for young men and women in federal and municipal government as the technical and career services expand.

HOLLYWOOD TAKES OVER THE THEATER, by Arthur Hopkins — A Broadway producer chides his brethren for sleeping while Loew and Fox and Zukor stole the show and took it to Hollywood.

CONFLICT ON THE CAMPUS, by J. C. Long — The increasing demands of the graduate colleges ("mental trade schools," the author calls them), and the chaos created by the elective system, necessitate a declaration of independence by the undergraduate colleges; they should halt the drive for uniformity, and each set up standards in accord with its own tradition.

THERE'S PEACE IN PAGEANTRY, by Wilson Chamberlain — Picturesque ceremonies and traditions which lend strength and stability to the British nation.

Life in the United States: ODD FELLOWS' HALL, by Nancy Hale — The mystery of the lodge room to a little girl in a dancing class.

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Among Those Present

Roy Chapman Andrews (p. 71), world-famous zoölogist and President of the Explorers' Club, has made many research investigations in Alaska, the Dutch East Indies, Korea, Borneo, Celebes and Central Asia. The Asiatic expeditions were the largest scientific land expeditions ever to leave this country, consisting of 40 men and eight motorcars. Besides discovering some of the richest fossil fields in the world, and reptile skeletons previously unknown, they opened the Gobi Desert to the commercial use of motorcars.

Twenty-seven-year-old ***Martha Gellhorn*** (p. 43) has always been interested in people. Daughter of a successful St. Louis physician, she became bored with college in her junior year and left to take a newspaper job. Then she went to Europe where she modeled clothes in Paris, married Bertrand de Juvenal, one of France's best-known young journalists, and investigated living conditions among French and English textile workers. With the depression she came back to find out what was happening in her own country. Securing a job at a salary which barely covered her living expenses, she set out to investigate for the federal authorities how people on relief were actually getting along — their physical and living conditions, morale, and prospects of getting back their jobs. She came back blazing with indignation, and wrote her book, *The Trouble I've Seen*. Readers of the four stories told in this volume say: "They're so true they hurt."

Alva Johnston (p. 15) has been called "the best reporter in New York." First with the *Times*, later with the *Herald Tribune*, he covered many of the most important news assignments for two decades. In 1922 the thoroughness of his investigations won him a Pulitzer prize. In recent years he has been doing magazine work, his "Profiles" in *The New Yorker* receiving wide acclaim.

After being graduated from Amherst College in 1925, ***Howard Ketcham*** (p. 47) joined the art staff of a large New York advertising agency. His color research soon brought an offer from the Du Pont Company to develop Duco color schemes for automobiles. In this work he prepared colors for every make of American car. In 1935, realizing the need of industry at large for expert color counsel, Mr. Ketcham established his own color engineering business.

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How Can Our Democracy Be Preserved?

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine

James Truslow Adams

Eminent historian; author of "The Epic of America," "The March of Democracy," etc.

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SINCE his re-election President Roosevelt has spoken much, both here and in South America, of "making democracy work." In a world increasingly given over to the one-man rule of dictatorships it appeared as though the President had determined to demonstrate to the world that, far from being obsolete, democracy could and did work in one of the greatest nations of all.

Then he astounded us with his demand (stripped of its verbiage that is what his message to Congress amounts to) that he be given power to "pack" the Supreme Court. This sudden move raises the question of what American democracy is, what it has achieved, and how it can be preserved.

In his inaugural address Mr. Roosevelt said that "the essential democracy of our nation and the safety of our people depend not on the absence of power but upon lodging it with those whom the people can change at stated intervals through a free system of honest elections." That means honesty and candor in officials; it means government by the people and not by one man, no matter how wise or benevolent he may consider himself.

Such a form of government on a large scale dates back scarcely a century and a half. Yet look at what some of its achievements have been in that comparatively short time. One of its outstanding features has been the enormous energy developed by the peoples

living in the freedom of democratic rule. The British Empire after losing the American Colonies started on an amazing career until it now embraces one fourth of the world's population. The United States has risen to a position of supreme power in the New World, increasing its population from 3,000,000 to 130,000,000.

In spite of some wars, the democracies have contributed mightily to the peace and security of their hundreds of millions of citizens. The great dominions and smaller possessions live at peace with England and with one another. Our 48 states do likewise. There have been no wars between the Scandinavian countries, France, the British Empire, and the United States for more than a century. It is the dictator nations and not the democracies which today threaten the peace of the world.

Furthermore, nowhere else is freedom of speech, press and action so nearly complete as it is today in Scandinavia, the British Empire and the United States, when lost throughout much of the rest of the world. This freedom has been closely linked with the improvement of the condition of the people. Sweden is perhaps the most advanced nation in government, prosperity and contentment. The people of the British Empire are better off than those under any one-man government. The United States has the highest standard of material comfort ever known in the world in spite of the evils and inequalities on which our minds now dwell, and rightly.

Moreover the solvency and stability of governments and peoples is in almost exact ratio to the extent of democracy among them. Compare the credit and interest rates of the democratic countries with those of any of the dictatorships.

It is true that a dictator whose word is the sole law of the land may get certain things done more quickly than a democracy, and strike a more unexpected blow. However, it was the democratic nations and not the swift-moving autocracies which won the World War, and which emerged from its effects with greater speed and stability.

If we consider the necessary bases of further advance in civilization, it seems to me that it is the democracies which are the genuinely efficient nations, and that the totalitarian States, crushing out whole realms of man's possibilities for spiritual advancement and freedom of thought and act, are the most wasteful and inefficient machines of government in the whole world today.

Even in sudden emergencies the in efficiency of democracies is over-

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(The N. Y. Times Magazine, February 21, '37)

rated. What dictatorship, for example, covering a quarter of the earth, could have effected a change in the head of the State with the speed, ease and absence of violence with which the vast British Empire did a few weeks ago? Would any dictator have handled such a sudden and appalling disaster as our flood with any more efficiency than did our own government in Washington?

That much can be done to increase the efficiency of democracy to meet modern needs is unquestionable. The point, however, that must never be lost to sight for a moment — perhaps a fatal moment — is that in trying to "make democracy work" we do not destroy democracy itself. We cannot have such doubtful advantages as there may be in the instant commands of one man and retain personal freedom. We have to strike a balance between what we demand of government and what we demand of life itself.

How are we to make democracy work and still preserve democracy? For we know that democracy may destroy itself or be destroyed. It is certain that the quality of government will never rise higher than the moral and intellectual stature of those who govern. Just as a despot may be benevolent or cruel, so a people which governs may be educated, wise, public-spirited or the reverse.

Both democracy and the vision of a very high standard of material living for all are new. Man is by nature selfish. He looks first to the good of himself, his family and his group or class, rather than to that of all. Pressure groups arise. If such groups learn, as they have done, to use the machinery of democratic government more rapidly than they develop the social and moral spirit that can alone sustain democracy, it is far from unlikely that they may destroy the finances of the State, pull down the entire structure, and in the resulting chaos and distress be willing to give up the dangerous and difficult adventure of self-government to any man who will promise a false security.

There is also the race, which may be lost, between education and the increasingly complex demands on government. Few if any are the citizens, with their own affairs to look after, who can hold really competent opinions on such diverse topics as, say, money, price regulation, labor, agriculture, foreign affairs. In so far as a pure democracy tends to make rubber stamps of its representatives and to play on their fears for favors demanded, it will tend to make costly and perhaps fatal mistakes.

On the other hand, the condition — material and spiritual — of the peoples today under a

Mussolini, a Hitler or a Stalin does not indicate that the wisdom of one promises better conditions for all than the folly of the many. In what totalitarian State are the all-round conditions for a contented, wholesome, free and full life better than they are in the Scandinavian countries, the British Empire, and the United States?

There are, however, these and other insidious mental and moral problems for democracies as for individuals. A man who does not bother to educate himself, who wants only easy money regardless of the consequences to others, who declines to work if he can be supported by somebody else, who thinks he has a right to all he wants, who thinks only of claims and not of duties, and so on, is not likely to be a success. Neither is a democracy made up of such.

If the President wishes to make democracy work, he should call the people's attention to these problems which attack democracy from within. He prefers, apparently, to attack the problem from its "machinery" side. But in his latest move, I believe that, whatever his own ideas or motives, he is attacking not the evils of democracy but the very existence of democracy itself. The President's effort to pack the Supreme Court thus is removed from the sphere of politics or partisanship. It is a question of the fundamental form of government under which we and our children are to live.

It is the essence of democracy that the power to control policies shall rest in the citizens and not in an individual. Although in his famous "horse and buggy" interview and on other occasions Mr. Roosevelt had shown his animus toward the Supreme Court, and it had become increasingly evident that there was a genuine constitutional issue at stake, he absolutely declined during the campaign to meet that issue, even when challenged to do so. It is true that in October his son James was quoted as saying that as soon as his father was re-elected he meant to change the Constitution so that he could make way for a new NRA. After General Johnson had remarked in his column that "son Jimmy ought to have a Maxim silencer for a birthday present" the son denied that he spoke for his father.

However, when his followers suggested amendments to the Constitution, the President frowned on them. Now, the only way in which the people could make their voice heard was either during the election, on an issue squarely presented to them, or by voting through their Legislatures on an amendment. Mr. Roosevelt refused to accept either method.

It is quite possible that the

Constitution should be altered. The point is that such change is provided for in the instrument itself by a method which permits change but retains democracy. In other words, the people themselves and not an individual should decide on changes in the fundamental law. Mr. Roosevelt has chosen a method, that of packing the court with six new judges of his own choosing and whom he obviously would expect to vote for his own views, which is the method of dictatorship.

The American people, I believe, want to get certain things done. But I also believe that they wish to accomplish these ends without destroying self-government.

Emergencies have existed in war and even, as in 1933, in peace. The people have risked delegating unusual powers to meet such unusual occasions, but what emergency today makes a matter of months so vital that democracy itself must be put in jeopardy in order to accomplish results in a hurry? If a majority of the people are united in their desire for the constitutional changes which the President has it in mind to effect by packing the court, an amendment to the Constitution could be put through as quickly as in the case of the repeal of prohibition, namely about ten months at most.

The democratic method of change remains open. It is the method of dictatorship not to wait for, or to allow, the people to speak, but to force through the opinions of the man in power.

The present situation has its historic background. Theodore Roosevelt, for example, used his big stick, when, anxious to see the Panama Canal built while he was still President, he could not wait on proper diplomacy; as he said, he "took" the Panama Zone. A practical apology, a payment of $25,000,000, and distrust by our southern neighbors for a quarter of a century were the result.

It is one of the characteristics of dictatorships that, whatever aims or motives they start with, they feel impelled, by their very nature, to move from one danger to, and one deprivation of, the liberties of the people to another. If power becomes more and more concentrated in the hands of one man, that man has to get the backing of the people either by sheer force or by making the people want what he wants, which comes to mean control of the press, radio and all organs of public opinion.

What is the emergency at present which should force the people to adopt the dictatorial rather than the democratic method for the solution of the very real constitutional problems which undoubtedly exist? There is none.

But is Mr. Roosevelt's sug-

gested method a real danger to democracy? We have his own word for it. He told us some time ago that during the emergency, instruments of power had been built up by the Federal Government which, falling into the wrong hands, might shackle the liberties of the people.

Owing to his control of Congress, the President has now even more power than when he warned us. Why leave the democratic way of solving our immediate problems to give him still more power, that of complete control over the Supreme Court?

I say the President rather than Mr. Roosevelt because there will be other Presidents; and if we continue these now unknown men in possession of those instruments of power against which Mr. Roosevelt has warned us, and even add to them, then what may become of the safeguards of our cherished democracy?

Democracy cannot work if we abandon its methods, and if the people yield their right to be heard on so fundamental an issue as changing the Constitution.

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The Education of Mr. Pryzinski

EXTRAORDINARY things are happening all around us. For example, the story of the education of Mr. Joe Pryzinski as relayed to us by Mr. Leon Archibald of Minneapolis, Minn. Says Mr. Archibald: "Mr. Pryzinski owns a truck. He sought work for it on a WPA project. He was invited to bid truck-and-driver services on U. S. Standard Form No. 694 dash 283 colon A dash R parenthesis 23T Revised. Mr. Pryzinski did so, going so far as laboriously to sign his name at the bottom.

"Mr. Pryzinski's bid was accepted. Just to get the records all nice and straight, he had laboriously to sign his name to 201 divers and sundry other government forms during the first two weeks. Of course this did not leave much time for truck driving but it did prove to Washington that there was nothing phony about Mr. Pryzinski's affiliation with Official Project No. 43 dash 96 dash 395 J County-Wide Highway Supplement S dash 2386492-B.

"By the end of the first payroll period Mr. Pryzinski had signed 36 other forms at nine different desks and thought he was getting along fine. But in all this signing Mr. Pryzinski's writing had improved so much that the paymaster in Washington began to doubt the authenticity of Joe's original signature, so they're withholding his latest pay check while special agents from Mr. Hopkins' office and Mr. Ickes' sleuths are investigating. But Mr. Pryzinski is having himself a hell of a time signing things right and left and, he hopes, getting paid for it, too." — *Collier's*

¶ An American expatriate tells why he came home

Green Hills Far Away

Condensed from The American Magazine

William Seabrook
Author of "Adventures in Arabia," "The White Monk of Timbuctoo," etc.

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ABOUT the most hundred percent American phenomenon I have ever encountered in this land where I was born — and from which I expatriated myself soon after the World War — is old Ma Kilmer, who lives up the road a piece and works half days for neighbors when she feels like it or needs a dollar. Past 70, small, wrinkled, and cocky as a robin, she wears an old cotton dress, slippers, a flopping farm hat, and an apron. Yet she is a personage, as much so as any grand duchess, but completely oblivious of economic or class distinctions.

The other morning she telephoned, inviting me to go fishing. Now Ma Kilmer is notoriously the best person there is to go fishing with in these parts, and I was flattered. But I needn't have been, for she'd as willingly have gone fishing with Mrs. Astor's horse — or Mrs. Astor. Presently she rolled up in the old limousine for which she had paid $39 before the war.

"You can pay half the gasoline," she said.

I stared at the gauge on her dashboard. She had all of six gallons of gas in the tank.

"Are we going to Florida?" I asked. "For heaven's sake, Ma, you always get all the fish you want right around here."

"Shut up and get in," she said. "We're going to Pine Plains. We'll get bigger ones over there."

So we went all the way over to the edge of Connecticut, despite the fact that we had better ponds and the whole Hudson River right here in our own back yard; and the fish we didn't catch!

As we rattled sadly homeward, Ma Kilmer said, musingly, "I reckon it's a disease that hits everybody sometimes."

"What disease?"

"Itchin' feet. No matter where you are, you git restless and go somewhere else."

Since our fishing trip, I have been thinking of the delusions which drove us writers, poets, journalists and intellectuals to Europe in hordes during the early twenties — the notion that our potential geniuses were being stifled in this butter-and-egg United States. It was merely

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"green hills far away"; we were merely "going somewhere else," like Ma Kilmer.

And, what is more important now, I have been thinking of the reasons why we came back.

Europe today, despite its smashed thrones and new experiments, is shot through with its old, all-pervading caste system, which is completely alien to American tradition. Ma Kilmer and what she stands for are the essence and backbone of this country, as American as Nancy Hanks or Abe Lincoln. But in Europe — and make no mistake about it — Ma Kilmer would be a peasant.

During one winter when we lived on the old Toulon water front, my wife and I made friends with our neighbors, some of whom were superficially a good deal like Ma Kilmer. There was a bright, warm-hearted, fat old fishwife named La Bolue who became quite fond of me because I used to go out with her husband on the sardine boats.

But one fine morning one of the most magnificent yachts in Europe warped into our harbor, and my wife and I were invited aboard. This was noted by my friends on the *quai*, and when next I sought their companionship they were cold, suspicious, antagonistic. I had become in their eyes spurious, a snob, a slummer. Not even kindly old Mamma La Bolue could be simple and friendly any more.

The contrast between their psychology and Ma Kilmer's is complete. Ma Kilmer knows that I occasionally get invited to mansions whose marble halls she may have scrubbed when she was younger. She simply does not give a damn. I am sure she must sometimes think of people in terms of good-bad, honest-dishonest, rich-poor, agreeable-disagreeable, but she could never think in the terms my French friends did. The famous *Liberté, egalité, fraternité* of the French is purely academic.

Our British cousins are equally caste-cooped. While in London I played around with a British novelist whom I had better call Wilfred Paine. His real name has the same vowel sound, and the petty tragedy of his otherwise happy life is that he cannot always trust himself to pronounce it. When harassed or nervous he will say over the telephone, "This is Mr. Pine," and when he is drinking a bit too much, as the best of novelists occasionally do, he will call for a tankard of "pile isle." For this, which proves him as sterling native British as John Bull, but reveals the fact that he was born of the "lower classes," he is punished cruelly by his fellow Britons. Although pleasant, well-mannered, and a distinguished novelist, he can never be elected to a gentleman's club, nor even escape the veiled contempt of his wife's elderly maid, who once

served the real gentry. His life, and his wife's too, have been clouded and embittered.

Visit any of the revolutionary countries in Europe and you will discover that wherever old feudal caste lines are smashed, they are replaced with rigid new ones. In Germany they have merely swapped the Kaiser for Hitler and *Hoch* for *Heil*. It's the same in Russia. In the old czarist days all land, wealth and power were owned by a special group who would starve you, send you to the salt mines, or kill you if you didn't act and think as they ordered. Today a new special group will starve, exile or kill you if you don't do as *they* wish.

Here in America old Ma Kilmer and I can do and think pretty much what we please unless we turn actually criminal or crazy. This, then, is the real reason why I have come back to my own country. But I can think of a million petty reasons why I would have come back anyway.

My mother had a deep-rooted certainty that all Italians, Frenchmen, Spaniards were different from us. I felt that my mother was provincial and prejudiced. It was only after I went to *live* in a French small town that I became convinced my mother had been right.

There are fundamental differences between Europeans and Americans. Their *souls* are different. You see it in their attitudes toward such concrete things as money and women. While we have one of the worst records of any country for murders, robberies, embezzlements and large-scale graft, we don't go in for petty cheating the way they do. Whether we are in business on Fifth Avenue in New York or at a crossroads in Saluda County, South Carolina, we don't usually bother to peel an extra three cents off people who speak with a foreign accent or drive an expensive car.

I once thought Europeans overcharged only foreigners, but after I began to know them I discovered that the provincial Frenchman will cheat the Parisian, and vice versa. Anyone who is obviously of a different class is fair game. I used to think it was more contemptible than burglary, not merely because it was more petty, but because I could not strike back at the thief. I couldn't even make him take it seriously, because, by his psychology, what he was doing was simply shrewd business. He thinks he's an honest man.

I differ with him, but I hasten to add that he is often a charming and absurdly generous fellow. Frequently, when he begins liking you he stops cheating you. What happened one time at Madame Rippert's, the café my wife and I frequented while living in Toulon, was as gorgeously French as *The Marseillaise*. It was the night of

the Fourteenth of July, which is like our Fourth. We had John Goss, the concert baritone, as our guest. He and our other friends were obviously British, prosperous, and strangers. Madame Rippert, who had long since stopped cheating my wife and me, charged our party outrageous tourist prices for mediocre champagne and firecrackers.

We stayed late, and when things got quieter John Goss sang a while. It happened he had been studying old Provençal ballads and serenades, and presently he sang some of them. Madame Rippert burst into yowls, sobs, and tears, embraced him, kissed my wife, rushed back to the bar and returned with two bottles of the best and most expensive *Cordon Rouge* "on the house." Not content with that, she raided what was left of her fireworks and set them off at a feverish rate which would have soon burned up her holiday profits if we hadn't calmed her. She was magnificent, and never cheated us again.

It took me a long time, living in France, to figure out that there is a profound and basic difference between the French and American attitudes toward the female of the species. The average Frenchman regards every human female between the ages of six and sixty as primarily a woman. He may have the strictest personal code of morals, but his mind is so turned that he appraises every woman he sees as an attractive, or unattractive, female object.

I think the typical American man, no matter how much of a Lothario he may fancy himself to be, does not, all the time, traditionally and automatically, view all women except his grandmother in this way. A great deal of the time he regards them as people, attractive or unattractive to himself for reasons which have nothing to do with their being females. I think he often regards even the girl he is in love with, or has just married or just kissed, as primarily a human being, and I doubt that any Frenchman ever does.

Old Ma Kilmer is not what you might call pretty, but she is a lulu as "people." And, to sum it all up, the reason I have come back to America, multiplying it by a million, is that here, as in no other land on earth, we treat each other as people. Over there, I'd have paid for all Ma Kilmer's gasoline and she'd have been respectful.

WHEN Hitler addresses an audience in Berlin his voice is heard in the U. S. before it reaches some of his listeners in the auditorium; for the sound of his voice travels about 1000 feet a second, whereas short waves have a speed of 186,000 miles a second. — Silas Bent in *Review of Reviews*

The American Helen

James Montgomery Flagg
Eminent American artist
As told to Henry Morton Robinson

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PHYSICALLY attractive women are the most plentiful thing produced in America. They cluster thickly in our shops and colleges, and hang in luscious branches from every office bough. Yet of this bewildering crop of good-looking girls there are comparatively few, in my opinion, to whom the adjective "beautiful" can be justly applied.

For beauty is infinitely more than physical veneer. Long ago, we of the western world chose woman as the very symbol of spiritual beauty, and around her pedestal we have heaped innumerable associations, esthetic, aspirational, sexual. For us, woman is truly the keeper of the mysteries and the appeaser of many hungers. When we behold beauty in woman, these associations are powerfully renewed within us, but if there be no beauty in women the race goes hungry and is not fed.

In America today we are on short rations, starving for genuine feminine loveliness. We breed many splendidly-formed females for the show-girl market, and there is an apparently endless supply of lingerie and bathing-suit models. But with few exceptions these professional beauties (who set the key for millions of women) are shallow, thin-souled creatures, emotionally anemic and intellectually underdone. Quite bluntly, our national ideal of beauty is juvenile, characterless, skin-deep and as two-dimensional as the movie screen on which so much of it is projected. In selecting our Queens of Beauty we have substituted the tape-measure and the make-up mask for the inner light of the spirit. From long professional experience with these so-called "beauties" I have discovered that their lives, utterances and ideals are utterly lacking in significance; externally decorative, they are inwardly a bleak and sterile vacuum.

The beauty contest is one of the most glaringly absurd phenomena of our life today. I have consented to judge many of these venal and vulgar carnivals, chiefly for the sardonic laughs I got out of them. I have seen prize winners chosen for many reasons, none of which ever included beauty. Obviously, truly beautiful girls

would not enter such contests, for a truly beautiful woman could not be so unutterably vulgar.

There are, however, some magnificently beautiful American women whom I contemplate with an entrancement similar to the emotion produced by a fine Sargent portrait or a Schumann concerto. These women, as lovely in spirit as they are in face, suggest in their own way all the beautiful women who have ever lived. True, styles in physical beauty change, and every age has its own particular Helen, yet there is a mysterious element of beauty that remains constant in women; and it is the pitiful *lack* of this element that I am lamenting today.

Having painted thousands of women, I do not undervalue physical beauty; but without certain fundamental qualities of spirit, such beauty is a grass-cheap thing. These qualities are, in the order named: serenity, kindness, courage, humor and passion. By this last I do not mean merely sexual passion; "feminine vitality" expresses it much more precisely. Endowed with this vitality, women glow with an incandescence of spirit that can be felt, if not actually seen. Yet this intangible quality makes itself evident in a thousand social and personal ways. It confers the gift of poise or tranquillity — call it what you will — which balances a woman like a lovely gyroscope in full revolution. Give me this quality in a woman and I do not care whether her wrist is too thick or her mouth too large. But without it, no classic perfection can interest me, either as an artist or a man.

> WHEN, at sixteen, I was vain because someone praised me, my father said: "They are only praising your *youth*. You can take no credit for beauty at sixteen. But if you are beautiful at sixty, it will be your own soul's doing. Then you may be proud of it and be loved for it."
>
> — Marie Stopes, *Change of Life in Men and Women* (Putnam)

As for purely physical attributes, my particular ideal of the American Helen is tall, with wide shoulders, a face as symmetrical as a Greek vase, thick wavy hair, either dark or light, thick long lashes, straightish short nose tipped up a bit at the end, a wide, rippling, full-lipped mouth, even white teeth, eyes so full of feminine allure that your heart skips a beat when you gaze into them, full, up-pointing breasts set wide apart, hips not so slim there's any doubt she is a woman, and long, long legs as graceful as a deer. There, gentlemen, you have a beautiful woman!

But even such a woman would make a grievous mistake if she depended solely upon her physical charms. And an even graver one if she became self-complacent about them. Many of our girls

feel that their bodily perfection exempts them from the necessity of developing their inner energies. And so they place the emphasis on surface decoration and narcissine self-admiration, dabbing at their exteriors with lipstick, grease paint and nail polish. I am strongly in favor of make-up, artistically used, but this exclusive interest drives women far off the course of true beauty and spells dullness and frustration at last. For flesh uninhabited by spirit tends to deteriorate with appalling rapidity.

Exactly who is to blame for this state of affairs in America, I can't say; but I suspect that something is very wrong with our American system of feminine education when it pays so much attention to beauty shows and so little to beauty. The girl whose ambition it is to become Miss Great Lakes has been woefully misled by someone responsible for her upbringing. She may even attain her ambition (poor creature) but until she develops her sense of responsibility as the living Helen and the guardian of the racial ideal of beauty, she will be unable to hold the interest of a matured male, or stimulate the creative energies of a sincere artist.

The Virtue of Ugliness

In London, go to that most interesting museum, the National Portrait Gallery. There you will find portraits of all the men who for the last 400 years have been important in every profession in England. You will be struck by their prevailing ugliness — great archbishops, distinguished scholars, statesmen and men of affairs.

Ugliness has positive moral values. First, the man afflicted with it is thereby deprived of a too-easy success in love; this deprivation spurs him all the more eagerly to conquer — he has only the brilliancy of his accomplishments by which to please.

Moreover, ugliness in a man, if it accompanies strength, almost always prejudices one in its favor. His superiors almost never have a feeling of jealousy toward a really ugly man; nor are they indifferent to him, either. One remembers unusual features rather than a handsome but commonplace head.

— André Maurois in *This Week, N. Y. Herald Tribune*

After the Deluge

Condensed from Today

Thomas Kramer

THE FLOOD is over. Now the anxious townspeople can leave their temporary roosts atop the hills on the city's rim. They struggle back to their homes — and to chaos.

The town is soaking under a layer of oozing mud and dripping rubbish. Here beside a grimy piano with swollen, rigid keys lies the carcass of a horse. There stands a splintered telephone pole enmeshed in chicken wire, leaves and straw. Everywhere there is shattered glass, for thousands of windows in town have been crushed by the water's force.

The marching waters have stripped the bridge of its tar-block pavement, leaving a naked superstructure. They have jerked huge slabs of concrete off the highway. They have undermined the sidewalks, either shattering the heavy flagstones or tossing them out of position.

In the patience-taxing job of cleaning up, it is every homeowner for himself. The relief workers can help little: they make the rounds from door to door with bread, soup and coffee; they hand out oil stoves to warm shivering children. Firemen can train their hoses on littered streets. State troopers can stand guard through the night, prepared to deal summarily with looters. But their hands are full with such tasks. The private citizen must do his own scraping and scouring.

Down the street is the Griffin house — once white, but now, from the ground to the second floor, a muddy brown. Half of the fence around the yard is rusted and distorted; the other half washed away. In front of the house is a pile of tangled wood, a wicker chair, a sofa matted with talc-fine silt, a table, a battered shed. None of the articles belong to the Griffins. Neighbors will drop in soon to claim them.

In the parlor, one of the Griffin boys is playing the hose on the walls and ceiling. The jet of water dissolves a two-inch layer of mud, and a silt-laden stream flows along the ridges of the buckled hardwood floor and out into the hall. Hosing is the only way of throwing off the flood's residue. When the rooms are dry, the plasterer will come in, then the paperhangers. The carpenter will lay the floors again. The glazier will reset the windows. Finally, painters will burn off the brown collar of the flood's watermark and make

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(Today, February 20, '37)

the house white once more. This will take about three months and will cost between two and three thousand dollars. The total will be more if the foundation has been weakened.

The dining room has yet to be cleared. There the sideboard lies on its face in a pile of broken glass and china. Its veneer is curling off. Its drawers are swollen shut. The dining table, still upright, is warped and twisted. This, and all the furniture, must be stripped of its mud coating, then rubbed down briskly with grease and oil to make it dry slowly, without warping. All the rugs have to be sent to the laundry.

When they have gone over the whole house, using up half a dozen toothbrushes to scour fluted legs and swab out keyholes, they must try to think of still other places where silt might be hidden. Otherwise they will be coming in contact with it for months. For example, Mrs. Griffin will put a batch of linen in a sideboard drawer. A week later she will open the drawer and find the napkins and tablecloths coated with caked silt — because her son forgot to scrub the underneath side of the drawer just above.

The water destroyed the oil furnace, entirely ruined the electric icebox, the vacuum cleaner and the rest of the motorized equipment. The oil tank somehow forced its way out of the soft earth of the yard, broke its pipes and floated away with the garage. The family is cold, but the cold helps the furniture. If the heat were on, the mahogany would dry out quickly and split. The gas stove can be rid of silt only by driving a pistol brush into each of the holes in the burners.

The Griffin boys get welcome interruptions in their work every hour or two. A neighbor calls to announce that he found the Griffin back steps down the street and tagged them. Another gossips about the troubles of the Red Cross. Among the unidentified bodies that have been recovered are a dozen dressed in more formal clothes than those worn by most of the victims. A graveyard has been washed out.

Outside the town, of course, the waters have carried off not only homes and livestock, but acres of rich, planted farmland as well. Some of this latter has been deposited where the Griffin lawn used to be. There will be no lawn next June: instead will sprout a botanical potpourri of hollyhocks, corn, cabbages.

When the rampant waters of the Ohio or the Mississippi or the Cumberland or the Little Miami fall back below their levees, Mrs. Griffin and her neighbors invariably return to what was once home — though they know that in coming years they will again hear the dreaded cry, "To the hills!"

Judge for Yourself!

Excerpts from the book of the same title by

Albert W. Fribourg and David Stein

The following legal problems, representative of the 61 actual cases assembled in "Judge for Yourself!" by two New York lawyers, will provide a diverting party game and an excellent test of your wits. Consider the facts, apply the principle of law involved, and reach your own decision. Then turn to page 26 and see how the judge decided the case. You probably believe that you can "put two and two together" as well as the court. But can you?

Sore Thumb

Facts: When Thomas Garland was waylaid and robbed, his most serious injury was a cut on his thumb. But the surgeon whom he consulted told him that unless the thumb was amputated immediately his life was in danger. Garland refused to take the advice.

At the end of two weeks, lockjaw developed, and the thumb had to be amputated. Then it was too late, and Garland died.

The robber was indicted for murder. At the trial, the doctor testified that had the thumb been amputated promptly, Garland would not have died.

Problem: Should Garland's neglect send the prisoner to the gallows?

Page George Washington!

Facts: The trunk of Sarah Hoffman's cherry tree stood only two feet from the border line separating her farm from Abner Armstrong's. The limbs of the tree, however, extended over the line. When the fruit was ripe, Sarah picked the cherries from the limbs above her own property and then leaned over to take the fruit from the limbs hanging over Abner's farm. At that moment Abner came along and a fight ensued.

Law: The owner of land owns it upward to the sky and downward to the center of the earth.

Problem: Who gets the cherries on the overhanging limbs?

The Specialist

Facts: Anna Mohr's right ear ached so badly that when the specialist advised an operation she readily assented. Before she was anesthetized, Anna Mohr believed that the specialist would operate on her right ear. Great was her astonishment when she discovered that he had actually operated on the left one.

The specialist explained that before starting the operation he had examined both ears, and found the left one in more urgent need of an operation. The patient's family physician was present at the operation, and knew of the change of plan. Everyone agreed that the operation had been successful, and skillfully performed; nevertheless the patient sued the doctor.

Law: An unauthorized touching of another's person is an assault and

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battery — for which damages may be recovered.

Problem: Was Anna Mohr entitled to damages because the specialist cut the left ear without bringing her out of the anesthesia and obtaining her consent?

Thumbed Noses

Facts: On several occasions Morris Garstenfeld publicly thumbed his nose at John Shannon, and the latter had him arrested for disorderly conduct.

Law: Any person who, with intent to provoke a breach of the peace or whereby a breach of the peace may be occasioned, "uses offensive, disorderly, threatening, abusive or insulting language, conduct or behavior . . ." shall be deemed guilty of disorderly conduct.

Problem: Would the application of "the thumb of his right hand to the end of his nose," and then executing "an aerial flourish with his fingers" occasion a breach of the peace?

"Marry in Haste . . ."

Facts: Mr. and Mrs. Mirizio were married in a civil ceremony in September, 1921. Both being Roman Catholics, they agreed that they would not live together until after a church wedding, to take place at Christmas. Christmas came, but the husband did not appear for the ceremony.

The wife sued for separation and demanded alimony. She said that she was willing to make a home for her husband, but that she would not cohabit with him until after a church ceremony. Mirizio refused to support a wife in name only.

Law: If, without just cause, a wife refuses to cohabit with her husband, he need not support her.

Problem: Was Mirizio justified in refusing to support Mrs. Mirizio?

Kosher Bacon

Facts: "These progressive dealers sell Armour's Star Bacon in the new window-top carton." Thus read an Armour advertisement, and in the list was the name of Max Braun, a kosher butcher.

Braun called this libel, and sued. Armour & Co. moved to dismiss his complaint, claiming that they had nothing to gain by the statement and further that the language used was complimentary for they had called Braun a "progressive" dealer.

Law: The publication of a false writing which would injure the reputation of a person or expose him to ridicule or contempt is libel.

Problem: Should Braun collect?

Local Color

Facts: The reporter wrote "cultured gentleman;" the telegraph operator transmitted "colored gentleman," and the newspaper printed "Negro."

The gentleman in question was dumbfounded when he read in his copy of the *Times-Democrat* that "Rev. Thos. J. Upton is a Negro." The minister immediately demanded a retraction and apology, which the newspaper was glad to make. He also asked the court to award him damages, claiming he had been libeled.

Law: A false statement that exposes a person to ridicule or contempt is libel.

Problem: Was the paper liable?

"If the Shoe Fits . . ."

Facts: A bloody trail of footprints in the snow was the only clue to the identity of the murderer of Peter Hallenback.

Willis van Wormer, arrested a day after the crime, was forced to permit a comparison of his shoes and the prints in the snow. The two fitted perfectly. When brought to trial, Van Wormer objected to the use of the shoe-print evidence against him.

Law: The Constitution provides that no person shall be compelled, in any criminal action, to be a witness against himself.

Problem: Should Van Wormer's shoes in Van Wormer's footprints be allowed to testify against Van Wormer?

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Religion on the Great White Way

Excerpt from The Literary Digest

LOCATED on the edge of New York's Tin Pan Alley the Union Methodist Church, known from coast to coast as the "Actors' Church," owes its great reputation to one man — the ruddy-faced, muscular Rev. C. Everett Wagner. When he took over its meager congregation of 200 in 1927, Mr. Wagner announced that a church should serve social and physical as well as spiritual needs. Forthwith he turned part of the auditorium into a rehearsal hall where unemployed actors could keep their talent fresh. He opened a lunch counter where the needy could get sandwiches and coffee for a nickel and a bread line where food was free. No hungry man had to attend prayer meeting to get a meal.

Upstairs in the building Mr. Wagner located his Unemployed Men's Club whose members keep the church in repair and do chores in return for meals, clothing, lodging and $3 weekly — Jack Dempsey gives them day-old pastry and the "Automat" day-old bread; next door he formed the Union Girls' Club where actresses rent rooms for $4 weekly or wait on table for their lodging. In all, over 8000 actors have received direct help.

The church is now a daily rendezvous for many actors: its purely social Ninety Nine Steps Club (it is exactly 99 steps from Broadway) has 2600 members; the Actors' Lounge and Kitchen feeds about 100 persons a day — meals are 35 cents, second portions free.

About 10,000 actors constantly haunt New York casting offices. Of this number only about 3000 are employed, even in the best season. To the Union M.E. Church many of the resultant jobless find their way. Well aware that actors long drew frowns from many pulpits, Mr. Wagner insists that "many of them are religious-minded, but not church-minded. Christianity to us is essentially an attitude of life instead of dogma, doctrine and creed."

Who Is This Man?

Reprinted from McCall's

Raymond Clapper

Surely you know him, this man who found a nation ridden with fear and brought it through to new confidence;

—*who* summons courage equal to the hour, either to close the banks or to cross good souls by offering beer to thirsty White House guests; who lashes out at his enemies with hard scorn yet whose heart melts when he sees a lonely young girl at her first East Room party and tells her, by his order, to command the most handsome young man on the adjoining terrace to waltz with her;

—*who* speaks before throngs with such seeming assurance yet whose hand, we see, trembles while he waits out the long applause; who stands with dignity before the world, yet who as a kindly host draws a familiar, crumpled pack of cigarettes from his pocket and, with apologies, offers them to the lady on his left, even as you and I;

—*who* lives with human warmth in a thousand flashing moments, on and off the national stage, as scenes come tumbling into memory . . . visiting, on the eve of his first inauguration, an obscure shop in New York to ask an old negro to come with him to Hyde Park and pack his beloved ship prints for the journey to Washington . . . winding through crowds which press about his slowly moving automobile with their echoing murmur, "I almost touched him" . . . back from a Pacific cruise, leaning, tanned and smiling, on the bridge of the cruiser *Houston* as it warps to dock at Portland, Oregon, sighting on shore a Harvard classmate of thirty years ago and calling out as one old grad to another, "Hello, Curtis. Class of 1904" . . . pausing during a speech from the rear platform of his train to explain, "I'll have to wait a minute; there's a grand kid fight going on down here" . . . reluctantly revealing his election guesses in which he grossly underestimates his own popularity . . . laughingly arguing with his staff that he could make a better campaign against himself than his opponent does, because he knows his own weaknesses . . . driving for hours in an open automobile under a drenching rain and dismissing it as a trifle with the remark, "I don't mind having my shoes full

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of water, but I don't like to sit in a bathtub with my clothes on" . . . solicitous over the poor, careworn fellow on the curb in Philadelphia who, in a gesture of gratitude, tosses his watch into the automobile; imploring the police to find the man and return it . . . moving, day after day, in the East and in the West, in the North and in the South, always through seas of countless, unknown thousands, a living symbol of democracy;

—*who*, born in luxury, linked by family to ten presidents, has made himself the champion of forgotten men and women, using his talents as was said of Benjamin Franklin, in an attempt to subdue the ugly facts of society to some more rational scheme of things; at peace with himself and at ease in his job; fixed in purpose, flexible in method; concerned not so much that the rich shall sleep peacefully in their beds but that everyone shall have a bed in which to sleep;

—*who*, afflicted so that he is unable to move a step without support, is yet a man of action, who has traveled more, been seen and heard by more, been voted for by more free men and women than anyone else before him;

—*who* wants to bring about in his time a world which shall venture some few paces on into the vistas of hope which science and man's ingenuity have opened to us, to write in the pages of time his small message, as a friend who is with us for a few bright hours before he travels on.

What Not to Do Till the Doctor Comes

AN ALARMING increase in deaths from appendicitis is the direct result of self-prescribed physics. Never take a physic when there is abdominal pain that could possibly be appendicitis — promiscuous use of eliminants causes more appendicitis deaths than all other factors combined. In 25 years I have never seen a ruptured appendix except where the patient had taken a purgative. I have seen innumerable cases showing the amazing ability of an appendix to withstand inflammation and recover, confirming my belief that an appendix will not rupture unless thus goaded — if under proper treatment. I have never lost an unpurged patient by delaying operation. All this, of course, does not alter the fact that the patient should be in the hospital under close observation. — Dr. J. Russell Verbrycke, Jr., Consultant at Garfield Memorial Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Syphilis Can Be Stamped Out

By

Thomas Parran, M.D.

Surgeon General, U. S. Public Health Service

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SYPHILIS, our most menacing health problem and No. 1 American killer, can be controlled as effectively as smallpox and more cheaply than tuberculosis! There is not even serious difference among authorities as to methods of combatting it. Yet in no other national welfare situation is the lag so great between the much we know and the little we do. Other countries have shown that syphilis can be mastered: in England the number of new cases has been cut in half since 1920; in the Scandinavian countries syphilis has become a rare disease. Our problem here is this: to teach 130 million citizens that by the coöperation of private and official agencies, and a reasonable expenditure of money, they can buy safety against this virulent and highly communicable disease.

At the recent Washington Conference on Venereal Disease, 900 physicians and educators, state and city health officers, were asked to recommend a nation-wide campaign. It was agreed that syphilis can be controlled by a three-part attack:

First, every early case must be located, reported, its source ascertained, and all contacts followed up to find possible infection; *second*, enough money, drugs and doctors must be secured to make treatment possible for all cases; *third*, private physicians and public health officials must be re-educated to form a united front and to use scientific methods in the fight against syphilis; in addition, the public must be informed as to methods required for its protection.*

1. *Locate syphilis.* In 1935, 518,000 new cases came to light. An equal number probably were unrecognized or treated only by patent medicines or quacks. In many cases early symptoms are so slight — a sore, a rash, sometimes a fever — that a person may be honestly ignorant he has the disease until it passes through the latent period and appears, often after years, in the varied and ghastly forms of its less curable stages. Doctors frequently do not see these unfortunates until they appear with serious diseases of the heart and blood vessels, or when they bring in a wizened syphilitic baby for treatment, or manifest symptoms of approaching insanity, paralysis, deafness or blindness.

The danger to one's self and others of harboring syphilis could

*See "Combatting Early Syphilis," The Reader's Digest, March, '37.

be averted if everyone would submit voluntarily to a Wassermann or other blood test, but since there is no mortal chance of this, the next best thing is to make such blood tests routine wherever possible. Many hospitals make the Wassermann test a regular procedure with all patients. This practice should be extended to all hospitals. Every pregnancy should mean a Wassermann test; treatment of the mother, begun early in pregnancy, will prevent congenital syphilis in the child. Life insurance companies might profitably make such a test in every medical examination; at least one large company takes a Wassermann on all applicants for policies of $20,000 or more. Twenty-five states forbid marriage when either person is infected with a venereal disease; these statutes should be stiffened and extended to all states.

Sound policy suggests that all applicants for positions in the public service, from policemen to postmasters and commissioners, should be examined for possible infection. A few large industries, notably the Du Ponts, are examining their employes and requiring treatment when needed. This type of personnel work in all industries would pay for itself many times over, both in greater efficiency of the worker and in lesser amounts paid out for employes' compensation. Except in rare cases it is not desirable or necessary that persons having syphilis be discharged or refused employment.

After syphilis has been diagnosed it should be reported to the health department, like smallpox, typhoid or diphtheria. The ancient and desirable doctor-patient relationship of absolute secrecy need be disturbed very little. The actual *name* of the patient need not be reported; his initials, his date of birth or a number are sufficient for purposes of record. But if, while still dangerous to others, he fails to continue his treatments or to coöperate with his doctor in tracing the source of his infection, he should lose the privilege of privacy. It is urgently necessary for all states to adopt a uniform case-reporting system which will end the present confusion and duplication of records in some sections, and the complete lack of them in others.

When a patient presents himself for treatment either at the office of a private physician or at the clinic, two problems immediately arise. First, he must be rendered non-infectious; and, if possible, cured. One of the most encouraging factors in the drive is that after a few injections of arsphenamine the patient ceases to spread the disease. (He is not cured, and if he ceases treatment before he is cured, he is apt to relapse into an infectious condition.) From the public health standpoint this is important, since

it means one link in the chain of the infection has been broken. The second problem is equally important — to discover the source of the patient's infection. It is the duty of the physician, usually acting through the health officer, to make sure that the source of infection does not give rise to more new cases. One encouraging factor in syphilis control is that infections always come singly. There is no mass epidemic.

The task of tracing infection has frightened off many who were honestly eager to help. Investigators must be specially trained, and scrupulously careful to protect the patient. When patients understand that the purpose is not punishment but help, a surprising number do everything they can to bring under treatment both the source of their own infection and their own possibly infected contacts. Recent proof of this is found in the test investigations reported by Doctor George H. Ramsey of the New York State Department of Health, and in routine experiences reported from the University of Pennsylvania clinic.

The expense of effective clinic treatment for a new case of syphilis is relatively small. Dr. J. E. Moore, chief of the Johns Hopkins clinic, estimates that in his clinic $50 is sufficient to treat a patient with standard drugs for a period of 18 months, the usual time required for a cure. Figures for other clinics range between $30 and $150.

Any person who can afford it naturally prefers the personal service of a skilled and interested private physician. Such service is cheap at any price, compared with the utter ruin of untreated syphilis. But thousands of sufferers can pay nothing at all for treatment. Other thousands can pay only a little. Yet in the public interest *all* must be treated, for all are a menace in the infectious stage of the disease, and most of them become a burden if allowed to progress to the later stages. Which brings us directly to the second step:

2. *Adequate treatment must be assured for all infected persons.* At present most states are spending less than one cent annually per capita to control syphilis. Some states actually spend only one tenth of a cent. Last year Delaware led the venereal fight with an outlay of three cents per person. Clearly, we must make more than a gesture if we are to root out syphilis. Yet the taxpayer need not shudder at the cost, for if we spend more for prevention, the present cost for institutional and other relief of uncured late syphilis can be enormously reduced.

This year, the National Conference on Venereal Disease asked Congress to appropriate $25,000,-

000* for syphilis control, or about 11 cents per capita of federal funds, to be matched by states and localities. Backward states would be required to meet minimum standards of personnel and service before receiving federal grants. In each case responsibility for the work rests with the state. Since syphilis recognizes no state boundaries and every effective campaign must have a GHQ, responsibility rests with the Public Health Service for integration of local and national programs.

Public health is purchasable, as has been proved in the past when aroused public interest has stamped out plagues which once ravaged the population. But before syphilis can be brought under control, facilities to treat it must be improved almost everywhere; must be built from the ground up in many places. Venereal clinics are, on the whole, undermanned and poorly organized. A recent survey showed them capable of effective work for less than 25 percent of the present case-load and less than 10 percent of the potential case-load. If free drugs and reliable laboratory service were available to private physicians, many marginal patients able to pay only small amounts for treatment could be served by the personal physician instead of being shifted to the impersonal public clinic.

Reconstruction of clinical facilities will require time, coöperation and shrewd expenditure of all available funds. Specifically, the following steps must be taken: *First*, a trained, full-time health officer with an adequate staff should be placed in charge of the venereal division of every large city and state department of health. *Second*, all states must be frankly liberal with antisyphilitic drugs and laboratory services. *Third*, communities must greatly increase the number of free and part-pay clinics, and adopt reasonable standards of efficiency. These include privacy for the coöperative patient, active follow-up, a uniform system of case reporting with a central clearinghouse, and a trained personnel.

3. *Education of the private physician and general public.* Sufficient stress cannot be laid upon the importance of the private physician in the control of syphilis, but the average medical practitioner must frankly ask himself: "Am I qualified to diagnose and treat syphilis? Have I adequate knowledge of the accepted drugs and techniques employed against it?" Fifty-five percent of the doctors in the United States do not treat syphilis, but every doctor should at least be able to diagnose it. For the re-education of doctors, postgraduate medical courses in syphilology are being instituted at

*Compare this sum with the $246,000,000 of state and federal funds used for bovine tuberculosis since 1917.

leading universities, and the curriculum of medical schools is being reorganized to treat syphilis not as a skin disease but as a malady which cuts across all medical specialties and may affect every organ of the body.

Lastly, a tremendous amount of popular education is needed to remove all stigma of shame and turpitude from the syphilitic sufferer. Not until we have stripped the disease of its traditional moral implications can we make headway against it. We must think of syphilis scientifically as a dangerous disease, which it is, rather than moralistically as a punishment for sin, which it often is not. All of us together — physician, public official and private citizen — must learn that this is everybody's business, that everybody is endangered, that everybody pays for it, whether afflicted by the disease or not, and that no single agency is big enough or clever enough to do everyone's job alone.

And finally we must be realistic. Forget the humanitarian appeal of lives saved, suffering lessened, homes unbroken. The job of stamping out syphilis will pay for itself and pay dividends. Our economic stresses are difficult enough without the extra load of a syphilis-ridden population. Syphilis cannot be downed in a year, or a decade, but we have already dragged the specter of the spiral death into the light, seen it to be conquerable, and it will be strange indeed if we do not prevail against it.

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Ghosting for the British Museum

WHILE Doctor Hawkins was rector of Woodchester [England], gravediggers had brought up to the surface indubitable fragments of Roman mosaic; and Doctor Hawkins became convinced that there, waiting to be discovered, lay a Roman pavement. Anxious to bring it to light, his problem was how to do so in the face of local opposition to disturbing the bones of the dead whose descendants still lived in the parish.

What he did was very bold and very simple. He imported from a distance workmen vowed to secrecy, whom he paid well, and (supplied with food and drink) hid in the rectory attic during the day. When at night he brought them forth to their nefarious job of circumventing pious prejudices, he himself played ghost, and, standing on the churchyard wall in a sheet, frightened intruders away. And that is how the mosaic of Orpheus and the Beasts (a sample portion of which is now in the British Museum) came to be unearthed.

— Laurence Housman, *The Unexpected Years* (© 1936, Bobbs-Merrill)

Decisions

for cases on page 16

Sore Thumb: Prisoner guilty. It makes no difference whether the wound was instantly mortal, or whether death resulted because Garland did not adopt the best mode of treatment. The real point is that the wound inflicted by the prisoner was the cause of death.

— *Regina v. Holland, 2 Moody & Robinson 351.*

Page George Washington! Sarah gets the cherries. The ownership of a tree is determined as the place where the trunk is located. Abner could have compelled Sarah to remove the overhanging limbs if he desired, since they interfered with the use of his land "upwards to the sky." Not having done so, he cannot prevent her from taking her own property.

— *Hoffman v. Armstrong, 46 Barb. (N. Y.) 337.*

The Specialist: $14,322.50 for Anna Mohr. A patient's consent to an operation is a contract authorizing the surgeon to operate only to the extent of the consent given. Unless an emergency involving life and death is presented, the doctor is liable for an unauthorized incision. Correct diagnosis and skillful treatment is no defense.

— *Mohr v. Williams, 95 Minn. Rep. 261.*

Thumbed Noses: Morris Garstenfeld was convicted. The court held that "the thumb to the nose and the fingers in the air" is "among boys a harmless vent for injured feelings . . . but when boys become men they should put away childish things. In the case at bar the circumstances . . . tend to show a design to engender strife."

— *Peo. ex rel. Shannon v. Garstenfeld, 92 Misc. 388.*

"*Marry in Haste . . .*" The husband wins. The law considers the parties bound immediately upon the solemnization of the civil ceremony. Parties may not make reservations to such a marriage contract. Once wed, the wife is bound to perform all the marital relationships. Failing to do so, she loses her marital right to support. — *Mirizio v. Mirizio, 242 N. Y. 74.*

Kosher Bacon: The complaint was held to be good. Even though a person means well and attempts to flatter another, if the words used injure his reputation the language is libelous.

— *Braun v. Armour & Co., 228 App. Div. (N. Y.) 630, Aff'd. 254 N. Y. 514.*

Local Color: Rev. Upton was awarded $50. The Louisiana Court held that to call a white man colored is libelous. Retraction and apology are not sufficient to relieve a publishing company from liability.

— *Upton v. Times-Democrat Pub. Co., 104 La. 141.*

"*If the Shoe Fits . . .*" The evidence is properly admitted. The constitutional privilege is interpreted to refer to oral or written testimony only. To go further would be to make fingerprints valueless and might even prohibit the showing of the defendant's face for the purpose of identification. — *People v. Van Wormer, 175 N. Y. 188.*

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A Plea for Less "Happy" Talk

Condensed from The Catholic World

Kathleen Norris

"THE DARLINGS — I hope they're always going to be as happy as they are today!" whispers the bride's mother, watching her little girl come down the aisle on the arm of the young groom.

"I think they will be — Dick's such a dear, and they're madly in love with each other!" whispers back the bride's aunt. "Don't they look happy!"

Happy. Happy. The foolish word rules the scenes that follow. May they always be happy. We hope you are going to be happy.

Everyone — even the most experienced of the relatives — speaks of happiness exactly as if it were a complete, concrete thing, tied up in one more jeweler's box.

The novelty of it, the passion of young love, the excitement of gifts and flattery, last for a few months, and indeed they are happy. And then the glamour wears away, and the silver tarnishes, and the wedding checks are spent, and they are not happy. It has all ended — not for any particular reason — and they are like bewildered children, not knowing what to do.

"We don't love each other any more," they say pathetically. "We are not happy!"

As if happiness were an indispensable element in married life, Mary carries the discussion of it to the next stage, which is the ever popular argument about the effect of an unhappy marriage upon the children of the household. "Isn't it better," asks Mary, with thousands of other glib young wives, "isn't it better to separate, with all dignity and consideration, than to have innocent children brought up in an atmosphere of constant dispute and nagging?"

The obvious answer, "Must there be disputes and bickerings between decently self-controlled persons?" is passed over with superior scorn.

Where did the deep-rooted superstition begin, that married persons are going to find happiness ready-made? Who, in this world, has a right to it, without a slow, painful struggle?

When a scientist shuts himself up in a laboratory for years of research, when an explorer girds himself for a bitter trip into torrid or frozen zones, when a child is born crippled, and some mother's heart is chained to this suffering little couch for life, we do not press upon them with idiotic queries as to whether or not they

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are "happy." Such a question would be an insult.

Marriage, humanly speaking, is a job. Happiness or unhappiness has nothing to do with it. There never was a marriage yet that could not be made a success, nor a marriage yet that could not have ended in bitterness and failure.

So much good, so much bad, in the husband, the wife, the house, the children, the income, the town, the friends, the health and the assets generally of the new social unit. A little more hardship this year with which to contend, a little less next year. And at the end of 15 years, 20 years, success. A developed and ripened soul, taught where to find happiness, not expecting to gather it out of the air.

That is marriage. And life.

Each and every one of us has one obligation, during the bewildered days of our pilgrimage here: the saving of his own soul, and secondarily and incidentally thereby affecting for good such other souls as come under our influence.

We know, we older persons, that the motorcars and wedding presents and trips and admiration and excitement are only will-o'-the-wisps that the children quite naturally chase for a few giddy years. Surely it would help them to find the true secret if we dropped the consideration of "happiness" from our own problems, and from theirs, where the big things of life are concerned, and gave them to consider instead the thought that real happiness must be made, not found, and that the materials right in their hands at this moment are its ingredients.

Which is perhaps only to glimpse the truth of the stupendous words: "The kingdom of heaven is within you."

❖

Speaking of the Weather

THOSE WHO despise the weather as a conversational opening seem to me to be ignorant of the reason why human beings wish to talk. Very few join in a conversation in the hope of learning anything new. Conversation should be a sympathetic buzz. That is why the weather is so useful a subject. It brings people at once to an experience which is generally shared and enables them, as it were, to buzz on the same note. Having achieved this harmony, they advance by miraculous stages to other sympathies and, as note succeeds note, a pleasant and varied little melody of conversation is made, as satisfying to the ear and mind as the music of a humming-top. The discovery of new notes of sympathy is the secret of all good conversation. — Robert Lynd, *The Money Box* (Appleton-Century)

Democratize the Unions

Condensed editorials from the New York Herald Tribune

THE PROPOSED expulsion of Mr. William Green from the United Mine Workers of America throws a brilliant light on the tyranny of union management as exercised under the present system of control by irresponsible bullies. Samuel Gompers once remarked that loss of union membership in an organized trade was equivalent to capital punishment. Let us suppose that Mr. Green was still a miner, dependent for his livelihood on employment at his craft. The United Mine Workers is a closed shop, check-off union, absolutely controlling the right of coal miners to work. His expulsion, therefore, would mean beggary, or at least a painful adjustment to some other occupation in which the record of his expulsion did not put him on a union black list, and this persecution would be the consequence of a word out of turn resented by an arrogant despot against whom he had no redress.

Labor unions today are private societies legally as unrestricted in the choice of their members as a college fraternity and yet often with power of life and death over a member's fortunes. In the case of the United Mine Workers, for instance, we are told that in one year it disciplined 4031 members with fines aggregating $387,205 and with expulsions amounting to 150,117 years, or with an average fine of about $70 and an average period of exile of 37 years for each culprit. What their offenses were is not within our information, nor what manner of trial, if any, they received. But, to judge from the effort to remove Mr. Green, both charges and hearing leading to economic execution may depend entirely on the caprice of Mr. John L. Lewis.

This sort of thing, of course, is pure terrorism, constituting a first-class menace not only to the workers whom Lewis dominates, or seeks to dominate, but to the entire labor movement and to the country's political and industrial freedom. It is made possible by the utter lack of public supervision and restraint of trade unions.

The rank-and-file members of any union are interested in improving the wages and working conditions of their jobs, but they are also interested, and perhaps primarily, in the security of those jobs. They elect officers and pay dues to further the two objectives of security and improvement in that order. But as often as not, thanks to their form of organization or to its lack of public accountability, or both, they find themselves the prey of racketeers

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(N. Y. Herald Tribune, February 16 & 17, '37)

who sell them out for a price and pocket their funds. Or they become the victims of ambitious leaders like Lewis who may commit them to any mad scheme of conquest without a vote, meanwhile assessing them and juggling the resultant income as he sees fit.

A formula must be devised to place the control of union affairs where it belongs — in the membership whose jobs should be its first concern, whose dues support it. This implies public registration of a sort that, like the British example, prescribes an official record of officers, a periodic accounting of finances (including dues levied, number paying and detailed disposition of the proceeds) and a careful supervision of elections and strike votes. In other words, when the law, through compulsory publicity, lets in the light on union administration, we may be fairly certain that the dues-paying members will see to its honest conduct. This would make the rank and file rather than the dictator and the racketeer the true arbiter of union policy and methods.

Some such form of public registration seems essential to the rescue of organized labor from an appalling enslavement.

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The Labor Lobby

THE American Federation of Labor never represented 10 percent of American wage earners; John Lewis's C.I.O. does not represent three percent of American wage earners. Yet each maintains a large and effective lobby in Washington to bring pressure upon Congress and upon every branch of the administration to accept it as the sole spokesman for all American labor.

The unions possess the only *secret* political slush fund in this country. If a corporation makes a contribution to a campaign, its officers are committing an illegal expenditure. John Lewis and the C.I.O. and the United Mine Workers can spend as much money as they please in national, state, and municipal elections; John Lewis has, in fact, boasted that he is responsible for Mr. Roosevelt's re-election and he has demanded a pay-off.

If we take the total number of workers which John Lewis claims for the C.I.O., the dues alone at 50 cents a month, not counting initiation fees and assessments, would amount to $16,000,000 a year. This gives some idea of the huge amount now collected by labor unions and spent, to a large extent in recent years, for political purposes.

— George E. Sokolsky in *The Commentator*

Death of a Queen

Condensed from "Great Short Biographies of the World"

A contemporary account by Pierre de Bourdeille Sieur de Brantôme, French historian and biographer (1540–1614), who accompanied Mary Stuart to Scotland. Originally published in 1665, the story was translated for the first time into English by

Barrett H. Clark

THE PITEOUS death of Mary, the illustrious Queen of Scotland, cannot be described save with the utmost compassion. I had the story personally from her two trustworthy serving-women, who were faithful to the promise they made their mistress to bear witness of her constancy.

Vignettes of History
—XXXVI—

On the 17th of February, 1587, the English Queen's representatives reached the Castle of Fotheringay, where the Queen of Scotland was then confined, and in her presence read their commission for her execution the following morning. The Queen, without show of astonishment, thanked them for their good news, saying that nothing could be more welcome since, after 20 years' imprisonment, she longed for an end to her miseries.

Then, providing for the needs of her soul, she wrote her confession (being denied a confessor); and next wrote piteous farewell letters to our King, the Queen Mother, and to certain others. Then she summoned her household, from the highest to the lowest, had her chests opened and distributed to each what money she had. To her women she gave what jewelry was left her, and said she regretted having so little else to give. She told her majordomo to tell her son not to seek vengeance for her death. Then, without tears, she bade them all farewell, saying they should not weep, since she was now happy after so much suffering.

Thereon, night having fallen, she retired to her chapel and prayed two hours. On returning to her chamber, she said to her women, "I think it were well, my dears, that I should eat something and then retire, that on the morrow I may do nothing undignified, or lack courage."

But she slept little, and rising before dawn, dressed in a dress of black velvet, a jacket of crimson satin, and a black veil. She gave a

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handkerchief to one of her women saying, "As I approach the place; I request of you this last favor of blindfolding my eyes." After kissing them all, she retired again to her chapel to pray. The sun was already risen when she returned to her chamber, where she sat before the fire and conversed with her women, consoling them. and asking them to be present at her death to report afterward what had occurred.

As she finished speaking there came a loud knocking at the door, and the envoys entered. The Queen said, "You have come for me, gentlemen. I am ready to meet my death. I feel that the Queen my sister is doing me a great favor, as likewise you yourselves, in thus coming to me. Let us go." Seeing her thus steadfast, and withal so fair and gentle, the envoys were deeply moved and pitied her.

The scaffold was erected in the middle of a large room, and was covered by a coarse linen cloth. The Queen entered the room, full of grace and majesty, looking as she used to look when she came to a ball. But one of her women could not help crying aloud and moaning on seeing her mistress in the midst of her executioners; the Queen signaled her by putting a finger over her mouth, and the young woman was silent.

As she got to the scaffold, the executioner caught her rudely by the arm, lowered her dress as far as her waist, and pulled off her doublet, revealing her white neck and throat. But she concealed these as well as she could, saying she was not used to disrobing in public, especially before so large an assemblage (there were four or five hundred present). Turning to a maid, she asked to have her handkerchief tied over her eyes; then quickly, showing no sign of faltering, the Queen knelt down. So great was her bravery that those present could not restrain their tears.

The executioner kept interrupting her prayers, but the Queen repeated a Psalm in Latin, and then laid her head upon the block. As she was saying *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum*, the executioner struck her a great blow upon the neck, which was not, however, entirely severed until he had struck twice more. Then, holding up the severed head, he said, "God save Queen Elizabeth! May all enemies of the true Evangel perish thus!" So saying, he stripped off the dead Queen's headdress, showing her hair, once so fair and light, now white. It was not old age which had turned it white (she was scarcely 40 when she met her death), but her misfortunes and sorrows.

Her poor women, fearful lest her body suffer indignity, begged that the executioner should not

lay hands on it, and that they themselves be permitted later to undress it. But they were ordered from the room; the executioner despoiled the body as he wished, and when he was through had it locked in a room adjoining that of his servants. Through the keyhole, the Queen's women could see the poor body only half covered with a coarse cloth that had been snatched from a billiard table. It lay thus until it began to show signs of corruption, when it was embalmed for burial — but very hastily to spare expense. It was put into a leaden coffin, kept seven months, and then buried in the ground of Peterborough Cathedral. The cloth covering the scaffold, the boards of the floor and whatsoever else was touched by blood, were burned or washed, for fear they might become objects of superstition.

Yet the memory of this Queen, in spite of all, will live forever, in triumph and in glory.

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Object Lesson in Manners

Dr. Leopold Stokowski, former conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, once angered and amused a whole nation of music-lovers by an object lesson in manners which he gave his Philadelphia supporters.

The last concert of the season was scheduled to begin at the usual time, but those attendees who took the trouble to arrive before the appointed hour were surprised to note that evidently no preparations had been made for the concert. Only two or three ushers were at their posts, the stage was dark and bare, and the scheduled time for the concert had come and gone before a janitor crossed the platform and noisily began to bring in the music stands.

At 9 o'clock two performers seated themselves on the stage and began to play the first bars of the opening selection, and from time to time other musicians strolled in, took their places and joined in the chorus. Much stumbling, coughing and rattling of instruments marked the entrance of each man, and almost half an hour went by before the full orchestra was assembled and ready to perform in the accustomed manner.

The middle section of the concert proceeded without undue disturbance, but the concluding number on the program was simply a reversal of the first. Musicians stopped playing from time to time, noisily folded their instruments and banged and stumbled their way off the stage. Dr. Stokowski alone remained to face the verbal brickbats of an outraged audience. But although indignation ran high, there were no vacant seats at the first concert of the new season, and the attendees were not only noticeably prompt in arriving, but unusually hesitant about leaving before the last note had been sounded. — Robert Barlow in Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*

Portrait of Walter Winchell

Condensed from The American Mercury

Henry F. Pringle
Winner of the Pulitzer Prize for Biography, 1931

A BRIEF 15 years ago, Walter Winchell was a second-rate vaudeville hoofer, touring the Middle West for from $50 to $75 a week. Today he earns well over $200,000 a year by baring the private lives of actresses, movie stars, jazz-band leaders, glittering ladies, and the often-ridiculous people who hope they constitute Society.

Winchell owns Broadway. He is effusively welcomed wherever he goes; night-club proprietors, press agents, theatrical managers bid for his favor. At first, naturally, this was thrilling to an ex-hoofer. He made impressive entrances, and was seated at the most prominent tables. Now he is a little bored. He sits in an obscure corner and gloomily sips coffee — he does not drink. He circulates among the Hot Spots much less than he once did; he no longer needs to rush around till dawn. For throughout the city — indeed throughout the Republic — are scores of tipsters anxious to win his good will by supplying items for his column. Their reasons are excellent: a really good item about somebody else is a guarantee against a future derogatory item concerning oneself.

So it isn't true that Winchell has a vast army of spies who receive substantial payments for the paragraphs he prints. Moreover, Winchell says, "Ninety percent of my Blessed Events [impending sons and daughters of the famous and near-famous] come from the parents themselves, and the rest from their friends."

Despite this, however, Winchell complains, "Often, 24 hours before my deadline, I am desperate over filling a column. I used to send telegrams to people asking if they had news. Now I write; I try to think up a new dirty joke to put in the letter. I figure if I hand out a laugh, people will answer."

Winchell is thin; of medium height. His hair is prematurely gray; his eyes blue and alert. He talks incessantly, nearly always about himself, and most of all about his very large earnings. The figures are impressive. His basic pay from the New York *Daily Mirror* is $1000 a week, with $167 additional weekly for his Sunday column. "My contract is for six days," he curtly informed Arthur Brisbane, then editor. "If you want me Sunday, you'll pay." Twice on Sunday night Walter

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(The American Mercury, February, '37)

yells out selections from his columns, or other personal items, for which the Jergens soap and lotion company pays him $3000 weekly for a 48-week year. Trivial compared to this is the revenue from the syndication of his column to about 125 papers, which totals $450 weekly. This year, in addition, he will receive $75,000 from Twentieth Century-Fox for acting in a movie.

Walter Winchell was born in 1897 in New York City, of poor Jewish parents. When only 13, he sought a career in vaudeville, where he had moderate success for 12 years. However, he wanted to be a newspaper man, and gave expression to this desire while on the road by issuing a typewritten sheet called the *Daily Newsance* which he pinned to the bulletin boards of theaters where he was playing, slaving over each issue and trying to eliminate the more glaring grammatical errors. The *Newsance* was the forerunner of his lucrative columns of today. It told of marriages, divorces and births, and offered hints about hotels and eating places.

The little paper finally attracted the attention of the editor of the *Vaudeville News*, and in 1922 Winchell got a job on it at $25 a week. He worked very hard, pumping everybody for personal items. Two years later, he asked for a job on Macfadden's new daily, the *Evening Graphic*, and secured five jobs rolled into one. He became dramatic editor, dramatic critic, amusement editor, amusement advertising solicitor, and Broadway columnist, receiving $100 a week for the batch. His column soon outstripped all the other departments. Winchell, without being aware of it, had transformed a small-town column of "Personals" into a feature about New York theatrical life.

A good many of his items were unfriendly or scandalous, and threats of retaliation have caused Winchell a few bad moments. Yet he has only been set upon once. Just before Christmas, 1935, two unidentified men attacked him. He was slightly bruised, and lost a brand new tooth. Winchell is confident the men were agents of the Nazi régime, annoyed by his frequent slurs on Hitler. He carries a gun these days, and is accompanied wherever he goes by a massive fellow named Pete, who watches all strangers with a coldly appraising eye.

He has been singularly free of libel suits, too. He once broadcast an item about a carpenter who had sawed off a tree limb on which he was sitting, and had fallen to the ground. The carpenter said this gravely damaged his professional reputation, but compromised for $100. There have been other small settlements. However, Winchell is protected against personal liability in libel suits by the

New York *Mirror* and by his sponsor. But he takes great care to avoid them. His columns and broadcasts are carefully checked by libel lawyers; and he never accepts an item unless convinced its source is reliable.

The desire to escape libel is one reason for the strange phrases he has invented. It would be dangerous to print that a certain couple is about to be divorced, but Winchell is confident that courts will recognize no slur if he merely says they are "on the verge." Other phrases are simply reflections of Walter's real genius for slang. H. L. Mencken, in his scholarly *The American Language*, pays solemn tribute to Winchell's importance as a creative philologist; and *Time* is very fond of such Winchellisms as *cinemaddict* and *radiorator*.*

In 1929, Winchell was beguiled to Hearst's *Daily Mirror*, at a salary of $500 a week — soon increased to $1000. It is assumed in newspaper circles that he is responsible for about 200,000 of the paper's 600,000 circulation, and I am sure that is no exaggeration. He still works very hard. He is up most of the night, partly because insomnia haunts him. His life is wholly irregular. Sometimes he will not eat breakfast until seven o'clock at night.

Walter reaches a high pitch of excitement during his Sunday night broadcasts. He loosens his collar and tie. "Flash!" he shouts into the microphone, jiggling keys which simulate the sounds of telegraph and radio, and then relates some item about Glorious Gorgeous of Hollywood or Mrs. Blue Blood of Park Avenue.

Winchell has a passionate, almost adolescent, interest in policemen, detectives, and crime. He is often seen about with J. Edgar Hoover, the G-man; and his only recreation, for he does not play games or take any exercise, is to roar through the streets of New York in a radio-equipped automobile in the early hours of dawn. When he picks up an interesting broadcast to the police patrols, he will turn on a police siren, which he is permitted to use, and rush to the scene of holdup or murder.

But he has, too, a sentimental side. He is very fond of his two small children. One night he was cruising through Harlem when word came of a stabbing on the lower West Side. Winchell sped down Central Park West with his siren piercing the quiet night. But as he approached 72nd Street, he cut off the siren.

"Why did you do that?" his companion asked.

"My children are asleep in that apartment house," Walter answered. "I don't want to wake them."

*Winchell Crack-of-the-Week, as quoted by *Time:* "The ex-Mrs. Jack Warner and A. Rogell are rabbi-hunting."

The Cowardice of Fixed Neutrality

By

James Wallace

President Emeritus, Macalester College

TO SET UP a policy of neutrality to be followed in all cases whenever and wherever war shall break out without any regard to the facts, issues and aims involved must be branded as moral cowardice. Such policy is following the line of least resistance, and is devoid of any sense of moral values. It is safety before principle. It is peace at any price. It is aiding the strong nation as against the weak.

The assumption of the defenders of a fixed policy of neutrality that both parties to a war are alike guilty or that it is impossible to tell which is the more guilty is rarely true. There was no trouble at all in determining who was the more guilty when Japan, despite the protest of nearly all the nations of the world, made war on China and set up her puppet government over Manchuria. Just as conspicuous and offensive was Mussolini's guilt when in defiance of the organized efforts of the League of Nations and with cynical disregard of Italy's signature to the Kellogg pact he sent his legions to conquer Ethiopia.

One fatal objection to a fixed policy of neutrality is that it is not in the power of Congress to control the conscience of the American people. They have a wholesome sense of justice, a warm attachment to civil and religious liberty, and a rank hatred of tyranny. These virtues are the very lifeblood of the nation, and action by Congress seeking to suppress them would either fail or it would weaken the moral fiber of the people.

For the honor and good name of the United States and for the peace of the world it is imperative that our country live up to the Kellogg pact, outlawing war as a national policy, not only in letter but in spirit. More than any other nation is the United States the father of that world-embracing covenant, and it solemnly behooves Washington to stand by the doctrine it enunciates with all the influence and fidelity it can command.

What should our government have done when Mussolini went off on his military rampage against Ethiopia? It should have reminded him of Italy's signature to the Kellogg pact, that this government regarded his war on Ethiopia as a flagrant breach of that solemn treaty, that the United States accepted the Kellogg pact not only in its obvious meaning but accepted its plain

implication, that the covenant not only forbids the overt act of war but forbids all its members from lending aid, sympathy or support to any nation that willfully breaks that covenant.

Such a declaration would have commanded the high respect of all the peace-loving nations of the world. It would have expressed the deep convictions of the American people. On the contrary, the government at Washington has allowed the Kellogg pact to fall so completely into eclipse that it must seem to the world at large that the United States regards the pact outlawing war as little more than an iridescent dream.

Congress and the government do not seem to have realized that treaties, pacts, covenants do not enforce themselves. If not lived up to or enforced, they speedily become dead letters. Standing for world peace means accepting responsibility. America, being one of the most powerful and influential of the nations that honestly believe in world peace, has corresponding responsibility and accountability for the maintenance of that peace.

But probably the most damning argument against the fixed policy of neutrality is that it will have the hearty approval of Hitler, Mussolini and the military oligarchy of Japan. It was Mussolini alone of foreign statesmen who approved our neutrality in Italy's war on Ethiopia.

A serious objection to the campaign for peace is: A distinct impression is being made on the public mind that peace is the supreme end and aim of the state; that of all things peace is the most important. This is rank heresy and of a very dangerous kind. It belies the facts of history. There are many things worse than death; the loss of honor, of character, of justice, of civil and religious liberty. What is death to living regimented lives under a despotism where free speech, free assembly, free press, an independent mind are impossible? What seems to be clear historical teaching is that if a people are unwilling to fight for their rights and liberty they are certain in due time to lose them.

Following the policy of the clam which closes its shell when danger threatens will never drive the war god from this earth.

ON EXHIBITION at the Missouri Historical Society in St. Louis is a Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens) collection, and among the papers is an envelope addressed to the author's wife and marked: "Opened by mistake to see what was inside — S.L.C."

— *American Legion Monthly*

Speech Is Golden

By

Selma Robinson

MILLIONS of Americans are today engaged in doing something about their way of speaking. Radio and talking pictures have quickened our awareness of good speech and made us more sensitive to slovenly use of the voice. Attendance in speech classes during the past few years has increased from three to ten times. The students are not only school pupils, but everyday men and women who realize that we live, love, buy, sell, work and pray through speaking, that we are known by the way we speak, and that our American sloppiness in diction can be corrected.

In Detroit a group of automobile executives receive speech instruction twice a week from a college professor who gives them the same course offered to academic students. These executives have discovered that clear, winning speech is an often neglected asset in business dealings. In the same city, 40 policemen, chosen to address women's clubs and school children on public safety, are taking speech lessons — so that their talks may be more impressive. The beginners' speech class in the University of Southern California is attended by prospective physicians, engineers, business men, homemakers, farmers and mechanics. In New York's Radio City, the School of Business Practice and Speech is attended by stenographers, salesmen and professional people. Members of an engineering society are studying speech improvement — so they may discuss projects and blueprints intelligently and intelligibly with their clients. Every Saturday morning thousands of listeners tune in on the "Magic of Speech" hour, a radio class conducted by Vida R. Sutton. Ninety-five percent of all institutions of learning in this country have speech classes.

The elocution teacher of old would not know what to make of the methods now used in these classes, all the way from the elementary grades up to the universities. Nobody is learning to gesture or declaim, but rather to talk naturally and usefully. Not oratory but the ability to adapt yourself to every speech situation in life, is the aim. Hence speech is being taught through conversational situations that have a direct bearing on reality. Talk such as you might hear at the club, in the office, on the street, in the home, in a train or an elevator or store, becomes the medium through which

(See also "How Good Is Your Speech?" in The Reader's Digest, March, '35, page 7)

speech improvement is taught so that never afterward will good diction be looked upon as something to be used only on special occasions.

For instance, a young man stands and explains why he thinks he should get the job. His arguments are few but cogent, his voice clear and pleasant, and his words so sure that they give the impression of confidence, strength and reliability. He takes time to think and time to listen to the man behind the desk. When he answers questions he is respectful and self-respecting. All around him, his fellow students are taking notes and making written suggestions about his voice, diction, posture, and manner. In later life, when he really has to apply for a job, he'll have learned to do it with finesse.

Here are other typical situations used in speech classes:

> You meet a stranger on the street and give him general information about the town. You are at home, asking your father to increase your allowance. You visit a hospital to see a friend recently injured in an automobile accident. You are a book clerk telling a patron about a new novel. You and your family are planning a vacation trip. You are advising your companions to listen to a certain radio program. You are a guest at dinner, telling your partner about a magazine article you have read.

In the grade schools, to foster early the idea of conversation as a social art, visits between classes are encouraged, with conversation in groups which are a close approximation of the real thing. For instance, three children are to call upon a sick classmate. The whole class discusses the topics that will be suitable for such a visit, the proper length of the visit and the general tone of the conversation. Or the class will pretend to be a club with every child prepared to offer an entertaining joke, riddle, true story or anecdote. Or they give a party for another class, discussing beforehand preparations for welcoming the guests and entertaining them. Thus they learn how to draw out their partners in conversation, learning not to contradict or interrupt, nor to talk too much or too little, nor to select unsuitable or uninteresting conversation. The younger children learn that a sentence well-spoken does not have to be repeated; they learn how to ask questions clearly and politely, how to answer questions lucidly; how to carry messages accurately.

The ideal of speech improvement emphasized in all these modern classes is not to make you sound like your favorite radio commentator, but like the most intelligent, most cultured, most controlled version of *yourself*. Your voice should be as personal as your handwriting. Yet in a good speech class you will discover at once that *your habitual voice is not*

necessarily your natural voice. Barring physical defects, most of our mistakes are acquired through imitation and environment. If our associates speak carelessly, we may do the same. A young mother was dismayed to hear her two-year-old son altering his natural melodious voice into a quick, brittle staccato which she recognized as her own. Since then she has made a constant effort to speak more slowly and gently.

If the other children on the block speak in rough hoarse voices, ours may soon be speaking as they do. Send an American to London for six months and, despite himself, he will come home saying "Fawncy that." Expose a Northerner to the South and he will acquire a drawl.

In the speech classes, naturalness is achieved by the gradual elimination of mannerisms which may have physical, psychological or nervous explanations. Many of them may be corrected by exercise to induce proper breathing, to relax the muscles around the vocal cords, and to give the tongue, the jaw and the lips strength and flexibility.

Speech improvement in the colleges works intimately with the departments of psychology and education. Often faults of personality are responsible for the faults of speech. The tremulous voice, too tightly held, is usually the expression of a nervous, unrelaxed self. The thin, almost inaudible voice may be the result of a childhood full of intimidation. The stutterer may have been a left-handed child whose parents trained him to right-handedness.

At the University of Denver a psychoanalytical questionnaire is used to lay bare the personality faults of pupils, in order to discover what type of special training is indicated. The shy, inhibited student, with the high, flat voice needs sympathy and encouragement, and is given leading rôles in plays, particularly swaggering parts that build a feeling of dominance. The unpleasant blustering of the self-assertive type is corrected by making him play the part of servants.

John Masefield's discovery of the beauties of choral reading has been a boon to speech clinics, as was recently demonstrated at a convention of teachers of speech in St. Louis, where a group of choral readers of high school age delighted all hearers. For timid, hesitant, ineffectual speakers, choral reading is the first step toward confidence. It offers opportunity to speak out without embarrassment; the pupil loses his timidity by merging with the group. For the stutterer, choral reading establishes a rhythmic way of speech, providing a pattern where there was none before. One of the boys at the St. Louis convention had

stuttered so badly, four years ago, that he was virtually speechless. Now no one would suspect that he had had a defect. Members of the adult choir reported equally striking personality changes; some, who had been too shy even to participate in casual conversation, had conquered their failings and attained business and professional advancement thereby.

Of course, a whole lifetime of voice and personality defects cannot be overcome in a few easy lessons, but often eleven weeks in speech classes is enough to correct nervousness, falsetto voices, breathiness and harshness.

Work with children in the public schools proves that clear and gracious speech may become a habit as unconscious as walking. In one public school in New York, situated in a poor quarter and attended by the husky sons of foreign laborers, who once considered tough talk the badge of masculinity, it is now the fashion to speak well, in pleasant, well-modulated voices, intelligently and lucidly. The teacher's voice is important in this work. The Board of Examiners, before it will grant a license to teach, demands that the teacher's voice be such as to set a speech standard that children will want to follow.

Modern speech classes are equipped with recording machines, some of them so sensitive that they capture the student's voice during a recitation when he is not aware he is speaking for the record. Such records of the voice at various stages help the student to trace improvement. At Barnard College every freshman is required to make a record of her voice for diagnosis. In classes at the San Francisco State College for Teachers, sound equipment is installed between room and room, and the students broadcast to each other.

Every voice student includes in his homework a study of news commentators, broadcast speeches, and announcers, turning in a critical analysis of each as to diction, pronunciation and inflection.

As the voice experts see it, there are several kinds of American speech — for instance, Southern English, Eastern English, and general American English — and each as correct as the other. Regardless of what you have been taught, you don't have to use Oxford English to show that you are a cultivated individual. Base your English on the speech of the most cultured element in your own region.

Perhaps the greatest service rendered by the teachers of speech is not a vocal one but an intellectual one. Even casual conversation demands that the speaker know something of his subject. Hence students in the speech classes are encouraged to read widely and think deeply.

New England Yankee

American Types — II —

THE MERRIMENT of the New Englander is not uproarious; it is weathered and dry and flavored with salt. Yanks can find mirth even in their own misfortunes. Uncle Peleg of Savoy, Mass., has long white whiskers and a car almost as old as they, which he drives over the back roads of the Berkshire country with the fury of a ricocheting shell. Last year he was pumping down to the Mohawk Trail, on a road with the pitch of a barn roof, when his brakes gave way. There was nothing for Uncle Peleg to do but jump or steer. He elected to steer.

He came down the trail in tumult and a mighty cloud of dust. He swung hard when he struck the pavement, to keep from going into Cold River. The car slid, tires screeched and exploded. Two of them were ripped from the rims and rolled down the road while Uncle Peleg and his car found haven in the ditch. A state forester who had seen the descent found the old man there, still gripping the wheel. "Uncle Peleg," said the forester reprovingly, "you were going a mite too fast, weren't you?"

Uncle Peleg spat out a mouthful of white whisker. "I never," he disclaimed gravely, "was one to hold with dilly-dallyin'." —Frederic F. Van de Water in *Woman's Home Companion*

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DANIEL WEBSTER went shooting one fall along the Scusset marshes, and when it grew dark the inn where he was stopping seemed very far away. He walked for miles — cold and hungry — until he came to a farmhouse. It was a raw night and the family had gone to bed. Webster pounded on the door, and at last a window was raised, and a man's voice asked, "What do you want?"

"I want to stay here all night."

"All right — stay there." And down went the window. The farmer's mirth was inaudible and invisible, and the joke was on Webster.

—Eleanor Early, *And This Is Cape Cod* (Houghton Mifflin)

THERE IS a famous story of the Vermonter who was fishing by an open drawbridge when he saw the local blind man approaching. "By gum!" he said. "If somebody doesn't tell that fellow the bridge is open, he'll fall in." A little later he said again to himself, "By gum! If somebody doesn't tell that fellow the bridge is open, he'll fall in." There was a longer pause, and then he nodded and said — for the third time to himself, "By gum! He has fallen in."

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I REMEMBER a speech of one typical down-East Yankee. He delivered it between pauses, testing each brief sentence before he uttered it:

"Knew a feller once't 'at pizened hisself eatin' tainted salmon out of one of these here tin cans out of a store. Leastwise, they said ez haow 'twuz tainted." Pause. "Eatin' it didn't dew him no real good, ez you might say." Pause. "They figgered that eatin' it wuz enough, just by itself, to make him die." Pause. "Fact is, I don't know but whut he did die." Long pause. "I wuz to the funeral."—Irvin S. Cobb, *Maine* (© 1924, Doubleday, Doran)

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Canine Comfort Station

PARK AVENUE'S pedigreed pooches, forced by masters to walk near the treeless curb in accordance with the city's sanitation drive, were pleasantly surprised recently to find on the avenue a canine rest room in the form of a small juniper tree set in a metal base. A score or more élite dogs assembled and posed for pictures, while gazing happily upon an object unheard of in that section — a nice, healthy, accessible tree. Morton Goldfarb, a florist, had noticed the plight of dogs and hit upon the comfort station scheme. City officials sent messages praising the idea. The chief inspector of the sanitation department promised a full report of the evident success of the plan, which he termed "splendid." An executive of the A.S.P.C.A. declared, "The idea is a good one if such rest rooms are kept sanitary. It may help solve the problem if other shops, apartments and hotels emulate the idea."

— N. Y. *Times*

Pageantry Welds a People

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine

Wilson Chamberlain

An American recently went to Eton with an English friend who had a nephew there. Arriving just as the boys were coming off the rugger field, the American, anxious to start sightseeing, urged that the nephew join them as he was. The youngster dashed off and returned in less than a minute, still in his filthy sports clothes, but wearing, to the American's utter astonishment, a top hat!

Just an old Eton custom — never go out for tea without your topper. It is only one of hundreds of ceremonies which your English cousin carries on in his workaday world, ranging from such rustic customs as placing garlands around the necks of horses being led to stud, to playing *God Save the King* at the end of every movie or public event. You are transported to the pomp of the Middle Ages, for example, when the peers in scarlet and ermine robes assemble each autumn for the Opening of Parliament. The King comes in a gold coach to explain his reasons for calling this Parliament, and the House of Commons are summoned by a gentleman known since 1350 as Black Rod. Then you are reduced to amused incredulity by such survivals as the toasts to the Woodmen of Arden, which always begin, "Mr. Adams and Brother Woodmen . . ." though there has been no Mr. Adams heading the society for over 150 years.

In darkest Africa the Englishman still dresses for dinner although he knows he's been the butt of music-hall comedians for 30 years. In London every morning, rain or shine, a hundred red-coated Guardsmen come swinging pompously into the forecourt of Buckingham Palace (or St. James's if the King is away) precisely at 10:30. They pace off to the sentry boxes with Gilbert & Sullivan grandeur, while the band plays "airs to the King's liking," their eyes so hidden by tremendous bearskin hats that drummer boys have to hold up the music for them.

If some efficiency expert were to point out that these never-ending ceremonies take valuable time and cost a great deal of money, the Englishman would only smile enigmatically; for an Englishman has a mystic conviction that he enjoys stability in government and private life because he has for centuries main-

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tained what seems to us a ludicrous degree of decorum. Even in his high-speed financial world he clings to traditions hundreds of years old because they have become a sort of symbol of integrity. Every bank runner wears a cutaway (sometimes green) and top hat. Every business man, a short black coat with derby or black Homburg. Every judge and lawyer, a white wig. Good ones cost $40, but it is charged to advertising famed British justice. If you were to cash a cheque at Coutts & Company, bankers to His Majesty the King, the money would be shoved across an open counter (and the silver literally shoveled) by a dignified gentleman in a frock coat. Though frock coats went out years ago, Coutts' argument is that their managers and clerks have always worn them and there is no more reason to alter them than to alter the conservative investment advice they give you.

In the actual City of London (an area of 677 acres housing the financial center) you find a still more amazing survival, The City Guilds or Livery Companies. Dating to the 12th century, The Ancient Company of Gold and Silver Wyredrawers, The Cordwainers (shoemakers), The Fletchers (arrow-makers), and others, retain fantastic, though never-exercised, privileges. The Spectacle-Makers have the right to trample your glasses if they suspect they are not up to Guild standard. The Vintners and The Dyers alone share with the King the right to possess swans on the Thames.

Today the Guilds' original purpose of protecting their craftsmen has lost its significance in the mass of labor unions, yet the mere survival of their pomp serves to remind the hard-working Englishman that he can count on his job as long as he is reliable. It gives him a sense of continuity with the past and of belonging to something bigger than himself.

On the first of May, the Beefeaters, or Yeomen of the Guard, in gold-braided Tudor costumes, solemnly emerge from the Tower of London and beat, or mark, the boundaries of the Tower with canes. On the same day in many country parishes, the churchwardens still go out with green boughs to establish once more one of the great tenets of the Englishman's life: his awareness of "What's Mine & What's Thine."

Outside St. James's Palace you may see some 500 men dressed in black velvet jackets, knee breeches, silver-buckled slippers and cocked hats for presentation at one of the King's two or three morning levees each year, and be convinced that England is the most rigid country in the world. Then you will see some noble lord come away from the Palace and get into a 1916 Rolls Royce you

wouldn't use around the farm. With two men on the box, he will be driven to his feudal castle where his valet will have laid out a tattered jacket, a pair of cracked shoes, and a battered felt hat. To the Englishman there is nothing illogical in this: magnificent display in public matters and well-worn tweeds at home are equally traditional.

The English system of titles works not, as many Americans think, for the glorification of the upper classes, but for dignifying all classes. While there are about 5000 Britons with actual titles from the lowest Sir to a Grade-A Duke, every tradesman is addressed as *Mister*, your cook is not Maggie or Hilda but always *Mrs*. You never shout *Waitress* or *Maid* but always *Miss*, every trained nurse is *Sister*, and every gentleman without a title must have *Esquire* after his name in writing, while in conversation you call him by his last name and never *Mister* unless you are a woman or he your senior. We frown on the title system as imperialistic, but the English solemnly believe it to be democratic. And curiously enough, for them it does seem to work that way.

When you arrive at your hotel or department store or bank, the door is opened by a chap in black uniform with a string of medals across his chest: the Corps of Commissionaires — or doormen de luxe — which sprang into being after the war, comprised of veterans cited for bravery whose wounds prevent them from heavier work, has over 3000 members in London and regards the duties of door-manning so earnestly that it has won an annual inspection by the King. These men show us English pageantry in the making, and, though only a minute part of the show, they give the clue to what we Americans might take from English pageantry and shape to our own purposes. Already we have the cornerstones for such traditions, but where here they are few, in England they are the very fiber of national life. We have, for example, few national holidays, and those seldom solemnized by anything that recalls proud memory of our past. In England there must be 20 or 30 fête days when the entire nation turns out.

On the King's Birthday, loyal Britons drink His Health in every corner of the Empire. When you board a liner from Bombay to London you invariably run into a chap who talks your ear off about "going home," only to discover that he has never been to England in his life. High in the Himalayas you will find some "second son" who left England 30 years before and, like thousands of Englishmen at "home," couldn't be persuaded to wear anything but his Old School Tie. And in New

York, English firms close regularly for Bank Holiday, though the loyalty costs them hundreds of dollars in business time.

So, if communism comes to England, the revolution will probably be led by the Archbishop of Canterbury, speaking at the Marble Arch in Hyde Park in his most resplendent scarlet robes, while the crowds of uniting workers glance nervously at their watches to see that they don't miss their tea.

Viewpoints

NOTHING which has happened since the popularization of photography can ever be truly glamorous. When we think of Washington crossing the Delaware, we see him, willy-nilly, in terms of the famous Lutz canvas. Had a candid camera been on the spot we should probably think very differently of the event. And today a candid camera always *is* on the spot — witness the "Leica Annual" picture of Herbert Hoover sunk in an ignoble doze during an academic ceremony, or the picture of F. D. R. eating a hot dog. A past documented in this fashion can never become heroic in the sense that the past is now. — *The Nation*

THE MERRIEST tidings we've heard lately were that the New York Central railroad has given itself a present of 100 old-fashioned steam locomotives. This gives assurance that for at least a few more years the haunting sound of a locomotive whistle will be perpetuated in the land, to go rolling down snowy valleys, across bog and meadow, to be heard by priest and poet, by people awake in lighted rooms and by people half-asleep in dark ones. The steam whistle has a timbre utterly different from that of modern noise-makers on Diesel trains, which are peremptory, categorical. The old ones are full of longing and half-spoken promises, starting with a tentative cry and swelling to huge melancholy proportions, echoing and echoing in the mind.
— *The New Yorker*

MAN FEELS himself an infinity above those creatures who stand, zoologically, only one step below him, but every human being looks up to the birds. They suit the fancy of us all. What they feel they can voice, as we try to; they court and nest, they battle with the elements, they are torn by two opposing impulses, a love of home and a passion for far places. Only with birds do we share so much emotion.
— Donald Culross Peattie, *Singing in the Wilderness* (Putnam)

¶ The Democrats' impending strife: Old Guard vs. New Deal Liberals

Whose Party Is It?

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post

Stanley High

Journalist; active in the radio division of the Democratic 1936 campaign; assisted Mr. Roosevelt on his speeches, and occupied a desk in the White House

DURING Franklin D. Roosevelt's first administration the New Deal was hated, or embraced, as an economic phenomenon. If anything untoward was happening to the body politic, it was good Democratic strategy to conceal the fact.

The political consequences of the New Deal were not an issue in the last election, even after the defection of such notable Democrats as Alfred E. Smith and John W. Davis, and the silence of such as Newton D. Baker and Owen D. Young. The average American voter wanted economic salvation. The average Democratic politician wanted to win. The President's program brought those two into happy union, and the result was a landslide.

But the union was one of convenience, and is not likely to endure. Already those whose first article of faith is the Democratic Party are ready to ease out the economic salvationists and restore the inoffensive Democracy of the pre-Roosevelt era. Those, on the other hand, whose political passions are centered wholly on economic issues hold allegiance to the Democratic Party only in so far as they can use it as the vehicle for their liberalism. The issue, therefore, is to determine whether the Democratic Party is to be the Democratic Party as it has always been or whether it is now to become the liberal party.

Normally the Democratic Party has two chief elements: the 12 states of the Solid South, whose sure-fire electoral votes have kept Democratic hopes alive in even the most hopelessly Republican years; and the cities of the Northeast. The men who run the machines which garner these city votes are not driven by their devotion to national issues. They are in politics solely for the spoils.

On the surface, no two political groups could be further apart than these city machines and the Solid South. The background of the first is industrial and proletarian. The background of the second is agricultural and aristocratic. The Southern politician puts his faith in principles and or-

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atory — generally with a strong Scriptural flavoring. The city politician has long since substituted a card file and a system of rewards for oratory, and looks upon principles as the luxury of those who are not obligated to make politics pay.

When it comes to practical politics, however, they are blood brothers. Party regularity means the same thing in New York City as in Alabama; in both places, unquestioning party obedience is enforced with the same rigidity.

But the major interest of the city machines has been local — city and state affairs. In national politics it has been the South which has provided the party with its dominant point of view. And this point of view was, to put it mildly, conservative. It had its roots in a firm devotion to States' rights — a principle that gave ample ground from which to oppose all manner of liberalizing economic legislation. It had as its background the quasi-feudal system that prevails in many parts of the South. This conservatism, too, was acutely conscious of the enlarged economic opportunities which that system seemed to promise, in view of the increasing number of industrialists who, seeking escape from the consequences of liberal economic legislation in Northern states, were moving their plants South. States'-rights conservatism had begun to pay. The wheel-horse Democratic leaders saw to it that no national commitments were fastened on the party which would threaten the dividends.

I do not recall that, between the World War and Mr. Roosevelt, the effective liberals in Congress had a single Southern Democrat among them. The effective liberals were such undependable partisans as George Norris, Burton K. Wheeler and Robert M. La Follette, all nominal Republicans.

Those conservative Democrats, who accepted their dominance in the party's national councils as something permanent, have suffered no end of inner torment during these last four, presumably triumphant, Democratic years. The policies the President initiated were a direct blow at States'-rights conservatism. The manner in which those policies have been administered is an equal threat to the system of rigid party regularity by which the Democratic organizations in both the South and Northeast maintained their strength.

In Mr. Roosevelt's 1932 campaign he outlined a program of economic reform which the stalwarts at the Chicago convention never intended and probably would not have endorsed. Their estimate of him at Chicago was of a man with a vote-getting name and personality who had served two terms as governor of a state

whose electoral votes were necessary to a Democratic victory. But if they had dug into his record, both in the New York Senate and as governor, they would have found adequate basis for the misgivings which, too late, materialized.

For Mr. Roosevelt has consistently stood with the liberals ever since, as a youthful state senator, he took the lead in the fight against the traction interests. His political strength in his own state was derived — in part, at least — from the readiness with which he took issue with the state and, particularly, the New York City Democratic machines. There was very little in his record to please either the States'-rights conservatives or the apostles of party regularity.

But there was no such investigation. Mr. Roosevelt was nominated. And the campaign was well under way before the delegates discovered that he was committing the party to a point of view which was certainly not Democratic as the party leaders defined it.

Even before Mr. Roosevelt's first inauguration another fact appeared to upset their calculations. By the fourth of March, 1933, the economic crisis had grown so acute that even the most hesitant of the party's conservatives agreed as to the need for drastic action. Mr. Roosevelt acted — drastically and with dispatch. Because everyone was badly frightened, both Congress and the country declared a moratorium on criticism. In the NRA, the AAA and a long list of other measures, the New Deal was made the law of the land. Under the protection of the emergency, liberalism was intrenched.

Some of Mr. Roosevelt's critics believe that if there had been no emergency there would have been no New Deal. That conclusion is a result of an inadequate appraisal of Mr. Roosevelt. I know him well enough to be sure that, in some form or other, all the permanent legislation which was passed in his first administration was always on his agenda. The emergency only speeded the accomplishment of his policies and, even with the aid of the emergency, his first four years in office have not completed the economic reforms which he believes desirable.

The significant fact here is that Mr. Roosevelt's liberal legislation did not reflect the point of view of the party's leaders. It reflected the point of view of Franklin D. Roosevelt and of a strange circle of counselors, who, whatever else they were, were certainly not acceptable Democrats. The party leaders complained that they were called in only when it was necessary to have their signatures to make a document legal.

Mr. Roosevelt's intimate ad-

visers were political unknowns. Their records, as they appeared to the party leaders, were not of a sort to inspire confidence in the "soundness" of their advice or to give comfort to those who believed that the maintenance of the party organization was of first concern. Some of the advisers were experts; most of them had brains; but all of them had a scorn for political consequences. Hence, if the Democrats on Capitol Hill have any pride in the New Deal, it is certainly not the pride of authorship. Its authorship goes back to the President himself, and to the assortment of political hybrids with which he was surrounded.

How little regard these advisers had for the politicians is illustrated by the way much of the New Deal legislation was prepared for passage. Congress has a staff of experts who normally draft all bills for passage. The Senator or Representative with a legislative idea merely turns the idea over to the drafting department and it comes out in a form proper for presentation to Congress. The New Dealers were unwilling to subject their legislative proposals to this operation. Since the ideas, in large part, were theirs, they refused to allow anyone but themselves to prepare the measures. In many instances they did a very good job. In some instances they botched it badly. But in either case the legislators did not like it.

The administration of the New Deal was no more Democratic than its authorship. Whenever the administration of a particular measure has involved New Deal objectives, administrative authority has been kept out of the hands of the Democratic politicians and given to individuals whose qualifications, whatever they were, were not political. Thus Washington was aswarm with strange people — men who rolled up their sleeves to make America over. Nothing like this had ever before been seen, in the history of American politics. And whatever this was, it was not politics — not as Washington or the Democratic Party practiced it.

It was the same in the higher administrative posts. The New Deal for agriculture has been administered by Henry A. Wallace, a Republican who was a liberal rather than a partisan. Harry Hopkins had been a social worker in New York City. Harold Ickes, a Theodore Roosevelt Progressive, has been a supporter of many political lost causes in Chicago — all of them aimed to embarrass, not to assist, the local politicians. The SEC is presided over by James Landis, a Frankfurter lawyer. The TVA is jointly administered by David Lilienthal, liberal Illinois lawyer, Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, former president of Anti-

och College, and Dr. Harcourt A. Morgan, former president of the University of Tennessee.

Only in the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, a Hoover hangover, has a major New Deal activity been controlled by an entirely acceptable Democrat. There Jesse Jones, appointed first by Mr. Hoover, still carries on. But he is surrounded by liberal intellectuals who are an adequate foil for his political orthodoxy.

Thus the liberals were intrenched in the administration of the New Deal. This was a threat both to the conservatism of the Solid South and to the integrity of the party machines in both the South and Northeast, where, in the matter of jobs as well as of voting, the enforcement of party regularity has always been the primary consideration.

The resulting condition of internal unhappiness was not helped by the conduct of the last campaign. Nationally, party propaganda was carefully kept out of all campaign literature. The most frequently featured radio speakers were not the well-known party orators. The vice-presidential candidate, Mr. Garner, was heard but once. Mr. Homer Cummings, the Attorney General and former chairman of the Democratic National Committee, cut no figure at all. Mr. Farley lapsed into silence early in the campaign.

I do not believe that the President himself mentioned the party by name more than three times in the entire campaign. He did his campaigning, not as a Democrat but as a New Deal liberal, fighting not for party success but for a cause. In Minnesota, he threw his support to the Farmer-Labor ticket, and the Democrats were eliminated altogether. In Wisconsin, his aid was extended to the La Follette Progressive Party rather than to the regular Democratic candidates, and the La Follettes won. In Nebraska, his outspoken support brought about the re-election of Senator George Norris and the upset of the well-laid plans of Arthur Mullen's Omaha Tammany. In New York City, while Mr. Farley labored to keep Tammany in line, the President looked with favor upon the political activities of the American Labor Party, which were a potential threat to Tammany. In the Solid South, trouble was laid up for the party by the open and unprecedented Democratic drive to win the support of the Northern Negroes.

Certainly no Democratic campaign had ever before been conducted like this. The old-line Democrats went along with the President and the New Deal because they bore a Democratic label. The liberals went along with the Democratic party because it bore a New Deal label. The old-line Democrats looked

upon the liberals as interlopers. The liberals looked upon the old-line Democrats as opportunists. For election purposes, since they both wanted to win, they managed to get along together. The result was the November landslide.

It is exceedingly improbable that they can be held together long enough to produce another — either in 1938 or in 1940. Mr. Farley believes that the Democrats have at last become the majority party. He confidently looks forward to 50 years of Democratic fatness, with the Republicans as undernourished as the Democrats were during the half century after Lincoln.

His optimism is based upon the greatly increased Democratic registration in every Northern state, and particularly in such important states as Pennsylvania, California, Illinois and Massachusetts. But it leaves out of account the rapidly emerging issue as to what and whose the Democratic party is to be; whether it is to be Mr. Roosevelt's kind of a Democratic party, with his kind of leaders, or whether it is to be once more the old Democratic Party with the pre-Roosevelt leaders back in the saddle. The determination of that issue is likely to have far more to do with the party's vote in 1940 than the increase in Democratic registration.

The old-line party leaders believe that they can safely begin at once the work of dismantling the New Deal and demobilizing the New Dealers. They are convinced that by 1940 the Democratic Party will be made again a party in which Carter Glass, Joe Robinson, Jack Garner and even Al Smith, Jim Reed and John W. Davis will feel perfectly at home. In the long run, they would rather lose with that kind of a Democracy than win with any other. That kind of Democracy expresses their most-cherished economic and political convictions — which the liberal Democracy of the New Deal certainly does not.

But Mr. Roosevelt is still the party leader. The size of his victory has left him with few debts to pay — either to the liberals or to the old-line Democrats. He is free to choose to further intrench his liberalism or, content with things as they are, quietly to put the New Deal away in lavender and restore the old-line Democrats to power.

It is my firm conviction that before the 1938 congressional elections Mr. Roosevelt will be found to have chosen to stand with the liberals. He does not like the company of the Old Guard. He does not share their point of view. He will line up with the liberals, not because they have a stronger political hold on him — their political hold is negligible — but

because the President, at heart, is a liberal.

It is commonly conceded that Mr. Roosevelt will be in a position to name the 1940 Democratic candidate. And the nomination of a liberal would mean the defeat and, probably, the political extinction of the Old Guard Democrats. It would mean the perpetuation of the economic liberalism begun under Mr. Roosevelt. The Democratic Party, in that case, would admittedly be the liberal party.

Just how long such a party could hold the Solid South is difficult to forecast — certainly not permanently, for the Democratic Party of the Solid South is anything but liberal. It is likely that this defection would be more than offset by the increased liberal strength in the cities of the North and in the Western farm areas, and by the permanent addition to the party's strength of a majority of the Northern Negro vote.

At any rate, Mr. Roosevelt is convinced that the Democratic Party — despite the conservatism of the Solid South — can become genuinely a liberal party. I believe it is his aim to make it that, even though, in the process, the party suffers a temporary weakening. Because he believes in economic liberalism, his influence will be exerted to develop a new, if still nominally a Democratic, party that is fit to be its custodian.

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The Farm Moves to the City

THE New York Park Department is trying to bring a glimpse of country life to the children of congested areas, many of whom have never seen a farm. A portable barnyard made a tour of the city playgrounds, making three-day stops at each. The red wooden barn-on-wheels was towed by a Park Department truck. At each stop the Department workers set up a wooden barnyard fence over which the youngsters stared wide-eyed at a real cow with its calf, and at pigs, ducks, and turkeys. It has mooed and bleated to packed audiences, being so great a success that now a flower and plant exhibit is also making a tour, accompanied by lecturers who give impromptu talks. Crowding through the trellis-covered trailer, with its tiers of flowers, the slum youngsters see for the first time marigolds, black-eyed susans, fuchsias, forget-me-nots, petunias, roses, sweet potato, mint, cotton, peanut and tobacco plants. There are also beans and sweet corn in different stages of growth. Especially popular has been an exhibit of frogs, toads, turtles, harmless snakes and insects.

— N. Y. *Herald Tribune* and N. Y. *Times*

A Musical Monster

Condensed from Talks

Deems Taylor
Eminent composer and music critic

HE HAD a gift for getting himself talked about. He was an undersized, sickly little man with a head too big for his body. His nerves were bad; it was agony for him to wear anything next to his skin coarser than silk. And his delusions of grandeur made him a monster of conceit.

He believed himself to be one of the greatest dramatists in the world, one of the greatest thinkers and one of the greatest composers — Shakespeare, Beethoven and Plato, rolled into one. He was one of the most exhausting conversationalists that ever lived. An evening with him was an evening spent in listening to a monologue. Sometimes he was brilliant; sometimes he was maddeningly tiresome. Always he had one sole topic of conversation: himself.

He had a mania for being in the right. The slightest hint of disagreement from anyone, on the most trivial point, would set him off on a harangue that might last for hours, in which he proved himself right in so many ways and with such exhausting volubility, that his hearer, stunned and deafened, would agree with him for the sake of peace.

He had theories about almost any subject under the sun — vegetarianism, the drama, politics, music. In support of these theories he not only wrote hundreds of pamphlets, letters and books and published them — usually at somebody else's expense — but he would sit and read them aloud for hours to his friends and family.

He wrote operas. And no sooner did he have a story than he would invite — or rather summon — a crowd of friends to his house and read it aloud to them. Not for criticism. For applause. He played the piano like a composer — in the worst sense of what that implies. And he would sit at the piano before parties that included some of the finest pianists of his time, and play for them, by the hour — his own music. He had a composer's voice. And he would invite eminent vocalists to his house and sing them his operas, taking all the parts.

He had the emotional stability of a six-year-old child. When he felt out of sorts he would rave and stamp, or sink in suicidal gloom

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and talk darkly of going to the East to end his days as a Buddhist monk. Ten minutes later, when something pleased him, he would rush out of doors and run around the garden, or jump up and down on the sofa, or stand on his head. He could be grief-stricken over the death of a pet dog, and heartless to a degree that would make a Roman emperor shudder.

He was almost innocent of any sense of responsibility. It never occurred to him that he was under any obligation to support himself. He was convinced that the world owed him a living. He borrowed money from everybody — men, women, friends or strangers. He wrote begging letters by the score, sometimes loftily offering his intended benefactor the privilege of contributing to his support, and being mortally offended if the recipient declined the honor. I have found no record of his ever repaying money to anyone who did not have a legal claim upon it.

What money he could lay his hands on he spent like an Indian Rajah. The mere prospect of a performance of one of his operas was enough to set him to running up bills amounting to ten times the amount of prospective royalties. Without enough money to pay his rent, he would have the walls and ceilings of his study lined with pink silk. No one will ever know — certainly he never knew — how much money he owed. His greatest benefactor gave him $6000 to pay the most pressing of his debts in one city, and a year later had to give him $16,000 to enable him to live in another city without being thrown into jail for debt.

He was equally unscrupulous in other ways. An endless procession of women marched through his life. His first wife spent 20 years forgiving his infidelities. His second wife had been the wife of his most devoted friend, from whom he stole her. And even while he was trying to persuade her to leave her first husband he was writing to a friend to inquire whether the friend could suggest some wealthy woman — *any* wealthy woman — whom he could marry for her money.

His liking for his friends was measured solely by their usefulness to him. The minute they failed him — even by so much as refusing a dinner invitation — he cast them off. At the end of his life he had exactly one friend left whom he had known even in middle age. And he had a genius for making enemies. A character in one of his operas was a caricature of one of the most powerful music critics of his day. Not content with burlesquing him, he invited the critic to his house and read him the libretto aloud in front of his friends.

The name of this monster was Richard Wagner. Everything that I have said about him you can find on record — in newspapers, in police reports, in the testimony of people who knew him, in his letters. And the curious thing about this record is that it doesn't matter in the least. Because this sickly, disagreeable, fascinating little man was right all the time. He *was* one of the world's greatest dramatists; he *was* a great thinker; he *was* one of the most stupendous musical geniuses that the world has ever seen. The world *did* owe him a living.

When you consider what he wrote — 13 operas and music dramas, 11 of them still holding the stage, eight of them unquestionably among the world's greatest musico-dramatic masterpieces — when you listen to what he wrote, the debts and heartaches that people had to endure from him don't seem much of a price. The women whose hearts he broke are long since dead; and the man who could never love anyone but himself has made them deathless atonement, I think, with *Tristan und Isolde*. And a few thousand dollars' worth of debts was not too high a price to pay for the Ring trilogy.

Listening to his music, you don't *forgive* him for what he may have been. It's not a matter of forgiveness. It's a matter of being dumb with wonder that his poor brain and body didn't burst under the torment of the demon of creative energy that lived inside him, struggling, clawing, scratching to be released. The miracle is that what he did in the little space of 70 years could have been done at all, even by a great genius. Is it any wonder that he didn't have time to be a man?

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MANY slang expressions now in use can be dated back a century and more:

Against the grain: 1673, Dryden
Apple-pie order: 1813, Scott
Bamboozle: 1703
Beat about the bush: 1546, Heywood
Better half: 1580, Sydney
Between you, me and the bedpost: 1831
To be in the same boat: c. 1550
A bone to pick: 1565
Brass (impudence): 1594, Shakespeare
To know on which side one's bread is buttered: 1546, Heywood
New broom sweeps clean: 1546, Heywood
Butter-fingered: 1615, Markham
Button up one's lip or mouth: 1747
Carry coals to Newcastle: 1662
Put the cart before the horse: 1690
Let the cat out of the bag: 1760
Chatterbox: 1785, Grose
Chisel (to cheat): 1808, Jamieson
Count one's chickens before they're hatched: 1579, Gosson
Dead as a doornail: 1593, Harvey
Dry as a bone: 1833, Marryat
Eat one's head off: 1703
Elbow grease: 1785, Grose
Feather one's nest: 1590, Greene
To have one's fling: 1624, Beaumont

(*To be continued*)

J. Louis Kuethe in *American Speech* (© Columbia University Press)

What's New in College Courses

THE University of New Hampshire offers a course on weather forecasting, in which students are taught to forecast the weather at least 12 hours in advance. It is felt that there is a real field for meteorologists with commercial aviation firms. —N. Y. *Times*

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A COURSE for those interested in adventure and scientific methods of exploring is given at the University of Michigan. The first summer work was done in the Yukon, the students traveling slowly across the uncharted wilds, mapping the land, studying plant and animal life, and carefully estimating natural resources and geological conditions. —N. Y. *Herald Tribune*

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THE MOVIES find a place in the curriculum at the University of Illinois. Students attend movies and write comparisons with dramas, novels, biographies or histories on which the pictures were based. At New York University, another motion-picture course studies the sociological rather than the literary aspects of the movies. —N. Y. *Times*

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TO BUTLER UNIVERSITY, in Indianapolis, goes the credit for having inaugurated a course in the proper use of leisure time. The course deals exclusively in preparing working men and women to develop cultural and profitable avocations. Public speaking, music, reading, and cultivation of trees, flowers and shrubs are among the subjects offered. —*Herald Tribune*

THE University of Michigan is one of numerous colleges now offering courses in radio broadcasting. Under the tutelage of broadcasters from Detroit stations, more than 100 students prepare, direct and present daily programs, and study all phases of the business from the sale of commercial programs to station financing. The fact that the national radio chains will employ only university graduates as broadcasters has increased interest in the course. —*The Journal of Education*

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IN LOUISIANA, Dillard University (for Negroes) requires a course in homemaking before graduation. Sixty-two young men share with the coeds in studying the planning of homes, selection of food and clothing, and the care of children. —*Religious Digest*

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THE University of Miami maintains a classroom on the floor of the Gulf Stream for its students in zoology, who don the type of diving helmet William Beebe used in his submarine explorations. —*Friends Intelligencer*

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OVER 1500 people have earned credits toward a degree at New York University by studying what is perhaps the most fascinating subject in the world — themselves. In a course on personality improvement, they watch motion pictures of themselves and listen to phonograph records of their own voices, to discover unpleasant mannerisms. They take a dozen different tests — of initiative,

thoroughness, concentration, observation, adaptability, knowledge, leadership, powers of expression, organizing ability and the impression they make upon others. On the basis of the results, as analyzed with the aid of psychologists, they plot their own "profiles," noting their strong and weak points. —N. Y. *Times*

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THE University of Iowa, Vassar and Syracuse University are among the numerous colleges that now offer courses in marriage. Premarital problems and adjustments in married life are discussed in these courses, as well as the psychological and physiological aspects of reproduction, child development and care. —N. Y. *Herald Tribune*

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SOUTHEASTERN Oklahoma State Teachers' College has established a course of instruction in minor household repairs. It includes adjustment of electrical devices, correction of wiring disorders, and mending leaks in water pipes in emergency. — Baltimore *Sun*

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Toward a More Picturesque Speech

How Else Would You Say It?

HE GETS his mental exercise by jumping at conclusions (Milwaukee *Journal*) . . . With one look at her, he withdrew into his book and pulled a paragraph over his head (Richard Lockridge) . . . She is on the verge of tears, her favorite perch (Robert E. Sherwood)

AS CLOSE as two coats of paint . . . With the finality of a dropped egg. (Morris Lowenthal) . . . As definitive as a proposal of marriage (J. C. Furnas) . . . He felt like a jigsaw puzzle unsolved . . . As awkward as making love in mittens . . . As spineless as spaghetti (Helen Topping Miller)

HE NUDGED me with a wink. (Corey Ford)

THERE BURST upon the air that conglomerate sound of passion at its acme, that profoundly zoological uproar only to be heard in the vicinity of an unquestionably sincere dogfight. (Booth Tarkington)

SHE COULD utterly destroy conversation and leave you sitting there with the wreck of it in your hands — and no place to put it (Lloyd C. Douglas) . . . His memory was maliciously busy, opening doors he believed he had locked. (Rebecca West)

AN AUTHOR whose works were so little known as to be almost confidential (Stanley Walker) . . . He uses statistics as a drunken man uses lamp-posts — for support rather than for illumination (Andrew Lang)

PRIDE WAS a cold garment, but she held it close (Ruth Burr Sanborn)

A GIRL with as many curves as a scenic railway (P. G. Wodehouse)

EACH after each, from all the towers of Oxford, clocks struck the quarter-chime in a tumbling cascade of friendly disagreement (Dorothy Sayers)

The End of Socialism in Russia

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Max Eastman

Radical author; translator of Trotsky's "History of the Russian Revolution."

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It is a strange and sad experience, for one who has lived through these 25 years as a Marxian socialist, to see the Soviet régime drop overboard one by one every vestige of socialism, until now there is no hope left for a classless society in present-day Russia.

In 1934 I wrote an article saying every good thing I could find to say of Russia: that there, because of the socialization of industry and the removal of class privilege, almost utopian progress was being made in every sphere of social relationship. Shortly after writing the article, however, I put it away as an anachronism. The conditions it described were disappearing while I wrote.

In the sphere of family relations, the freedom of woman, and population control, there has been a counter-revolution in the Soviet Union in the past two years. To stop the pressure of population on the means of subsistence is essential to the beginnings of socialism. In Russia, where hundreds of thousands of mothers are unable to buy milk for their babies, and the problem of homeless children is openly acknowledged to be unsolved even in the capital, a proclamation decreeing wholesale human breeding is not only remote from socialism, but from sane human kindness and reason. It is the madness of military nationalism which looks upon the masses as cattle and cannon fodder.

According to official policy: "Every girl must be treasured not only as a textile worker, a bold parachute jumper or an engineer, but as a future mother. The mother of one child must be treasured as the future mother of eight." (*Pravda*, June 7, 1935.)

To give teeth to this reactionary decree, and make clear that it relates only to the ill-paid masses, the costs of divorce and alimony were raised beyond the reach of these human cattle, and abortion once more became a crime. That it will not be a crime for those who have money and are in the know is obvious. It is class legislation and discriminatory sex legislation in its foulest form.

As to the problems of peace, war and patriotism: in 1934 Litvinov announced in Geneva that the Soviets would abandon their antiwar alliance with the workers and oppressed peoples of the earth, and play the game of mili-

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tary diplomacy with the capitalist nations. Thus Russia again enters the old system of military alliances which turned Europe in Lenin's eyes into "one bloody lump." And to bathe this change in the appropriate emotions the official organ *Pravda* hauls down the Marxian banner, "Workers of the world unite!" and runs up the slogan, "Defense of the fatherland is the supreme law of life." Let us taste a few sentences from *Pravda's* editorial of June 9, 1934:

> TENS of millions of people acclaim our brave fliers, for whom the honor, glory, might and prosperity of the Soviet Union is the supreme law of their lives. . . . For the fatherland! That cry puts tens of millions of toilers in fighting readiness. . . .

This affirmation of universal hysteric passion for the fatherland was the preface to a decree making it a crime of treason to "escape over the border" and punishing this crime by "shooting and confiscation of all property." Moreover, if it is a soldier who "escapes abroad," the grown members of his family who knew of his intention and did not notify the police so that he could be shot before he went, get five to ten years in prison with confiscation of property, and those *who did not know of it*, but lived with him, may be "deprived of citizenship and exiled for five years to a remote region of Siberia." The army has been reorganized on the western plan with restoration of the titles, ranks and privileges of officers, and revival of the special rights of Cossack troops.

In 1935 Stalin's government issued a decree which made the death penalty for theft — adopted for adults three years before — applicable to minors from the age of 12. Stalinists explained that "under socialism, children are so well educated that they are fully responsible for their acts"! In view of such a decree, one blushes to recall that according to Marxian theory the state as an "instrument of compulsion" was supposed to "die away" with the triumph of socialism.

I have myself never been a sufficiently orthodox and gullible Marxian to believe in the happy legend of how men, once wealth-producing property is owned in common, will find themselves living together in natural coöperative brotherhood as angels live. I have been keenly aware, however, that in the proposed new society the location of the sovereignty is the supreme political question, and that if power is permanently shifted from the rank-and-file of the working-class and self-supporting peasants, organized in freely arguing and democratically controlled institutions, to a privileged and bureaucratic ruling caste, the experiment in socialism will not last long.

And in the U.S.S.R. there now is a concentration of political power and privilege in the hands of a bureaucratic caste supporting an autocrat more ruthless than the czars. This bureaucracy is still called the Communist Party, but by continual "purges" it is cleared of every trace of independent act or even discourse questioning the ruling clique.

This shift of sovereignty reached its culmination in the new "democratic" constitution, which is nothing but a sweeping out of the workers' rule to make way for a totalitarian state not in essence different from that of Hitler and Mussolini. Stalin has dissolved the Soviets. His "most democratic constitution in the world" substitutes representational schemes that are too complicated and too slow of movement to express the "will of the people." Their contrary operation is indeed assured by the bicameral system in which the upper chamber, like a House of Lords, being based on the officials of the various republics, forms an integral part of the bureaucratic apparatus, and has the power at any time to bring about a legal dissolution of both houses. The real state is now nothing but a pyramid of bureaucrats under Stalin, who will operate this unwieldy "parliamentary" monster and make it produce votes at will.

Socialism means a classless society, and a classless society means that the few are not in a position to enjoy the national wealth, while the majority live only in their labor to produce it. It means especially that privileged individuals who have excess income cannot invest it in the instruments of production with which others work, thus reducing them to a position of fixed subservience. It means an end of profit and interest on stocks and bonds, an end of the exploitation of labor.

That being the case, it is obvious that if Russia were a socialist state, or if its sovereigns had the slightest intention of allowing it to become one, we should know exactly what is the distribution of the national income among the different categories of the population. We should know how much of that income goes not only as salary, but in the form of unpaid privileges, to the captains of industry and office holders of the state, trade unions, coöperatives, collective farms, and Communist Party. We should know how much of it is going to the payment of seven and eight percent interest to the holders of government bonds and savings-bank books, who constitute not only a privileged caste, but are capitalists in the essentially important sense of the term. We are allowed to know nothing accurately about all this; but we can glean a few figures from the Soviet press. I

quote Leon Sedov, writing on the Stakhanovist (speed-up) Movement in *The New International* for February, 1936:

THERE is hardly a capitalist country where the difference in workers' wages is as great as at present in the U.S.S.R. In the mines, a non-Stakhanovist miner gets from 400 to 500 rubles a month, a Stakhanovist more than 1600. The auxiliary worker who drives a team below, gets only 170 rubles if he is not a Stakhanovist and 400 rubles if he is (*Pravda*, Nov. 16, 1935). And 170 rubles by no means represents the lowest wage, but the *average*, according to Soviet statistics. There are workers who earn no more than 120 or even 100 rubles a month. The wages of the privileged layers of the working class are 20 times higher, sometimes more, than the wages of the poorly-paid workers. And if one takes the wages of specialists the picture of the inequality becomes positively sinister. For example, Ostrogliadov, the head engineer of a pit, gets 8600 rubles a month, and his wages cannot be considered exceptional.

According to recent official claims, a ruble is worth 20 cents. At that rate Mr. Ostrogliadov's salary equals $1720 a month — and a wage of 120 rubles, $24. This is not radically different from conditions under American capitalism and it is a far cry from Marx's idea of a society of the free and equal.

An American Stalinist recently returning from Moscow, when asked about Victor Vaksov, once head of the Metal Workers' section of the Red International of Labor, said: "He has done pretty well by himself. He is now head of one of the trusts in the automobile industry, has a fine house with two servants, two official cars at his disposal, and a Packard of his own bought in America." That is significant when brought into relation to the thirty-odd dollars a month paid to metal-workers. Equally significant is Harold Denny's dispatch to the New York *Times*, May 8, 1936, which appeared under the appropriate headlines: "Leisured Women Unite in Moscow" — "New Idle Class Gathers to Set Up Society to Help Workers Culturally."

Just as the Stakhanov movement is building up a new privileged class, an aristocracy of labor, who can be relied on to support the dictator, so the "collectivization of agriculture" is being turned into a governmental grant of special privileges to corporations prospering at the expense of the masses of the peasants. Stalin has granted the land "in perpetuity" to vast farming corporations, deeding them the hereditary right formerly possessed by the aristocracy to cultivate for their own profit the most fertile portions of Russian soil.

Further, these happy beneficiaries of "the triumph of socialism," the overseers, special-

ists, bureaucrats, and labor and collective-farm aristocrats, can invest their incomes in government bonds which pay seven percent, or deposit them in savings banks where they are exempt from both inheritance and income taxes, and earn eight percent interest.

I am no economist but I think I am not crazy. And if I am not, then when a government which is running the industries and employing the labor of a country takes loans from people who have excess income, and pays those people seven percent interest, then those people are not only receiving unearned income, but they are receiving surplus value derived from the exploitation of the country's labor. This is a situation as remote from socialism as anything could be.

The sole fundamental new thing left in Russia is the planning power of the state. And so long as the state is ruthless enough to let four to six millions of the population starve to death in order to build up foreign credit, as was done (it is now admitted privately) by Stalin's state in 1933, it will certainly be momentous. But it will mean that once more the toiling masses have fought upon the barricades and died for equal liberty, and once more they have received for their pains a new and more efficient system of class exploitation.

The recent trial and shooting of old Bolsheviks ought to make these facts clear. In the list of those shot, distinctions of "left" and "right" opposition are obliterated; brains and understanding of the Marxian idea are what distinguish them. These executions are the bloody punctuation of a 12-year period of counter-revolution. They mean that the experiment in socialism in Russia is at an end.

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Free Speech in Europe

¶ THE "SPY MONOCLE," latest invention to win popularity in Nazi Germany, looks like an ordinary monocle, but instead of being an ordinary glass is a mirror. Held against the eye at the proper angle, it permits the wearer to observe unobtrusively whether anybody behind him is spying on his conversation in search of punishable utterances against the State. — N. Y. *Times*

¶ THE DIRECTOR of the publishing house, Albrighi-Segati, has been condemned to five years' exile because he declared in a private conversation that he loved his dog better than Mussolini.

— *World Events*

¶ One can live well in this modern Eden for $50 a month

Isles of Enchantment

Condensed from Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan

Eleanor Early

THIS IS an article for people who haven't much money, but love the sun and the ocean, and frangipani in the moonlight. It is about the Virgin Islands, and how to live cheaply in a Nice Way.

Five days out of New York (Furness West India line, round-trip minimum $125) lies the deep-bosomed harbor of St. Thomas. Above it the hills of the town. Red-roofed houses, tier on tier. Cactus flowering like pillars of gold. Flamboyant trees splashing guinea grass with crimson, and bougainvillæa flinging scarlet sprays. Light and shine and color.

There is a tremendous midday light. The little town, in a bravery of color, shimmers against its high bright hills — red and white on emerald green. And the sea is the blazing blue of cornflowers, fantastically shading off to purple, lilac and jade in the shallows.

In the tropics Nature is extravagant and prodigal with beauty. Sunsets are more gorgeous, and cloud colors lovelier; stars burn brighter and come closer to earth. And the moon is very large and may go to your head.

Columbus discovered these islands and named them for the martyred horde of St. Ursula, a lady who set out from Britain 1600 years ago with 11,000 virgins to visit the Holy Land. On the way an army of Huns attacked the girls. And — defending their virtue — the virgins died. Columbus's piety led his mathematics astray, for there are only about a hundred islands, counting rocks. Half the islands belong to us, the rest to England. And only about six of them are inhabited.

There is everything you could want on St. Thomas, from electric refrigeration to tennis, golf and the latest movies. And there is *almost* everything on St. Croix. But on St. John there is nothing at all but beauty.

There are about 20,000 colored people in the islands, and 2000 whites, among them a colony of fisherfolk called Cha-chas, descended from French who were shipwrecked on St. Thomas long

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(Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan, April, '36)

ago. The Cha-chas have nothing to do with either blacks or other whites. Their women are pale, with flat breasts, and thin hair in flaxen braids. Men and women wear queer, identical hats. And none of them laugh, which is strange in a land where everybody is happy.

One of the pleasantest things about St. Thomas is that you can see so much in a short time. West Indians say that the ideal island should be small enough to go around in a day, big enough to live on, little enough to love. The Virgins fill all specifications — and more.

There is, for instance, Bluebeard's Castle Hotel, new and smart, where every room has veranda and bath. The story is that there were two pirates on St. Thomas, Blackbeard and Bluebeard — whose beard was blacker than black. They built themselves towerlike fortresses and Bluebeard, unholy rascal, kept 13 women in his, and made love to them all.

Bluebeard's Castle Hotel, built about the old fortress, is managed by a Russian prince, Dmitri Staroselsky, who was once a major in the Czar's army. Bluebeard's is like something out of Somerset Maugham. For about $5 a day you can live in a room precious as a calla lily, and sleep in a pale green bed with an innerspring mattress. There are also several modest hotels with correspondingly cheaper rates.

If you have a family, you probably will take a house. Rentals begin at about $25 and run to $60 a month, and the houses have baths and electricity. You could have Blackbeard's place, I think, for sixty. But maybe you prefer something primitive — a shack, perhaps, on a heart-shaped beach. For $10 a month you can have the shack with bougainvillæa, and a beach fringed with silver sand and coconut palms and the purple sea.

For $12 a month you can hire a woman to cook and market and keep your house clean. On $50 a month it is possible to live rather well. Life on St. Croix and St. John is cheaper than on St. Thomas. But there is nothing much to do on St. Croix and nothing at all on St. John, except, of course, the swimming which is gorgeous on all the islands.

Temperature ranges in winter from 70 to 80; in summer it jumps about five degrees. The islands are swept by the cooling trade winds which blow constantly — and every bed at Bluebeard's has a woolen blanket!

Hardly anybody is sick in St. Thomas. Nobody has colds or pneumonia; tropical diseases are almost unknown. The only malady contracted by visitors is indolence, and the sooner you get it the happier you will be, for it's lovely being lazy in the Virgins.

Keep Up t

Excerpts from a regular depart

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UP TO a century ago in Europe numerous peasants slept with their feet — instead of their head — on the pillow, in the belief that the feet did the harder work and, therefore, were more entitled to comfort.

WHEN Madame de Maintenon became the consort of Louis XIV of France in 1684 she had her physician bleed her once or twice a week so she would not blush so easily at the stories told at the royal court, which was reputed to be one of the most licentious in history.

THE WORLD'S oddest produce exchange building is in The Hague, in the Netherlands. A canal, 20 feet wide, flows right through the middle of its big board room. Its members, sitting in tiered seats on both sides of the waterway, make their bids and buy the fruits and vegetables as the loaded barges sail past.

IN TOKYO, Japan, a large and expensive restaurant not only employs the most beautiful hostesses and waitresses in the city but also maintains a special beauty shop where they are made up by experts — like movie stars — before they serve patrons.

EACH SUMMER in Japan numerous villages compete in flying giant kites, some of which are 3000 square feet in area, weigh half a ton, cost nearly $1000 and require 200 men to hold steady while in the air. In a stiff wind even this number cannot hold some of the kites and those who hang on too long are carried up and fall to their deaths.

THE DREAM of clockmakers through the ages — a perpetual motion clock — is now on the market. It is operated by an atmospheric mechanism which receives as much as 120 hours of driving energy when the temperature changes as little as one degree.

THE WOODEN crosstie, under railroad tracks, is believed to be one kind of industrial equipment for which a satisfactory substitute never has been developed. During the past 50 years more than 2500 patents on other kinds of ties have been issued but not one of them has been adopted.

IN CERTAIN sections of Malaysia, the women not only dominate all activity but, in the wealthier districts, even keep harems of men.

A KOREAN BRIDE never is permitted to see her husband until the second day after her marriage. He is selected for her and they meet for the first time at the wedding. Even on this day and the following day, her eyelids are gummed together.

THE persistently recurring stories concerning sea serpents probably refer to gigantic eels, which are sometimes eight feet thick and 60 feet long.

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THE STRONGEST living thing, in proportion to its weight, is the beetle, which can carry a burden 850 times heavier than itself. If a man possessed proportionate strength, he could carry a load weighing 70 tons.

AN ENGLISH humane society is now purchasing the hundreds of surviving British war horses which, although pitifully enfeebled, are still being worked on the farms of Belgium and France. These animals, left behind in 1918, are being returned to England to live the rest of their days in idleness.

ONE OF the puzzles of legal documents is the meaning of the letters *ss* following the name of the state and county in which the action at law is laid. Although these letters are used thousands of times daily, no one actually knows their origin or purpose.

THE ODOR of green coffee from the miles of warehouses and plantations of Santos, Brazil, may be detected aboard ship more than a hundred miles at sea, long before land is raised.

THE ONLY hailstone business in existence, so far as is known, operates in the high mountains of the state of Colima in Mexico. Pellets of ice fall so continuously in this area that it is quite profitable to gather and sell them for cooling purposes in the towns on the plains.

AMONG at least three quarters of the people of the world, goods bought and sold seldom have a fixed value. The price paid is determined only after negotiations between buyer and seller. When the parties wish to keep the price a secret, the negotiations are carried on in a finger code under cover. Prices for rugs in Persia and rubies in Burma are settled by the two men squeezing each other's hands beneath a table or a piece of cloth.

THE Coronation Chair of the British Empire, in which King George VI will sit as part of the crowning ceremony, is a dilapidated piece of furniture. Made entirely of wood and used since 1274, it is not only badly scratched and nicked but also literally covered with names and initials that have been carved in it, evidently when the guards were looking in another direction.

THE FUNERAL of Abraham Lincoln was the most pompous and his burial one of the most casual in American history. The 14 cities in which his body lay in state vied with one another in final tribute. But from 1865 to 1901, his body was moved 17 times, once being hidden — for a period of two years — in the cellar of a monument in the city of Springfield, Ill.

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Full Steam Ahead!

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly

George W. Gray
Author of "New World Picture"

YEARS AGO someone called steam "that great civilizer." Never has it been more so — more useful in the service of man — than in this fourth decade of the 20th century. By overwhelming odds, not water power but steam is still the prime mover of industry. In the United States, more than 60 percent of the central electric power stations are actuated by steam, and 90 percent of the individual industrial power plants. The largest single-shaft units for the production of kilowatts are not the mighty water wheels designed for Boulder Dam, but the yet more powerful steam turbines recently installed in Philadelphia and New York. The power plant with the largest actual output is steam-propelled, and located on the East River front in Brooklyn.

At Niagara Falls and other places where dense populations and large industries are near, water power has demonstrated its economic superiority. But New York City, for instance, cannot afford to buy Niagara Falls water power. So great is the resistance of copper wire to long-distance transmission of electricity that in general it is cheaper to buy the coal to produce a kilowatt than to transmit that kilowatt over 300 miles of wire.

Steam engineers today extract from each ton of coal more than double the output of electricity they obtained in 1920. The key to their gains is getting maximum heat into steam. For, the higher the temperature, the greater is the pressure of the expanding steam. Three things must be engineered in the process: water, fuel, and air. For every ton of coal that burns in the furnace, 10 tons of water must be supplied in the boiler, and 12 tons of air must be sucked into the combustion chamber. Incidentally, 13 tons of combustion gases go up the stack. In a big steam plant these items assume huge proportions. The Hudson Avenue Station in Brooklyn consumes an average of 3750 tons of coal daily. To cool its steam at the end of the cycle, this station pumps 3,600,000 tons of East River water through its condensers, a daily pumpage well in excess of the daily water supply of New York City. There are now 10 steam power plants along this short stream, all using its water to cool their condensers, and in consequence the average

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temperature of the East River has been raised 16 degrees in the last 36 years. In even the coldest winter it does not freeze over.

The fuel is mostly pulverized coal, blown into the furnace through special burners designed to promote quick combustion. Some burners spray their powdered coal downward, and the black mist catches fire in mid-air, generating temperatures as high as 3000 degrees.

The heat generated depends not only on the state of the coal, but also on the temperature of the air which supplies the necessary oxygen. If the entering air is cold, some of the heat will be absorbed to bring it to the kindling temperature. Here is where those 13 tons of hot gases become useful. As the gases pass out of the furnace into the flue, they are surrounded by pipes and hollow walls through which the air passes. By this means, heat which ordinarily would escape is used to raise the temperature of the air to 400 or 500 degrees — so that when it passes on to the furnace, it leaps to its union with the falling particles of coal in the thousandth of a second.

Also surrounding the flues are other hollow walls and pipes for the preheating of the water before its admission to the boiler. The hotter the water and air, and the finer the particles of coal, the more rapid is the generation of steam.

Since turbines turn steam into power at high velocities and in enormous quantities with the minimum demand upon supervision, they have almost supplanted the familiar reciprocating engine (with its back-and-forth motion) in plants where mass production of power is essential. The turbine is edging a way even into small plants.

The layman's thought of steam is associated with water, but engineers are experimenting with other liquids which boil at other temperatures. For example, in boilers at the General Electric plant in Schenectady, there are 155 tons of mercury, costing about $200,000. This fluid metal is used over and over again in the hermetically sealed system, completing its cycle from boiler to condenser and back again hundreds of times each minute. To get mercury to boil, you must heat it to 677° (water boils at 212°). The vapor from the boiling mercury is first used to turn a turbine, then conducted to a second boiler where its heat evaporates water to steam, and the steam drives another turbine. Thus one heating of the mercury causes two turbines to turn.

But the story of steam power's recent advance is primarily a story of steam from water, achieved by increasing temperatures and mounting pressures. Few of the present attainments were feasible

15 years ago. Iron glows red at 750 degrees, and in 1921 a boiler that delivered steam at this temperature was rated a super-power plant. Today 900 degrees and above is established practice, due to the introduction of new alloys. The tough metals lately born of the meeting of steel with chromium, molybdenum, nickel and tungsten will endure the high temperatures and resist the high pressures.

And yet, with all the brilliant advances in fuel economy, the wastes are still colossal. Most of the energy of burning coal is wasted: heat efficiency in the most capable plants today is only 25 to 35 percent, whereas the water wheels in the hydroelectric plants are 90 percent efficient. Since steam, even with its present low efficiency, can compete successfully with water power, and since it contains so many more wild horses of *potential* power, is it strange that it continues to dazzle the imagination of inventors and industrialists? As a result, steam is on the march, continually occupying new frontiers; and today it is advancing more rapidly than almost anything else in the field of mechanical engineering.

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— *So the French Tried Potatoes*

From the Germans Dr. Antoine Auguste Parmentier learned the incomparable nutritive value of potatoes when, during the Seven Years' War, he was captured and made prisoner at Hamburg. After returning to France where he took up practice as a doctor and chemist, he was grieved by the terrible cereal failures of 1760 and wrote a book on potatoes and what they might mean to the farmer and the city consumer. His work was greeted with ridicule, but at last he interested Louis XVI in his plans. He sent a tub of potato plants to the King who wore their flower in his buttonhole, and Marie Antoinette appeared at a ball with a wreath of potato blossoms in her hair.

With the King's aid Parmentier secured a plot of land near Paris in which to grow potatoes experimentally. The King even provided a cordon of soldiers to guard this potato garden. When the people saw this they began to think something pretty good must be buried in a field that needed the protection of the military. The result was that at night people came and stole the potatoes, ate them, liked them, planted them, and so fell victim to the kindly trap which Parmentier had set for them. To this day potato flowers bloom upon his grave. — Donald Culross Peattie, *Cargoes and Harvests*

(Appleton-Century)

Gilbert and Sullivan

Condensed from Fortune

THE Gilbert and Sullivan operas are far and away the most profitable properties ever created in the theater, in any language, at any time. Back in the '70's over a hundred *Pinafore* companies were going at once in the U. S., eight of them in New York City. To the D'Oyly Cartes, authorized producers of Gilbert and Sullivan, more than 20,000 performances in the past 60 years have meant rewards in the vicinity of $2,500,000. This year the D'Oyly Carte Company, having played 19 weeks to capacity houses in New York, is making a tour of the East and Middle West, and before they return to London in June their American box-office take will amount to some $900,000. For more than half a century the curtains have gone up every night on Gilbert and Sullivan operas some place on the British Isles or the North American continent or Australia.

Gilbert and Sullivan's start was not auspicious. Their first opera, *Thespis*, produced in 1871 in London, was a complete flop. Gilbert, 35, went back to writing melodramatic theatrical rubbish; Sullivan, 29, back to composing oratorios and hymns, one of them being "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

But Richard D'Oyly Carte, a successful young impresario, brought the collaborators together again. The result was *Trial by Jury*, presented as a curtain raiser at a little Soho theater in 1875, and greeted by quick and unquestioned success. Gilbert had taken for his libretto the ageless subject of judicial corruption (the piece sounds remarkably up-to-date today) and Sullivan's music was instantly praised. Elated, Mr. D'Oyly Carte persuaded four moneyed friends to form a syndicate, the Comedy Opera Company, to produce full-length operas by the collaborators at the Opéra Comique. *The Sorcerer*, thus produced in 1877, was a moderate success. Then, in 1878, came *Pinafore*.

Pinafore created no sensation whatever; on the second night the box office took in a miserable £14. Business got no better and the Directors of the Comedy Opera Company fell into a despairing melancholy. But one evening it occurred to Sullivan, who was conducting concerts at Covent Garden, to put on his program an arrangement of airs from *Pinafore*. The audience whistled and asked for more, and shortly the stalls at the Opéra Comique began to fill.

The Directors, now bitterly regretting that in the days of *Pina-*

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fore's uncertain beginnings they had sold their interests out to D'Oyly Carte, instigated the celebrated Pinafore Riot of July 31, 1879: 50 thugs broke into the Opéra Comique toward the end of a performance to steal props and scenery with which to set up a rival company. The thugs were repulsed and *Pinafore*, becoming an uproarious success, soared toward its record of 700 original performances. Despite their failure to carry off the scenery, the Directors put on their own *Pinafore*, which for a while ran merrily at a theater next door.

Meanwhile *Pinafore* had found its way to the U. S. and, in unauthorized performances paying no royalties, was nightly jamming the Boston Museum with hysterical audiences.

Gilbert and Sullivan were famous. They had devised by now their established method of working together. Gilbert would sketch out his plot and write his verses, delivering perhaps as much as a whole act at a time to Sullivan. Sullivan's first consideration was rhythm. He would reduce Gilbert's intricate verses to a set of dots and dashes, and only then would he hunt for his tune. But when he finally came to orchestration, he worked on this complicated business with dispatch, rarely making changes afterward and rarely asking Gilbert for help with structural alterations. In this un-intimate fashion the partners pursued what appeared in finished performance to be one of the most intimate of collaborations. As a matter of fact, what collaborations there were, were carried out mostly by mail, neither of the two men fundamentally liking the other. At least four times they vowed, before they finally dissolved their partnership in 1896, that they would not work together for another day. In 1898, when D'Oyly Carte revived *The Sorcerer*, librettist and composer answered curtain calls from opposite sides of the stage, bowed to the audience but not to each other, and left the theater without speaking. Two years later Sullivan died, without again having laid eyes on his collaborator.

After *Pinafore* came *The Pirates of Penzance*, in 1879, with a rousing world *première* in New York, attended by both Gilbert and Sullivan. The New York opening was intended to curb as far as possible American piracy and to let Americans see the authentic version in the hope that home-brewed productions would suffer by comparison. They did, but the piracy did not end then or ever.

And so New York saw Mr. Gilbert: tall, high-domed, rude, and distant; it saw Mr. Sullivan: short, plumpish, urbane, with silken sideburns and a monocle.

The first U. S. company was of

U. S. actors. Sullivan had remembered to bring over everything necessary except a good part of the music. He had to rewrite the first-act music from memory. But U. S. audiences, as ever, were delirious, and before Gilbert and Sullivan went back to England three months later they were heroes throughout the land.

Knighthood came to Sullivan in 1883, but not to Gilbert. Queen Victoria did not approve of him. He was a mocker. He had mocked the courts in *Trial by Jury*. He had mocked the clergy in *The Sorcerer*. He had mocked the navy in *Pinafore*, the army in *The Pirates* and *Patience*, and the whole House of Peers in *Iolanthe*. So considerable was the Queen's displeasure that when in 1891 she commanded a performance of *The Gondoliers* at Windsor Castle, Mr. Gilbert's name was blandly omitted from the program, which by inference attributed the whole opera to Sir Arthur Sullivan. Gilbert did not become Sir William until Edward VII dubbed him in 1907, seven years after Sir Arthur had died and been buried in St. Paul's. In 1911, having tried collaborator after collaborator after his break with Sullivan without success, Gilbert died. Richard D'Oyly Carte died in 1901, but the management was taken over first by his widow and then by his son, Rupert, who is in charge today.

The operas, naturally enough, have had their ups and downs. From 1909 to 1919 London never saw a Gilbert and Sullivan production. The D'Oyly Carte Company had been forced to the provinces and was down at the heel. Then, trying for a comeback, Rupert D'Oyly Carte brought his company into London with *The Gondoliers*. The result was that for several weeks London saw *24-hour* queues, the longest in the memory of playgoers.

The operas have never wavered since. By 1926, D'Oyly Carte had not one but two companies in England. Beginning in 1927 he toured Canada, venturing timidly from Vancouver into Seattle. In 1934 his company made its first New York appearance. It was a riot, for 15 weeks.

It is a mistake to assume that Mr. D'Oyly Carte or his company value the operas for their lusty money-earning power alone. They mean much more to them: they are the embodiment of tradition. The acting versions are diligently kept faithful to the originals of book and score (these are locked for safety in London bank vaults). When an understudy takes the place of a principal any night, you will have to look sharp to discover the difference. Voice, business, and gesture have been so schooled and timed that you could photograph the same scene on different nights and come close to registering one over the other without a

blur. Such precision comes from endless rehearsal. It comes also from the solidarity of the company itself. Almost every member started in the chorus. You don't become a Gilbert and Sullivan actor in England unless you make a career of it just as if you aspired to the British Civil Service.

Today Gilbert's satire still glitters with a vicious edge. Nor has some two-score years of jazz brought any harm to appreciation of Sullivan's music. There are now few musicians so lofty as not to admit that Sullivan's operas deserve their immortality.

What will happen when the copyrights run out on Gilbert's librettos in 1951? Then the movies will cast the operas in glittering, sound-tracked celluloid. Nothing legally prevents Hollywood from recording them now, and Hollywood would love to. But Hollywood is up against the fact that its versions could not be shown in the British Empire. After 1951 that will no longer be so — and thus the D'Oyly Carte actors and their successors may finally find themselves out of jobs 14 years from now, or 76 years after the curtain first went up on *Trial by Jury*.

London's only monument to an English musician of the 19th century is a bronze bust of Sir Arthur Sullivan near the Thames Embankment. A short distance away is a bas-relief of Sir William Gilbert's profile, with a perfect epitaph: *His foe was folly and his weapon wit.*

No joint memorial in stone or bronze was possible for these men, who, in 21 years of collaboration, felt little but spleen and envy toward one another. But a more meaningful memorial is written in the theater of the U. S. this year, after the quarreling partners have been a quarter of a century in their graves. It is:

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN
STANDING ROOM ONLY

❖

Life in a Spanish Graveyard

THE PORTUGAL newspaper *Seculo* reports that Alvaro Esteva, a Spanish manufacturer with Insurgent sympathies, played dead in Malaga Cemetery for two whole months. Mr. Esteva hid in an empty coffin in the family tomb to escape government troopers during government domination of the seaport. He emerged when the Insurgents took the town. Each night, said Mr. Esteva, he heard the screams of persons being executed in the graveyard. He subsisted on food his sisters concealed in wreaths which they laid each day upon graves. His hair, jet black two months ago, turned a snowy white. — N. Y. *Times*

Why American Women Marry Foreigners

Condensed from The Forum

Marjorie Dobbins Kern

"IF I HAD my life to live over again, I would never marry an American," a white-haired American woman once told me, "I would marry a foreigner; not an Englishman, they're too much like us, but a Continental European." The longer she lived, she said, the more she was convinced of the superior virtues of European men as partners in the difficult adventure of marriage. And though our press has advertised unsuccessful international marriages so effectually that we can scarcely see the words *foreign nobleman* without the image of a villain rising forthwith before our eyes, yet American women go right on taking alien mates. I did it myself; I've kept my husband seven years and hope to keep him seven times seven.

I've discovered since I married why foreign men wear well, and why they *keep* their wives. For they do keep them; the speed and frequency with which the women of this country get rid of their husbands is not even distantly approached in Europe. And American women, moreover, are notoriously the most disappointed, restless, neurotic wives in the world.

What, specifically, does the European have that our men lack? He has, primarily, a different racial attitude toward women. Instead of wrapping himself away in his own separate pleasures, in the traditional Anglo-Saxon manner, and leaving the ladies to the unfertile consolation of each other's company, he accepts their companionship with apparent enjoyment as an integral part of his psychology. It is symptomatic of a different relationship between the sexes that women's clubs, and the mass gatherings of women for bridge, luncheons, etc., which we have in such numbers, are nonexistent in Europe. The American husband is becoming articulately aware lately that his wife is spending an unflattering amount of time in activities outside the home, but what can he expect if he absorbs so little of her energy? Few women would choose feminine society for a constant diet if mixed society were to be had instead.

In Europe, the lives of marriage partners run in a common channel; instead of scheming to keep his wife at a distance, as the American frequently does, the foreign hus-

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band more often draws her into the varied phases of his work and play. The American husband's formula for treatment of a wife — give her plenty of money and leave her alone — is convenient; but the assumption that she will be satisfied with money and freedom as a substitute for his company is uncomplimentary and not often true, unless he is insufferably dull.

The capacity of the European to fill women's instinctive needs more adequately than the American is generally acknowledged; and that the love life of our women is very unsatisfactory is too well known to need proof. It is ironic that the American woman, brought up on a diet of love stories, the constant target of advertisements based on sex appeal, has to marry so poor a lover as the typical American.

The rôle of mental and spiritual attraction in marriage cannot of course be exaggerated since, unlike physical attraction, it outlasts other ties. Here again the European is signally superior in both ability and willingness to provide companionship. He is not handicapped by our unique notion that to show an interest in ideas, outside those that can be commercialized, implies effeminacy. And he refuses to bury himself in work to the exclusion of all other values; he leads a broader, more human and civilized life and consequently becomes a more interesting and valuable companion. He has not forgotten how to play, has not killed his sensitiveness to color and beauty in life by absorption in the making of profits. Thanks to his slower tempo of living, he has time and energy to devote to women in general and his wife in particular. He is able to give his wife, and is happy to do it, sympathetic companionship in the details of her daily existence: in her choice of clothes, her table appointments and menus, the interior decoration of her home.

It is perhaps part of our masculine separatist theory that the love relationship is the only possible one between the sexes. But many women hunger for just a good straight talk with a man. Frank, pungent, penetrating talk with a strong masculine mind is wine to their spirits. Mental energy, psychiatrists tell us, reacts on women as sexual stimulus. That intellectual satisfaction — the mutual meeting and completion of minds — is as important as physical stimulus for both men and women is generally recognized.

It is unfortunate that our men, far from taking a leading part in their wives' mental development, hold rather in contempt culture and nonutilitarian knowledge in general. They overlook the fact that the very essence of true liv-

ing, for every individual, lies in the enrichment of mind and spirit and that the impoverishment of these is the gravest poverty of all. Even if the American be the best provider in the world — and no one denies it — his habit of constant overwork is a direct and frequent source of marital tragedy. Many wives beg their husbands to give them less of material benefits and more of themselves.

A striking difference in the character of Americans and Europeans was illustrated in a magazine article purporting to prove that life ended at 40 for women. It was based on the assumption that no man would look at a woman of 40 if he could have one of 25. Not that he would mind having an older woman to do his cooking and sew on his buttons, but for "stepping out," for the pursuit of pleasure, he wanted nothing but youth.

To a European this would be utter nonsense. On the contrary he would say that women are just beginning to grow interesting between 30 and 40, when their mature, fully developed personality allows them to play a wide gamut of charms. The women of Europe need neither youth nor beauty to have highly flavored, deeply satisfying relations with men. True, they have often the potent substitute of "charm," but even this, ironically, is in part a gift from their men. For there is no quicker way for a woman to acquire real charm than to be made to feel by the men who surround her that she is interesting and attractive and *important.* Few women are born unenjoyable; they grow so chiefly in man's absence. European men do this service for their women as a matter of course, without effort and with a sincere interest behind their good manners.

But if European men do not demand youth, neither do they care for childishness. They expect a woman to face the realities of the world she lives in with clear eyes and an open mind and to have a sense of proportion. If she assumed an air of injured innocence and resorted to tears when she wanted something, her husband would probably be more disappointed than impressed and the tears wouldn't work. This is not because he doesn't respect his wife but rather because he respects her too much; he looks upon her as an adult on his own level, to be treated as such, not pampered like a spoiled child.

A mature psychology comes naturally to women who live with foreign men, for it is a quality of the civilization where constant and interesting and important relations exist between men and women. It is not a quality of our civilization; we haven't enough of the humanizing interplay be-

tween the sexes, the cross-fertilization of mind and spirit out of which grows the deepened consciousness of fully developed individuals. For we cannot count the freedom of intercourse of our boys and girls, or the cosmopolitan society of the very wealthy; we have to reckon with the millions of married men and women of the middle classes, who meet only on the most formal, superficial basis.

Unlovely qualities in both men and women result from this lack. Women become fussy and petty, overly sentimental, absorbed in unimportant details. They need the tonic discipline of man's dry, astringent thought, his unemotional realism, his impersonalities. Men shut away from women grow raw and ill-mannered and dull; the more intolerant they become of woman's influence and push her away, the more uninteresting she becomes, and the more narrow and one-sided he becomes. It is a vicious circle.

Grand Larceny

NEAR Steubenville, Ohio, thieves stole a mile of railroad track from a Pennsylvania Railroad spur. They ripped up the rails, cut them into small lengths and sold them as junk. — Baltimore *Sun*

H. A. FITZGERALD constructed a 158-apartment building in Chicago. While it was still unfinished, thieves entered and stole 158 bathtubs. — N. Y. *Herald Tribune*

IN MIAMI, the Homestead Machinery Company reported the theft of a 10-ton steam roller. — Baltimore *Sun*

IN LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., James Hallinan reported the theft of a granite monument weighing 1600 pounds. — Baltimore *Sun*

JOSEPH T. COUSINS of Kansas City notified the police that two men had stolen the furnace out of his house. Posing as repair men, they had gone down to the basement, dismantled the heating plant, and removed it by truck. — Baltimore *Sun*

A THIEF stole $500 worth of gold leaf from the steeple of the First Parish Church at Concord, Mass. He posed as a repair man before the church committee, and substituted cheap gold paint for the gold leaf.
— N. Y. *Times*

THIEVES stole a complete house one night in Paris. They removed furniture, doors, windows and bricks, leaving nothing but the foundation.
—Baltimore *Sun*

One Meets Such Interesting People

Excerpts from The Talk of the Town in The New Yorker

Joy of Life

WHEN we first encountered Mr. Abraham Steinberg, the glad guard of the I.R.T. underground, and were jolted out of our reverie by his cry, "Here we are at good old 96th Street, folks!" we set the incident down to an isolated fit of madness. But Mr. Steinberg's 96th Street elation was no momentary derangement: it was only one chord in a running melody of gladness. Board his train some morning far uptown, and you will hear his welcoming voice: "Step along, folks, and we'll get you downtown in time for work." As the train, approaching the 125th Street station, emerges from darkness into light, Mr. Steinberg pokes his head in the car and cries, "Well, here we are out in the open, and it looks like a mighty nice day." At 116th Street, "Why, if it isn't good old Columbia University! Chance to learn something here, my friends!" Every passenger's problem is Mr. Steinberg's own, and when a woman carrying a baby starts for the door, he always comforts her with "Take your time, Madam, I will hold these restless portals." He has been known to weld a whole carload of passengers into a gay, united company.

Mr. Steinberg can't explain his singular *joie de vivre*. All he knows is that the very first morning he went to work, as his train pulled out of 242nd Street, he felt suddenly inspired, and when the train rattled into the next stop the spirit of the adventure had so captured him that he cried out, in full voice, "Well, folks, here we are at good old Two Hunnert an' Tirty-aith Street." The passengers applauded, and his career was launched. He is resourceful, and doesn't allow his comments to become stereotyped. But at New Lots Avenue, Brooklyn, he always resorts to his standard valediction: "Why, here's good old New Lots Avenue, people! Last stop. Thank you, and hope to see you again." It always goes over big, even with those who have heard it before. "It's my idea," says Mr. Steinberg, "to make out-of-towners feel that New York welcomes them, and to make New Yorkers feel at home."

Woman Prepared

MRS. GRACE GIRARD, of New York City, has been waiting all her life for a burglar to get into her room. She knows exactly what she will do: wait, pretending to be asleep, until he gets near her bed; then, like a flash, reach out and grab his lapels, forcing her right fist into his Adam's apple and rendering him completely unconscious. This will be a practical and triumphant justification of Mrs. Girard's lifework, for she has the somewhat specialized distinction of being the only woman jujitsu instructor in the city. A small, red-haired, large-eyed lady of 60, Mrs. Girard has raised a family of three on the proceeds of jujitsu; at present she's operating a jujitsu "studio," in connection with a beauty parlor, at No. 1 Fifth Avenue. You get 12 private lessons for $100. Her clients are men and

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women of comfortably padded circumstances, who never let themselves in for scrapes, but nevertheless like to feel potentially dangerous; as Mrs. Girard says, "Even if I never see a burglar, it makes me happy to know I could render him unconscious." Mrs. Girard also instructs a good many ladies who want to make extra sure they're safe against ravishers.

She used to pose for an endless series of photographs in the *Evening Journal*, showing how girls might throw mashers over their heads, twist their ears, and stamp on their vital spots. She also used to instruct the city policewomen, and was at one time engaged by Bernarr Macfadden to conduct a free class for readers of the old *Graphic*.

Jujitsu is swell for backward children, we learned. Also, it gives you self-confidence but leaves you "surprisingly mild." Mrs. Girard says jujitsu ought to be taught universally. Even if everybody knew jujitsu, defenders would still have the edge on their attackers, she thinks, because "A woman defending herself is endowed with superhuman strength."

Campus Ghost

A YOUNG MAN we will call Mr. Smith has developed the curious specialty of ghostwriting students' term papers, theses, and such things for them. He will write on any subject; "All I need to know," his prospectus states, "is the name of the course, the subject of the theme, the desired grade, and a tentative reading list, if you have one." When necessary, Mr. Smith will make delivery within two days. The specifying of grades is, of course, a precaution, so that a fellow who's been getting "C's" all term won't startle the prof by turning in an "A" theme. In "C" cases, Mr. Smith writes down to his clients' level, splitting a few infinitives, misspelling here and there, and so on. He has been at his job a couple of years now, discreetly circularizing Eastern colleges from an Amsterdam Avenue address; and last year he took in around $6000.

"New" subjects — ones Mr. Smith has never tackled before — cost the most, from $15 to $20 or more, depending on the amount of research necessary. Assignments in college courses run fairly true to form, however, and by now he has covered most of them and has only to rehash something he's already written. In such cases his fee is only $5 or $10. No client of his has ever been caught. He once did seven essays on "The Murals of Paolo Veronese" for men in the same class; he held his breath, but they all got by.

College authorities here and there have heard of Mr. Smith, but seem unable to figure out what to do. The president of Swarthmore sicked the police onto him, but all they could do was compel him to register his business, which he did — as a typewriting agency. Recently, the federal district attorney got after him, threatening fraud proceedings. No one knows how such a case would turn out, but it has him worried; although, as he says, what would they do about most of our public figures, from Presidents down?

History's Most Horrible Shipwreck

Condensed from Esquire

Hanson W. Baldwin
Naval expert of The New York Times

THE HUNDRED DAYS had ended. The bodies of Napoleon's veterans lay rotting on the ridge of Waterloo. On a lonely South Atlantic isle Bonaparte was prisoned. And to defeated France a generous enemy had returned the colonies taken by force of arms.

It was June 17, 1816, and in the roadstead of Rochefort the 44-gun frigate *Medusa* with a convoy of smaller ships was casting toward the sea. Schmaltz, the new Governor of Senegal, was being sent by Louis XVIII to take over the colony from the British. He stood on the *Medusa's* deck, his hand, ruffled in its lace and velvet sleeve, tapping impatiently on the breech of a gun.

About him crowded a motley crew of soldiers, clerks, engineers, women — fashionably dressed ladies of quality, bourgeois wives, *filles de joie*, painted, smiling, arch. Among the soldiers were some of Napoleon's veterans — hard-bitten "scum of the French prisons," many of them, irascible, hating their officers. Huge black Colonials towered above swarthy Spaniards. The guardsmen with their plumed shakos and tight-fitting trousers contrasted with their scarlet-coated officers, the dandies of the Restoration.

The *Medusa* set her course for Senegal, bearing this medley of riffraff and respectability — more than 400 of them. From the first the expedition was a tragedy of errors. The ship's captain, La-Chaumareys, at best an "indifferent sailor," bothered himself not at all with navigation, but enjoyed his mistress and his wines, locked in his cabin away from the scum of the forecastle. Governor Schmaltz whiled away the time in pompous dignity with wine and food, and the navigation of the *Medusa* was entrusted to a "man who knew little about the coast of Africa and still less about the sea."

The result was inevitable. Losing the convoy, the *Medusa* ran blindly aground on July 2nd on a well-charted shoal reaching out into the Atlantic just to the north of Cape Blanco. The grounding was followed by "wild disorder." In terror the passengers ran about the decks shrieking,

A few of the quotations in this account are taken from J. G. Lockhart's book, *Peril of the Sea;* more are from the account published in 1817 by Jean Baptiste Henri Savigny and Alexandre Corréard, two of the 15 saved from the raft.

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while the frigate settled wearily in the sand of her last resting place. Water leaked into the cabins; the decks bulged; it was time to leave.

Her six boats were large enough to hold only 250 of her 400, but a plan was evolved: a raft was to be built capable of carrying 200 people with provisions, and the boats were to tow it to shore, 60 miles away.

Topmasts, booms and timbers were lashed together in a rough triangle to which boards were nailed as a sort of crude deck. This pitiful contrivance, thrown together amidst wild confusion, was poorly constructed, but 147 people were driven aboard it by "threats and cajolery." The scene was one of the wildest confusion; men had smashed into the spirit room during the night and many of the passengers and crew had collapsed dead-drunk or were staggering blearily amidst the wreckage.

Only the Governor, the Captain and their entourage left the wreck in comfort. The Governor was lowered over the rail in an armchair into his barge, where, surrounded by his wife and family, their luggage and "ample provisions," he lolled back comfortably while sailors rowed him away from the ship. The Captain, with his mistress and his wines, made off in a half-filled boat. The rest of the 400 were left to their own devices; the strongest fought their way into the four remaining boats; the rest swarmed onto the raft. Seventeen men who were "either drunk or distraught with fear" were left aboard the wreck.

The boats were to have towed the crowded raft direct to shore, but the raft was unwieldy and cumbrous; its people were crowded shoulder to shoulder; and each wave "that struck it made them stumble in heaps." The convoy had gone barely two leagues when the tow rope to the raft was cut or broken and the boats made off — Captain LaChaumareys too deeply concerned with his mistress to worry about the wretches on the raft.

Their plight was hopeless. There were no oars; they had but a 25-pound bag of biscuits soaked with sea water, six barrels of wine and two small casks of water. Midshipman Coudin, with a bruise on his leg so terrible that he almost fell senseless each time he had to brace himself to the raft's motion, assumed his first command. He had a mast of sorts put up, and stretched a makeshift sail. Then the crew had their first meal, really their last; the salt-soaked biscuit mashed to a paste in wine provided little more than a mouthful apiece.

Night came — the first night in a "monotony of horror." The sea made up; the crowded, jum-

bled men staggered back and forth, swirling water about their legs. Some of them were swept away and drowned; to them God was kind. The raft groaned and labored, opening and shutting like an accordion. Some men slipped down between the openings; the great spars squeezed shut and held them there; they too were drowned and they too were lucky.

July 6— Second Day: By morning there were 127 left; 20 had gone. All were bruised, half-drowned and starving, already going slowly mad. The soldiers looked with dull brutish eyes upon the sea, like trapped animals awaiting death. That night the wind again rose and boiling spume swept the raft bow and stern; only in the center could a man live. Those who could not get there perished. The press of bodies in the center of the raft was so great that some were "stifled by the weight of their comrades."

As the night wore on in a black, groaning horror of darkness Napoleon's veterans opened a cask of wine. Crazed by their sufferings, maddened by the wine, they sounded the "signal for revolt." One man with an axe commenced to hack the ropes that bound the raft together. He was quickly struck down by an officer's saber and reeled bleeding into the sea. Then the melee became general; the mutineers drew sabers or knives and rushed on the officers, who stood at the foot of the mast.

The mutineers hacked the mast stays and the mast came crashing down, hitting an officer, who fell senseless. "He was seized by the soldiers who threw him into the sea; but we saved him and placed him on a barrel, from which he was taken by the mutineers who were going to cut out his eyes with a penknife, but we charged them furiously and rescued him."

Midshipman Coudin sat, bleeding from many wounds, on the foam-covered platform, holding in his arms a boy of 12. Toward dawn, with the sea calming, exhaustion stopped the butchery. But 60 men had gone during the night — most of them soldiers — and the two casks of water; there was one barrel of wine left among the 67 survivors.

Third Day: Delusions, thirst and griping hunger; sharks nosing about the raft's ghastly cargo. Some of the men tried to catch fish without success. Famished men looked with ravening eyes on the bodies of the dead. Some gnawed at the leather of their belts. Finally one hacked at a stiffening body. In a moment, like a pack of slobbering wolves, many had partaken of "this frightful nourishment."

Fourth Day: Again that night the cry of revolt rang across the raft, a terrible combat ensuing;

bleeding skeletons fighting in the moonlight. The Spanish ringleader was thrown overboard; also a woman, but she was rescued by Midshipman Coudin. "Both sides fought with desperate fury"; by daylight 18 more were dead and the 30 left were nearly all wounded.

Fifth Day: "The sea water had stripped the skin from our feet and legs; our wounds and bruises, constantly irritated by the salt water, gave us intolerable pain; only 20 of us were able to stand upright."

Sixth Day: Two soldiers tried to tap the remaining wine cask; they were flung into the sea. "On this day died also the young boy." Twenty-seven left; 12 were dying — among them the woman; "they were covered with wounds and had almost entirely lost their reason. There was no hope that they could last long; to give them wine was to uselessly diminish our pitiful supply; after an anxious consultation we threw them into the sea."

The 15 who were left lived — but barely, with only 30 cloves of garlic, a small lemon and tiny sips of wine to sustain the feeble flicker of life; they sought refuge from the burning heat beneath the water which covered the forepart of the raft. Seven days later, whimpering caricatures of human beings, they were saved by the brig *Argus*, which had made Senegal and had been sent back to look for them. Of the miserable 15, five died a short time after reaching shore; the rest carried the marks of their agony to their graves, in broken bodies and broken minds.

Of the people in the boats, all reached shore safely. No attempt was made to rescue the 17 left aboard the stranded *Medusa* until many days after the survivors from the raft had landed. Then the Governor "at length recollected that there was on board about £5000 in specie," and a schooner was sent to the wreck. Finally, 52 days after the *Medusa* had been abandoned, the schooner reached her weather-beaten hulk and took off three half-mad, shaggy beasts who had subsisted for days on tallow and a little bacon. The others were dead.

Two of the three died soon after arriving at Senegal; the third, "who pretended to know a great many particulars relative to the desertion of the frigate, was assassinated in his bed at Senegal when he was just upon the eve of setting off for France. The authorities could not discover the murderer."

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Keep your eyes open before marriage; half shut afterwards. — Poor Richard

¶ The second of two articles on unusual personal services rendered on a business basis

At Your Service

—II—

By Selma Robinson

AMERICANS are just discovering the pleasure of having their worries reduced by experts. There is now a small army of individuals or organizations who will, for a fee, take care of details the rest of us would like to forget.

In St. Louis, Eddie Brodway, stirred to ingenuity by the depression, operates an itinerant headlight service. Eddie's motorcycle snorts along the street at night pulling up to one-eyed cars and cars with tail lights out. Equipped to make repairs on the spot, his service is heartily welcomed.

Other services for sale are of larger proportions. Visitors driving to New York are now met outside the Holland Tunnel by uniformed young men who offer to act as sightseeing guides, or pilot your car to any place in the theater or hotel district. The guides are licensed, know city history and traffic. They are part of the American Guide Association, which is extending its services to other cities. Arrangements may be made in advance, and already one can travel almost the entire Atlantic Coast under the guidance of this Association.

Marie Coudert-Brennig was appalled by the friction and confusion of even the best weddings. Nothing started on time. Old friends were accidentally left off lists. Somebody expected somebody else to see to the flowers for the church, or make sure the refreshments arrived. The Wedding Embassy will now take over these duties. It stages weddings as a theatrical staff puts on a production, conducting the rehearsal, checking up bridesmaids and ushers, decorating the church, even licking envelopes for the invitations.

For those who give parties there are a number of services available. One of the most successful is the Party Mart in New York. Started in a shop no bigger than a closet, it now handles a thousand parties a year. It will provide magicians, puppet shows and games, take care of all details. The staff will start your party and either remain through the affair or come back and inspect it during the evening. It will do parties for as little as $5,

because of its belief that the man who entertains with lemonade today may be in the champagne class tomorrow. In St. Louis an enterprising company delivers ice cubes in waterproof cartons to those whose refrigerator is inadequate for a special occasion.

Irene Hayes, Park Avenue florist, has a hospital where diseased or injured plants receive expert care and where you may board your beloved geranium or potted ivy while you are away and know that it will receive the same attention as an expensive tropical plant.

The care and feeding of animals has become a lucrative profession. The Prussian-blue trucks of the Canine Caterers bring dinners to thousands of eagerly waiting dogs in metropolitan areas. Leroy Goff II founded the business in Philadelphia in 1932 when he realized that his friends were more interested in what he fed his dogs than in the insurance policies he sold.

Janet Mack, formerly a secretary, has a helpful dog-shopping service. She calls herself a dog broker; she analyzes you to see what sort of dog best suits your temperament and living habits. Incidentally, she maintains a Canine Country Camp for city dogs who have no back yards.

Carl Muser of Paramus, N. J., and Ben Wilson of Rushville, Ind., run training schools for dogs. If you haven't the time or the heart to house-break your dog or the patience to teach him to beg for food, growl at strangers and guard your children, they will do a better job in less time than you could. Your dog will learn to be mannerly about the house, to detect smoke, not to take food from strangers and a number of less important but more spectacular accomplishments.

At New York University a deft young woman saves the student's time and temper by wrapping gifts at 25 cents each. Under her fingers a jar of tomato relish becomes an exciting package. A child's box of blocks is dressed in kindergarten green with silver bells, and even the least gift becomes important and gay.

The average person is not aware how accessible these services are. Donnelly's Red Book, business supplement of the New York and other metropolitan telephone directories, maintains a service for people who have trouble in finding what they want. If you remember that there was once a tailor who sewed only for fat men, and yet cannot recall either his name or address, the Red Book operator will find it for you. She receives an average of 300 requests a day from all over the world. Many of them are odd. One gentleman wanted frozen flies for a frog farm. A magazine editor wanted a picture of a mad dog. A distraught father asked

the name of an agency where mother's milk might be had. The service is able to answer 99 percent of all queries.

Western Union has learned not to laugh at any request, but merely to charge for it at the regular rate. There is an invalid woman who enjoys the daily visit of a messenger to discuss current events. From magazines and newspapers he learns about the war in Spain, a giant chrysanthemum in New Jersey, the discovery of a new germ killer — all grist for conversation. Western Union always has an expert bridge-playing messenger: when three addicts just can't live unless they find a fourth, the messenger will oblige.

Every afternoon, the plump pigeons outside New York's public library swirl and swoop about a youth in a gray-green uniform who flings seed by the handful. He is not wasting his time, as many an onlooker might suspect, but simply performing a service for a gentleman who is unable to attend to it himself. The late Judge Creelman provided in his will that the daily feeding of the library pigeons go on uninterrupted by his death, and Western Union was assigned to the job.

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Imperturbable Eleanor

ONE EVENING in May, 1919, when Assistant Secretary Franklin D. Roosevelt and his wife were driving home, a concussion followed by a terrific explosion rent the air. Turning into their own street, they found themselves in total darkness driving over broken glass. Every street lamp was blown away, the trees stripped of their leaves. When the Roosevelts reached their own house, they found the front door blown open, every window shattered. The lower floor was chaos.

"I dashed upstairs," the President said, "shouting 'Johnny! Johnny!' — or trying to, for my heart was in my mouth. We had left our youngest in the care of a maid. Eleanor wasn't much behind me. Johnny was all right, but he was sleepily confused by the uproar. He wanted to know what the trouble was.

"'Turn right over and go to sleep,' Eleanor said firmly and calmly. 'It's just a little bomb!'"

Ever since then, at moments of excitement or uproar in the Roosevelt household when a measure of *sang-froid* is called for, somebody quotes that priceless remark: "It's just a little bomb!"

— Lowell Thomas in *The Strand Magazine*

Twentieth Century Audubon

Condensed from the Baltimore Sunday Sun

M. K. Wisehart

SOME 11 years ago, a magazine editor handed me this notation:

> Rex Brasher, bird painter, Bog Hollow near Kent, Conn., said to be 20th century Audubon.

"There might be a story in it," he remarked.

So, in a blinding blizzard, I slithered over the road to Bog Hollow and found the artist back in the woods under the eaves of Rattlesnake Mountain.

Brasher was about 55 at the time, weather-bronzed, tall, friendly. Since he was 20 he has been engaged in the stupendous task of painting all the birds known to North America: lying in sneak boats in swamps, shivering in icy water to catch the wingsweep of waterfowl, crouching in burdock patches and briars to get a glimpse of his elusive subjects; then isolating himself in this one-time moonshiner's cottage, painting, summer and winter, from sunrise to dark.

All that afternoon I sat in his drafty concrete studio hut, a kind of fireproof box. He took down folio after folio of water-color paintings — 870 of them, showing 1201 species and subspecies, accurate in posture and form, even to the iris of the eyes, sketched from life in natural colors — all the birds you have seen on this continent.

Brasher's father was a Wall Street man, an amateur ornithologist who had presented a fine collection of mounted specimens to Yale. Emulating him, the boy at 17 had a roomful of cases containing 155 different species. He spent his holidays in the woods. What birds he could not find in the wild state, he studied from prints, consulting Audubon and other artists. In some he found things to criticize. Many had worked from stuffed skins, and their birds were painted with glasslike eyes, lacking the varied expressions he had seen.

When he was 20 he was seized with a Great Idea — he would make a complete record of North American bird life. He knew that if he undertook this task it would exclude every other pursuit. He had no funds to finance such a project. It was not a job for one man. Yet the idea beguiled him.

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(The Baltimore Sunday Sun, December 20, '36)

He calculated that by working 15 hours a day he would finish the job in 20 years. He was then an apprentice to Tiffany. Needing money for his undertaking, he changed jobs; worked for a year learning photoengraving. Later, as sheet writer for a race-track bookmaker, he made bets on the side, accumulated a couple of thousand and quit.

He set out in August, 1895, on an expedition down the Atlantic coast, making sometimes as many as 15 sketches a day. In four years he made 400 bird paintings in water color. When he compared his latest work with his first pictures, he was filled with both pleasure and despair. The later birds were much more lifelike, and he decided that the earlier ones could not be included in the final record. He burned them all. Five years later he again took his bearings and again destroyed all that he had wrought, saving only 10 pictures. He had now been 15 years getting ready to do what he had thought would be completed in 20. He located in Bog Hollow, an abandoned farm of meadowland, marsh and mountain, harboring a profusion of bird life. Here, feeling that he had left his apprenticeship behind him, he began again.

His savings had vanished. He worked on the roads, at haying, carpentry, anything to get funds for colors and provisions. During the first 10 years there he was up at daylight and in bed at nine. He had to work fast, so he kept three brushes with the desired colors ready for instant use — one in each hand and one in his mouth. If the fire died low, he drew the blankets more tightly about his feet. Some of his most beautiful and spontaneous work was done when he was hurrying to finish a sketch before his hands got stiff from cold. As the work proceeded he enlarged its scope. *The Birds of North America* became *The Birds and Trees of North America*. On a sunny October afternoon, almost 35 years from the time he began, the work was finished.

I had seen the high praise John Burroughs paid him, and talked with Herbert K. Job, State Ornithologist of Connecticut, who told me "Brasher's bird paintings are the most beautiful things I've ever seen." But Brasher was discouraged. "Two fine birds like Burroughs and Job don't make a world," he said that day. "And they don't beat a pathway to your door either. I've been looking for a publisher."

My article appeared early next spring. On a subsequent holiday, more than 50 automobiles brought tourists and amateur ornithologists, including a senator and two governors, to his door. Since then the stream of visitors has been steady. A New York pub-

lisher called. He made rapid calculations, found that Brasher's plan of reproducing the pictures by the four-color process would cost over $500,000, and went away.

Then I lost track of Brasher until on a recent motor trip I stopped at Kent Falls Park. There I saw the beginnings of a curious circular building which, I was told, was to be the Brasher Museum. Something extraordinary must have happened, so I went out to Brasher's place. The old barn had been renovated, and the inside organized as for a huge manufacturing venture, with shelving for handling enormous quantities of prints. Brasher told me he had found a publisher and showed me the completed work in 12 volumes. Each had 70 to 90 plates, in full color, with a note by the artist on each of the 1201 species and subspecies depicted.

"And who is this publisher?" I asked.

"I decided that the little matter of half a million should not stand in the way," Brasher replied. "So I devised a method of reproducing these pictures myself, arranged with my nephew to handle the business details, and we published the work on a subscription basis."

At the start, 10 friends each put up $1000. Brasher sent a prospectus to 300 persons known to be interested in birds and able to afford a de luxe edition. Of them 95 subscribed at $100 a volume. The paintings were first reproduced in black and white by a delicately accurate photogravure process. Then Brasher colored each of the plates by hand. A stupendous task! Again, now that he was near 60, he was rising at dawn and working 10 or 15 hours a day.

The stock market crash of 1929 caused cancellations by 65 subscribers. It appeared that Brasher had bogged down again. But the work went ahead and, presently, hard-headed calculations disclosed that each volume selling for $100 cost exactly $154.38 to produce. The cancellations were rated as good luck. Brasher invited all others who felt pinched by the depression to cancel, and some of the unwary did. Then he raised the price to $250 a volume, $2500 for the set. New subscriptions were slower in coming, but they did come. Debts rose to $40,000, then to $60,000. Occasionally some bird-loving sportsman or business man volunteered to pay his subscription in advance, temporarily easing the situation. One day there was an immediate need for $2500. Brasher conned his subscribers' list. To Boeing, the airplane man, and Kellogg, the cereal man, went telegrams. Both men came back with immediate acquiescence and put the enterprise out of danger.

Seventy-five sets have now been sold. The debt has declined to $20,000, and will be wiped out as new subscriptions come in. And to make publication possible Brasher did 90,000 hand-colored photogravures in a period of less than four years!

The pathway to Brasher's door continues well beaten. At times a sign appears over the road down by the swamp: "Sorry! Not at home. Gone fishin'." Determined visitors who pass by such a harmless sign find the artist at home, fishing with an air brush, experimenting on huge murals depicting bird life.

In order that the new job can progress he has had to put a barrier south of the bridge over Otter Creek. On it hangs a sign: "Closed for repairs. Visitors welcome on Sundays only!"

And So to Press —IV—

The Parents' Magazine

TWELVE YEARS ago, while editing an obscure charity-sheet in New York called *Better Times*, George J. Hecht observed that although many magazines were devoted to the raising of dogs and cattle, not *one* was dedicated solely to the rearing of children. To fill this rather amazing gap, Hecht conceived the idea of *The Parents' Magazine*, a monthly periodical which would discuss the "problems of bringing up children from crib to college."

But how finance the idea? To solve this puzzler, Hecht devised a highly ingenious bit of financial machinery. Boldly he applied to a large philanthropic foundation for a grant. The foundation agreed that the idea of parental education was praiseworthy, but declined to advance money to a privately-owned publication. Hecht surmounted this difficulty by suggesting that the foundation make financial grants to four great American universities — Yale, Columbia's Teachers College, Minnesota and Iowa — for the purpose of furthering their researches in child welfare. The foundation agreed, whereupon Hecht promptly formed a company called The Parents' Institute, Inc. A controlling interest in this company was then bought by the universities, with the money granted by the foundation. The company publishes the magazine, the universities exert an advisory influence upon editorial policies, and the bulk of the profits are to go toward furthering research in child development and welfare work.

Sanguine Mr. Hecht hoped in 1926 that eventually 100,000 American parents would subscribe to his journal. Last year, on its tenth anniversary, *The Parents' Magazine* passed its 400,000 mark.

Lament of a Gadgeteer

Condensed from The New Republic

Bruce Bliven

A MARKEDLY superior traffic light in Europe has, below the main green or red light, a short chain of four or five small lighted bulbs. These go out one by one, beginning at the bottom, at equal intervals while the light above is burning red or green. Thus the motorist or pedestrian arriving at an intersection can tell at a glance just how long it will be before the light changes, and whether it is safe to start across the intersection. My pessimistic soul tells me it will be 10 years at least before this device is in general use in this country.

Europe also has an attachment for the telephone which tells you, if you call someone who is out, at what hour he will return. Another attachment permits you to dictate a message, to which the absent telephonee listens when he returns to his domicile. In Sweden you can call a specified number and get a report on the weather conditions of the next day or so. This report is given mechanically, the sound records being changed every few hours to bring the information up to date.

Just 30 years ago I read about a remarkable steel-tape phonograph. The quality of the recording did not deteriorate with time, yet the tape could be wiped clean like a slate by passing a magnet over it, and be used again and again, thousands of times. So far as I know, nothing was done about this until within the past two or three years. Now several great European newspapers employ it to record, over the long-distance telephone, the dispatches dictated by their foreign correspondents. Should not this invention have made obsolete, many years ago, all our present phonographs and dictating machines?

Years ago it was announced that devices had been perfected through which an entire symphony could be placed on one side of a single phonograph disc; but try to buy one, or a phonograph equipped to use it! The only device of this sort now available is the "talking book" produced only for the blind, and on a semi-charitable basis. It is true that records play longer than they formerly did, but they are far from having caught up with technological progress.

Another example of laggardness will be found, I predict, in what is popularly known as polar-

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(*The New Republic, February 10, '37*)

oid glass. Many night automobile accidents are caused by the glare of approaching headlights. With polaroid used both on the approaching car and in your own windshield, it is authoritatively said that the dazzle entirely disappears. Yet it is safe to assume that years will elapse before such equipment is made universal on new cars or compulsory on old ones.

At certain blind intersections in Great Britain a large mirror is erected on a diagonal, so that a motorist coming from one side can see who is approaching from the other. It is greatly needed here in places where the community cannot afford a traffic officer or light.

The teletypesetter is now in use only on a small scale. Through it, one man operating one keyboard in New York City, for example, could set the type on an Associated Press dispatch simultaneously in any number of newspaper offices throughout the country. Eventually this is sure to come; but the problem of unemployment it would create in a highly organized craft is so huge that we can hardly blame publishers for quailing before it.

Because of this or other obstacles, we do not yet have such devices as the self-justifying typewriter, which produces lines of equal length, permitting a photographed printing plate; or the radio facsimile machine, which could print a newspaper in your home overnight.

Sometimes, of course, it is mere general apathy that prevents an invention from spreading as rapidly as it might. This may be true of the European devices described above, and is almost certainly so of the advanced automobile design in which the engine is in the rear, the running boards abolished, the storage battery made accessible, and a car changed from the closed to the open type in a moment by compressed air.

If small tables such as are used in restaurants were made with three legs instead of four, it would be impossible for them to tilt back and forth; but I never find such tables in my own dining out.

Everyone I have ever asked is uncomfortable on the high stools placed in front of the counters at soda fountains and in quick-lunch restaurants; yet the proprietors of such establishments rarely install low counters and chairs, although they are just as practical from their own point of view.

In England, I have used an excellent pocket postal scale, operated by gravity without the use of springs; yet I have never been able to find one in the United States.

Thousands of Europeans, when they turn out to watch a ceremonial procession, carry small portable periscopes which would

be equally useful to American crowds. They are unknown here.

Since mechanical progress is in the sound line of American tradition, I resent every such instance of devices in use in some other part of the world that are not in use here.

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Non-Fixable Traffic Tickets

Excerpt from This Week

Paul W. Kearney

TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS, in communities where tickets can be "fixed," can be reduced as much as 50 percent by stamping out the practice. In Syracuse, N. Y., for example, 80 percent of the tickets issued for traffic violations over a period of years were never presented in court. Then Police Chief Thomas Carroll wrote to all city officials, informing them that ticket fixing was ended; patrolmen were required to render a monthly accounting of what had happened to each ticket issued. The results were immediate: 90 percent of the violators summoned were convicted, and accidents dropped 40 percent in six months. Similar results have followed in at least half a dozen other cities where there has been a relentless effort to obtain convictions. And the first step in securing convictions is eliminating ticket fixing.

Ticket fixing is not the fault of "corrupt politicians." Your ward heeler would be delighted to be relieved of the burden, if he knew other local politicians had also abandoned the practice. Nor is it the fault of the police force. "Fixed" tickets infuriate and discourage an honest cop. The fault lies with you and me, who are strong on clamping down on violators until we become one ourselves.

What can *you* do about it? A few months ago Mayor Howse of Nashville announced a drive on ticket fixing, and asked those in favor of honest enforcement not to attempt to evade the law if they were ticketed. Within a week 41,000 citizens had pledged to take their medicine if they got caught. There is your answer. Next time you go to a meeting of your Kiwanis, Rotary or Legion, make a motion that your organization petition the mayor to end ticket fixing. Support the request with a signed, personal pledge from every member, then call the newspapers and tell them about your "Face the Music Campaign." Let them ask other social organizations what their attitude is going to be. In a week's time the ticket-fixing evil will be dead.

¶ Is this the actual burial cloth of Christ?

The Problem of the Holy Shroud

Condensed from Scientific American

*Paul Vignon, Sc.D.**

Professor of Biology at the Institute Catholique, Paris; Secretary General of the Italian and French Commissions of the Holy Shroud

IN A MAGNIFICENT chapel adjoining the cathedral at Turin, Italy, is enshrined a linen cloth which has been venerated for centuries as the actual shroud of Christ. Upon its 14-foot length are two remarkably clear impressions representing the front and back of a human body. The belief is that these were made by Christ's body, which was laid on half the cloth, the other half being folded over from head to foot as a cover.

For years many scholars, Catholic as well as non-Catholic, maintained that the figures on the Holy Shroud are paintings, dating from the 14th century. But since 1931, two Commissions — one Italian, the other French — have scientifically investigated the authenticity of the relic. Their findings give strong evidence that the figures on the Shroud are not paintings; that they are impressions of a human body, made by a unique coincidence of natural causes; and that the body was Christ's.

When the Shroud was photographed for the first time it was discovered that the lights and shades of these images are reversed as in a photographic negative — the parts which normally appear dark in life or in a picture, such as the eye sockets or space between the outstretched legs, are light on the Shroud. When the values of light and shade are again reversed by photography, the face stands out in startling majesty.

The idea of a negative image became known only through the invention of photography in the 19th century. It is doubtful if any artist of an earlier period could have conceived the idea of painting a negative image. The figures, moreover, are very exact negatives that no artist even today could paint so accurately. When photographed they show on the film a full-grown man, portrayed with minute fidelity to nature.

After experiments in the labo-

* Translated from the French by Edward A. Wuenschel. The editors of *Scientific American* made investigations of sources of information about the Holy Shroud sufficient, in their opinion, to justify publication of this article. They refrain, however, from taking sides on the question of its authenticity.

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ratory of the Sorbonne, the French Commission concluded that the figures are the direct imprints of a human body, made by natural chemical causes: the vapors given off from the body reacting chemically on the cloth to produce stains. The action was strongest where the body was very close to the cloth, less strong at the concavities and sides. That is why the resulting stains are negatives, the high spots of the body having caused a darker stain than the cavities and depressions; that is why the impressions have such delicate shading.

With the aid of a professor of physics at the École Polytechnique, I was able to determine what kind of vapors had acted on the cloth: humid ammoniac vapors resulting from the fermentation of urea, which is exceptionally abundant in the sweat produced by physical torture. Knowing that the ancients spread powdered aloes on shrouds as a preservative, we discovered that the aloes chemically sensitized linen cloth to the action of ammonia vapors, thus producing a brown stain. In fact, I obtained imprints like those on the Shroud by placing cloths prepared with aloes over plaster figures soaked in a solution of ammonia.

It was also established that there are particles of blood on the Shroud, so well preserved that they still show the composition of the blood.

The body which made the impressions on the Shroud was evidently that of a man who had been crucified; all the wounds are clearly distinguishable. The wound in the hand is most interesting: contrary to the usual pictures, which show the nail through the palm of a crucified hand, the nail wound is where the anatomy of the hand would require in a crucifixion — through the base of the wrist. The man on the Shroud had been scourged and also wounded about the head, as shown by trickles of blood and several distinct punctures on the brow, which a crown of thorns would explain. There is a wound in the right side, such as would be caused by a lance. And the wounds of a great nail, which pierced both feet at once. From the Gospels we know all this was done to Christ as the result of exceptional circumstances, and it is hardly likely that the identical series of outrages was inflicted on anyone else.

There is no difficulty in explaining the preservation of a linen cloth for 19 centuries. There are Egyptian linens 3000 years old which are still as good as new. But we have no historical record by which we can trace this cloth back to Christ. It is natural that for reasons of prudence and religion no reference to it would

be made in the first few centuries A.D. Records of such a Shroud, however, do appear in the fifth and seventh centuries and, with similar gaps, down to 1355 when it turned up at Lirey, France, where it had been brought by a Crusader, Lord Geoffrey I de Charny. From then on it has a clear and continuous history.

But even without complete historical proof, there is strong evidence that this may be the cloth in which Christ was buried.

Further, the doctors of both Commissions agreed, after analysis of the bloodstains, that serum as well as blood flowed from the wound in the side, and that this is a sure sign that the man was dead when the wound was inflicted. The Gospels state that Christ was dead for about an hour when the soldier drove the lance into his side — "and immediately there came forth blood and water."

The manner in which the body was enclosed in the Shroud was also exceptional. It was customary for the ancients to wash and anoint a corpse and to swathe it in linen bands, besides wrapping it in a Shroud. In this case the corpse was simply enveloped in the long sheet which had been dusted with the usual mixture of spices, containing powdered aloes; and though the corpse was covered with sweat and blood it was not washed or otherwise prepared for burial.

This is exactly what happened with Christ's body. It was laid in the tomb enveloped only in the "clean linen cloth," just as it was taken from the cross. This happened because the Sabbath was about to begin, making it necessary to postpone the ritual burial.

Finally, the body could not have been enclosed in the Shroud long enough for decomposition to advance beyond the first stage; otherwise the imprints would have been destroyed. Again, the Gospels relate that this condition was fulfilled.

Despite some scientific difficulties yet to be solved, I am convinced that our findings in the laboratory, with the Gospels as a key, confirm the traditional belief about the figures on the Shroud: that it was Christ who left the imprints on this cloth, with a vivid record of the drama of Calvary, and with His true likeness hidden in the stains till photography revealed them to the world.

❖

MEN are failures, not because they are stupid, but because they are not sufficiently impassioned. — Struthers Burt
They Could Not Sleep (Scribners)

¶ What other cities can learn from the Dewey Racket Investigation

New York's Fight Against Fear

Condensed from Time

RECENTLY, in a New York court, Jack Dempsey testified that once he had been afraid to fight. As proprietor of his big restaurant near Madison Square Garden, he had paid protection money to certain hard-faced men who snarled that it would be "healthier" if his restaurant joined their "association."

A healthy restaurant, Dempsey knew, was one whose waiters and cooks were not called out on strike, which was not stink-bombed, did not have its windows smashed, its food doped. Jack Dempsey could have trounced any two of his extortioners single-handed. But behind them was something that could not be reached with fists, something huge and vague and sinister.

Jack Dempsey dared to speak in court because a dauntless little man had come forward to champion him and thousands of reputable New York business men who had been similarly terrorized. The new champion was Thomas Edmund Dewey, 34, for 18 months the head of New York City's famed Dewey racket investigation.

In March 1935 a New York County grand jury assembled which was to become famous to the press as the "runaway" jury. Honest citizens, its members were appalled by the tales of racketeering terror which witnesses told them. Infuriated by their failure to get action from the district attorney, Tammanyman William C. Dodge, they set up a public furor, got the city's newspapers solidly behind them, and demanded that Governor Lehman appoint a special prosecutor of rackets.

Impressed, Governor Lehman asked that one of four well-known lawyers, including Charles Evans Hughes, Jr., take the job. Unanimously they turned it down and told the Governor that the man he wanted was one the grand jury wanted, young Thomas E. Dewey. Governor Lehman hesitated. Dewey had made a brilliant crime-fighting record as Chief Assistant U. S. Attorney, capped when he sent notorious "Waxey" Gordon to prison for ten years on income-tax charges. But he had since retired to private practice; the Governor doubted whether his name was big enough to head the investigation. Finally, however, the Governor was convinced, and 33-year-old Lawyer Dewey found himself

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in a position to become the biggest racket-squasher in the U. S.

Dewey disliked giving up his prosperous practice. But as Assistant U. S. Attorney he had acquired a passionate hatred for racketeers. The chance to fight them was too good to miss.

Prosecutor Dewey made one thing plain at the outset. He was not going to head one more futile roundup of criminal small fry — petty thugs, prostitutes, gamblers and crooked policemen. He was out to get the bosses.

For his big-game hunt, Mr. Dewey sought a staff of assistants, young, able, fearless, including William B. Herlands, 30, Columbia graduate who was to become his right-hand man; suave Jacob J. Rosenblum, 38, who sent Banker Joseph Harriman to jail; Murray Gurfein, 30, brainy onetime editor of Harvard's *Law Review;* Barent Ten Eyck, 34, only gentile of the lot, a Princetonian socialite, translator of two Scandinavian novels. Fifteen men and one woman rounded out the Dewey legal staff. The woman, Mrs. Eunice Carter, a young Negro lawyer married to a Harlem dentist, was to prove one of his ablest trackers of prostitution and policy racketeers. Ten crack accountants were picked to search racketeers' bank records and the books of their victims.

Prosecutor Dewey's second prime requisite was the backing that he got from the Reform Administration of Mayor LaGuardia. Police Commissioner Valentine gave him a special squad of policemen too young to be tainted by corruption or disillusionment.

Third, he needed an honest, fearless judge to try his prisoners. Such a man was Justice Philip James McCook, a scholarly jurist whose kindly manner belies the fighting spirit that won him a D. S. C. in France at 45, and a fight with Tammany for his seat on the bench.

Prosecutor Dewey's final need was for very special headquarters. No official building, open to spying, would do. He established his staff on the 14th floor of the Woolworth Building, with private elevator, intricate soundproof offices, tamper-proof telephone connections,* and detectives to scan lobby loiterers.

His headquarters precautions had been inspired by fear — the terror which makes victims of racketeers reluctant to appear as witnesses. Prosecutor Dewey began with a radio appeal guaranteeing victimized business men complete secrecy and protection if they would come in and disclose their persecutors. None came. Their would-be deliverers had to subpoena their books, wring explanations of unexplained

*His trunk telephone lines run through a special "tap-proof" cable straight into the main office of the telephone company.

expenditures out of them. Sometimes persuasion worked. More often Dewey had to fight fear with fear, making threats — which he sometimes carried out — of prosecution for such offenses as state income-tax evasion or contempt of court if they refused to talk. Best proof that Dewey has also put fear of the law into racketeers is that he can now boast that he has "never lost a witness" — not one has been visited by a stroke of criminal vengeance.

Dewey first cracked down on the loan shark racket. Human leeches were lending money to small and ignorant folk who knew no other way to get it, then keeping them perpetually in debt by charging up to 1040 percent interest, collected by threats and torture. Their estimated profits were $10,000,000 per year. Since usury is only a misdemeanor, Dewey bided his time until he had piled up several counts against each leader in the racket. Then he pounced. Terrorized debtors lined up behind a Venetian blind to identify their tormentors. Of 28 loan sharks brought to trial, all were sent to prison for terms ranging up to five years.

As his investigators inched along the trails of scores of rackets, Dewey made a surprising discovery. He had said that he was not interested in prostitutes. Now, however, he was informed that since 1933, New York City brothels had ceased being independent, had been organized on a chain-store basis by a single syndicate. This revelation was confirmed by 70 prostitutes and madams who, taken into custody, were persuaded to talk when Mr. Dewey had his lawyers and policemen daze them by calling them "miss" and saying "please," soothing their jitters with liquor as required. Pursuing the heads of the syndicate, Dewey made another discovery which was to lead to the greatest triumph of his crusade to date.

After Dutch Schultz was riddled with bullets in a Newark barroom in 1935, his reputed successor as New York's Number 1 racketeer was a shadowy individual named Charles ("Lucky") Luciano. The Dewey investigators wanted him, badly, as operator of a nation-wide string of handbook houses and a national narcotics ring, boss of the city's policy gambling and of at least two of its business rackets. But Boss Luciano had learned from the examples of Al Capone and Waxey Gordon. He paid up his income taxes, kept his identity and activities so well hidden that the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel permitted him to occupy one of its suites. The Dewey staff could uncover no evidence to connect him with his known rackets. Great was Prosecutor Dewey's joy, therefore, when frightened "book-

ers" informed him that the organ-zer and tycoon of Manhattan's wholesale whoredom, known to most of his hirelings only as "The Boss," was Luciano. Extraditing the grim-lipped, droop-eyed Si-ilian from his refuge in Hot Springs, Ark., Mr. Dewey brought him and nine of his lieutenants to trial on 90 counts of compul-sory prostitution, got them prison sentences ranging from seven and a half years for lesser gangsters to 30-to-50 years for "The Boss."

By this coup the young prose-cutor was satisfied that he had broken New York's worst mob, put away the nearest thing to a Capone that the city had ever had. Turning to other rackets, Mr. Dewey kept his trial record perfect: 52 indictments, 52 con-victions. Proceeding with extreme secrecy, refusing to strike until he felt sure he had enough evi-dence to convict, he started action against rackets in the trucking, garment, used-brick and poultry industries. Finding the notorious poultry racket apparently im-pregnable, he succeeded in indict-ing its reputed boss, Arthur ("Tootsie") Herbert, and two of his lieutenants on charges of em-bezzling from the labor union which they controlled.

After a 13-month investigation Prosecutor Dewey's staff was ready to bring charges that the leaders of an electrical workers' union (an A. F. of L. affiliate) had, by violence, aided a monop-oly of electrical contracting which cost New York citizens $10,000,000 per year. And, after more than a year of sleuthing on a baking racket, he arrested a lawyer, the owner of one of the city's largest cake and pastry bakeries, and the president and business agent of a teamsters and chauffeurs local.

His electrical and baking cases, together with the restaurant racket trial recently begun, typify the kind of thing that Prosecutor Dewey is really after — the racket that preys on law-abiding busi-ness men. Imbued as a boy with the doctrines of a union printer in his father's shop, Dewey pro-fesses himself a true friend of organized labor. As such, he views with anger the use of the labor union as a tool of racketeers.

The technique of industrial racketeering, he has discovered, is standardized. A racketeer gets control of a union, or a union leader turns racketeer. In such highly-organized industries as New York City's, a strike is a paralyz-ing weapon. After a few samples, the mere threat of strike is usually enough to keep business men in line. The racketeer employs slug-gings, bombings, window-smash-ings as supplementary discipline. He resorts to an occasional killing only to prove that he means business. Hand in glove with the corrupt labor union usually works

a "trade association." Sometimes it is organized by racketeers who force reputable business men to serve as a front. Sometimes business men who want to keep competition down and prices up organize it themselves, and take racketeers as partners.

Prosecutor Dewey's latest and most crucial case is against the restaurant racket. His investigators gathered into their net three officials of the "Metropolitan Restaurant & Cafeteria Association," and certain members of labor union locals. Of those indicted one, formerly president of the cafeteria workers' local, died by his own hand while awaiting trial; another, reputed collector and No. 2 man of the racket, pleaded guilty on the first day of the trial. The defendants were accused of having operated a racket along these lines:

> Their Association charged a $250 initiation fee, $5 per month dues. Its terrorized members — including such famed restaurants as the Hollywood, Lindy's, Brass Rail, St. Regis and Jack Dempsey's — were additionally shaken down for whatever they were worth. One chain paid $17,000. Profits from the racket were $2,000,000 per year. Union workers were victimized no less than proprietors. Their racketeering officers called strikes solely for shakedown purposes, after which strikers were sent back to work usually with their pockets empty, and no benefits won.

In this trial, not yet completed, Prosecutor Dewey is opposed by a battery of 12 defense attorneys, one of them Louis Waldman, Socialist candidate for Governor of New York in 1932. The defense challenged every prospective juror who confessed to the slightest prejudice against unions. Time and again Mr. Dewey leaped up to protest that no union was on trial. The outcome of this trial may indicate eventual success or failure for Dewey's whole crusade.

After 19 months of grueling public service, young Thomas Dewey longs to get back to his private practice once more. But he intends to see his job through. Now he is only in mid-course, with many a yet undisclosed racketeer still to be struck down.

To him, his job meant even more than the chance to rid the nation's biggest city of its outlaw parasites. He has long been convinced that what thriller-writers are scoffed at for imagining is substantially true of racketeering — the whole U. S. is victimized by a super-mob, loosely knit but internally coöperative. From the outset he has hoped that capture of Manhattan bosses might lead to allies elsewhere, that other cities might be spurred to action by his example. Already other public prosecutors have asked his advice. If his crusade fulfills the promise of its first 18 months, no U. S. city can remain convinced that it must tolerate rackets any longer.

NORTH TO THE ORIENT

EXCERPTS FROM THE BOOK

ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH

North to the Orient is one of those rare books, of charm so irresistible that each reader wants impulsively to share it with others. Which is doubtless why it sold 100,000 copies in its first six weeks and stayed on the best seller lists for months on end, without any help from spectacular promotion.

Its interest, says *The Saturday Review of Literature*, "derives not only from the unique experiences it recounts but from the perceptiveness and grace of its author. Mrs. Lindbergh has the seeing eye and the singing heart, and of whatever befalls she presents an account glowing with animation and emotion."

In the following excerpts we offer a glimpse of the qualities by which *North to the Orient* has won the hearts of critics and public alike.

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NORTH TO THE ORIENT

WHAT is this collection of chapters? How explain it? Why did I write it? What essential quality has come out in the telling? It is not in the flying alone, nor in the places alone, nor alone in the time; but in a peculiar blending of all three, which resulted in a quality of magic — a quality that belongs to fairy tales. It was not that we arrived in Baker Lake on August third by plane, but that three hours of flying had brought us from the modern port of Churchill to a place where no white woman had ever been before. It was not only that we flew from Baker Lake to Aklavik in 12 hours, by the midnight sun, but that while flying over those gray wastes south of Victoria Land, isolated and wild as the moon, I could hear through my earphones the noisy chatter of big cities over the edge of the world. At northernmost Point Barrow, we flew into an isolated settlement, still waiting for its new year's supply of provisions, and flew out again, independent as the wind, passing their ice-blocked ship, far below us in the sea, on our way to Nome. Over the Chishima Islands in fog, radio told us of weather and harbors ahead. A barefoot fisherman took us into his thatched hut when we landed in bad weather in Kunashiri. The next morning, in clear skies, after a 20-minute flight, we were in Nemuro and civilization. With nothing but flood beneath us in China, we were within easy distance of food and safety.

It was a magic caused by the collision of modern methods and old ones; modern history and ancient; accessibility and isolation. And it was a magic which could only strike spark about that time. A few years earlier, from the point of view of aircraft alone, it would have been impossible to reach these places; a few years later, and there will be no such isolation.

It is in an attempt to capture some of the magic that I have written this summer's experience — in an attempt to capture a phase in the history of travel that is perhaps unrepeatable and, as such, is worth being recorded.

The great circle course ("the shortest surface distance between

two points on a sphere") from New York to Tokyo points a straight line through Canada, and along the shores of the Arctic Sea, north to the Orient. This was the route we chose for our flight. But why the Orient? Our immediate answer to such a question would be the indisputable importance of future air routes between America and Japan, China and Siberia. And yet besides this main practical reason, there were others playing about it, like a running accompaniment to the main theme in music. These minor themes, these trivial reasons, capricious as swallows in their flight, are difficult to imprison with a name: and yet — if one tried to strike them down with words as missiles — they might be glanced at here and there by such terms as *color*, *glamour*, *curiosity*, *magic*, or *mystery*. For there is no other way of labeling the emotions which rise from scattered impressions throughout life: a Ming horse, the syllables *Marco Polo*, a silk kimono, the ragged head of a chrysanthemum, the color of a mandarin coat, and a petal-white bowl seen through the glass of a museum case. Irrelevant, slight impressions which, pieced together, make one's picture of the Orient alluring.

Travelers are always discoverers, especially those who travel by air. There are no signposts in the sky to show a man has passed that way before. There are no channels marked. The flier breaks each second into new uncharted seas.

And for us, setting out over unknown country, there would be those austere and breath-taking moments when, looking down on inaccessible territory, one realizes that no one has seen that spot before. It is as fresh, still, and untouched as the night's new-fallen snow. Unchanged from the day it was made.

Our route was new; the air untraveled; the conditions unknown; the stories mythical; the maps, pale, pink, and indefinite, except for a few names, far to the east of our course, to show that someone before us pointed his ship, also, "North to the Orient."

Baker Lake

All afternoon we had flown over miles and miles of perfectly flat treeless land, mottled with lakes and marshes. Toward evening we came upon a gray glassy lake, bounded by gray bleak shores a little higher than the marshes. And on shore, the only points of accent in that monotonous landscape, stood three or four white houses. This was Baker Lake. We circled over the flagpole, the British flag, the church steeple, and cut across the dull satin water of the lake to the little group of people on shore. As

we pushed near the sandy bank I had a closer view of the land, gray again — no trees, no hills, nothing but gray moss, gray water, and a gray sky. This was the trading post. There, on the shore ahead of us, was a small white shack with the sign "Revillon Frères, Ltd., Furs."

My husband switched off the motor. The propeller clicked around idly and stopped. There was no noise except the lapping of our wash against the sand. The group of men on shore, a few white men, and Eskimos in pointed Santa Claus hoods, came forward. The Canadian Mounted officer, tall and handsome in his red coat, put out a hand to us.

When I jumped out, the three or four Eskimos drew back. Then two little Eskimo boys came up shyly and followed me about. Their bright eyes shone under their caps as they searched my face and costume curiously.

"You see," explained one of the traders, "you're the first white woman they've ever seen. There's never been one here before."

"And what a disappointment I must be," I said, looking down at my clothes. "I've got trousers on just like the rest of you!"

It was damp and muggy. The mosquitoes buzzed in a cloud around our heads and I envied the Eskimos their cloth hoods. We ran heavily through the sand into the small square house. The sitting room with bright curtains, a couch, a big table, and chairs; a small bedroom, with clothes curtained off at one end; a little closet room for the radio; and an outside porch, where two Eskimos helped with the work: this made up the house. We sat around the big table for supper with the two traders as our hosts.

"Sorry we can't give you anything better," they said, "but our boat is due about now and we're pretty short."

"Your boat?"

"Our boat from home — comes in once a year, you know — all our supplies."

They set down some fresh salmon trout in front of us. "This comes out of the lake — lots of fish — but you get awfully tired of it. No fresh fruit or vegetables."

How deprived I always felt without fruit or a green vegetable at every meal! Even on flying trips I tried to take fruit instead of sandwiches. Why, at Ottawa, there was some tucked in my radio bag. Reaching into it, I pulled out three plums, a pear, and four meat sandwiches.

"These aren't very good but if you'd like them?"

The two men thanked us. "I guess this is the first fresh beef that's ever been up here." Very seriously they sat down and cut the food into equal parts. When it was divided each had his share of our three-day-old sandwiches and

fruit while we feasted on fresh salmon.

Before supper was finished the others stamped in — two Hudson's Bay men from across the lake, the red-coated "Mounted," a Canadian game warden, and an Anglican parson. They nodded taciturnly, sat down around the edge of the room, and stared at us.

"What's it like outside?"

We hesitated a moment before answering. The peculiar emphasis on the word "outside." They could not mean the weather.

"Our newspapers are a year old," explained one of them. "We get three hundred and sixty-five at a time, and read one every day — just as you do at home — only, of course, the news is a year late."

"We get news over the radio," went on another, "but nobody here's been outside for a year. I've been in six."

"I'm the latest arrival," said the parson. His scrubbed face shone over a stiff collar. "I came in a year ago, and I'm up for seven."

So the rest of the world was outside and Baker Lake was inside. They talked about it as a prison.

It was very cold on the beach the last morning. "A tang of autumn in the air!" said one of the Hudson's Bay men. (It was the fourth of August.) The sky and lake were as gray as the day we landed. A cold wind ruffled some little yellow flowers below our feet, almost the only sign of growth beside the moss.

High on the gravelly part of the beach was a broken pair of pontoons which had brought some flier in to Baker Lake but never took him back. How terrible to be left here, I thought, glancing at our orange-winged ship. It looked so tame and domesticated, tethered placidly to shore, like some barnyard animal. I could hardly believe that there was power and freedom in that smooth body, as life and death lie imprisoned in the shining shell of a bullet — that at a touch it would wake roaring and, once released, would rise easily as a bit of bark caught under a rock in a stream rises. But now, the engine asleep, the pontoons caught in the sand, the wings tied to shore, it looked as earth-bound as we. This was our one hope of escape. I turned to the *Sirius* and said with silent passion, "You *must* take us out."

Russia

KAMCHATKA was our first port in Russia. We were flying over the little island of Karaginski before landing. A small group stood on the beach watching us. They looked friendly, some of the men dressed in the conventional blue Russian smocks, knee breeches, and high boots, their bearded faces peering out under high caps. A few natives, and two women

dressed in baggy blouses and short skirts, completed the group. Behind them ran a shaggy dog. No, as we drew nearer we saw it was a little brown bear.

One of the women who had climbed into a boat greeted me in French. I pulled myself together and shouted back. "Je comprends le français mais je parle très peu."

"Oh," she said, smiling at me gayly, "I spik English." She was a zoologist who was making a study of animals on the island. The rest of the inhabitants were trappers.

Furs were everywhere in the house to which we were led. Red foxes hung in the outside hall. A big bearskin covered the heavy beamed door to the kitchen. Even in the little sitting room, a bunch of ermine tails were strung up on a hook. The zoologist introduced us to her husband and the other couple, a trapper and his wife. We talked in bad French and bad English. Dunka, the bear, smelling food, pushed his way into the kitchen and stood up on his hind legs next to the table.

"Dunka! Dunka!" the shouts went up, as though a bad child had put his fingers into the jam. But more unmanageable than a child, with his long claws, Dunka had to be coaxed out with a piece of raw meat. Clumsily shaking from side to side, he followed the outstretched hand that held the morsel until, once outside, and the door banged in his face, he began to grunt angrily.

We sat inside enjoying our meal and tried to thank our hosts. Thinking that sweets might be appreciated in Kamchatka, we had brought a box of candy from Nome. They, however, placed good Soviet chocolate in front of us and the only treat we had to offer was a sandwich of fresh lettuce grown in a Nome backyard. The trapper's wife had tasted none for two years. The next morning the zoologist told me that she had a little boy who was in Moscow. I said I had a little boy too.

"How old — is he?" The two women discussed it together in Russian, and then very shyly asked, "You have — pho-to-graph?"

"I took out my photographs. "Oh! Oh!" they were gay and sweet, spreading them all on the table in the room. When I left, my boy seemed nearer to me because they had seen his picture and had talked of him. Perhaps the zoologist also felt closer to her boy, for she gave me a letter for him, to post in Tokyo. I had it in my pocket as we took off the next morning.

In Russia, we did all the things that one is supposed to do before one writes about it. We went out to an experimental farm; we saw tractors heaving up a hill. We went to look at stores and schools

and some of the new construction; and we asked questions. But as I look over the notes I took down carefully, the items, which seemed so important to me then, wither on the page. It is not that they are unimportant. It is a difficult thing to analyze, but when I think of Russia now, I do not think of community farms and nursery schools. I think of the two women smiling over my baby's picture. I think of people and not of ideas and organizations. There has been more curiosity about the two small points we touched on the Russian Continent than about any other portion of the trip — "I hear you've been to Russia — what did you think of it?"

I can only protest childishly, "It isn't *It;* it's *Them,* and I like them."

Fog

"WEL-COME — to — Japan — wel-come—Colonel—Lindbergh —" I was taking down my first message from JOC, the Japanese radio station at Nemuro which had followed us painstakingly down the Siberian coast and which was to guide us to Tokyo.

How typical to have our first message from Japan one of pure grace, a bow of welcome before we got down to the business of position and weather.

The weather was important. For some time we had noticed a long low fog bank to the east. Far out to sea, like a second horizon, this even white line stretched ahead, paralleling our course. Gradually, however, it pushed us back more and more to a course directly over the islands.

Looking ahead now I could see that the line of fog and the line of the islands were converging. Like a long wave on a shoal, the clouds of mist seemed to break over the barrier of volcanic peaks. Every now and then we could see through a hole in the clouds a rocky beach or a strip of water gleam and vanish.

"Pse (Please) — send — wea (weather) — speed — posn (position)" ticked my next message from JOC. I would have to be practical. But I did not know where we were. "Flying — through — fog," I tapped back. "Will — send — posn — in — minute." There was nothing accidental or slight about those clouds. They stretched on and on, now, an even sea ahead of us.

I felt fear creeping imperceptibly over me, as cold does at night when, half asleep, one refuses to recognize it. So I fought off recognition of fear and only thought, "It was a lovely day when we started. . . . It's still open behind us — isn't it?" But before I had time to look, my husband pushed back a message to me.

I started relaying it, "Fog —

on — sea — storm — clouds — ahead" (that dark curtain shut right down to the south) — "we — are — turning — back" (the great wing wheeled below me in the clouds) — "will — land —" (It was just as dark behind us! It had shut in on us!) — "at — first — opportunity" (one green peak pushed its head above the fog).

My husband pushed back the cockpit cover, put on his helmet and goggles, heightened the seat for better visibility, and leaned forward to look out. Here we are again, I thought, recognizing by this familiar buckling-on-of-armor that the fight had begun. He motioned me to reel in the antenna. Emergency landing, that meant. I buckled my belt tighter. Down, down, we were gliding down now, the engine throttled, wisps of fog temporarily blinding us as we descended. I was losing the sky. I did not want to let go until I could grasp something below. Down the sides of the mountain one could see a strip of water gleaming, harebell-blue. We were diving toward it. Down, down — the sky was gone. The sea! Hold on to the sea — that little patch of blue. Oh, the sea was gone too. We were blind — and still going down — oh, God! — we'll hit the mountain! A wave of fear like terrific pain swept over me, shriveling to blackened ashes the meaningless words "courage" — "pride" — "control." Then a lurch, the engine roared on again, and a sickening roller-coaster up. Up, up, up. I felt myself gasping to get up, like a drowning man. There — the sky was blue above — the sky and the sun! Courage flowed back in my veins, a warm, pounding stream. Thank God, there is the sky. Hold on to it with both hands. Let it pull you up. Oh, let us stay here, I thought, up in this clear bright world of reality, where we can see the sky and feel the sun. Let's never go down.

He is trying it again, like a knife going down the side of a pie tin, between fog and mountain. Will he say afterward, "It was nothing at all"? (if there is an "afterward"). That time in the Alleghenies he turned around, when we struck the river, and smiled at me. It was so reassuring. If only he would do it now. But his face was set. I could see it out of the side of the cockpit — his lips tight-closed. The force of the wind blowing against them made them look thin and fearful like a man gritting his teeth in his last fight. Were we there, then, at the last fight? I had never seen him look like that. The wind flattened his face, made the flesh flabby, the brows prominent — like a skeleton

Down again — and the terror. Up again — and the return of courage and shame. Oh, Lord — here was another mountain peak! Was he going to try it again? Hadn't he learned *anything?* Did

he think I really enjoyed this game of tobogganing down volcanoes? — I thought in a kind of bravado anger. Really it was too much — I would never fly again. The sun began to melt away as we spiraled down. It became a thin watery disk in the mist. "Never fly again," echoed in my ears maliciously. No — never fly again — I had said it myself and shivered to think how true it might be. Down, down, into the darkness. We had never been down this far before. That long green slope at the foot of the volcano — could we make a forced landing there? Bushes and rocks — but still the pontoons would take up the shock. It would be wonderful to be down — even there. No — we were going too fast, skimming over the bushes and straight down the slope. For there, over a sharp cliff of fifty feet, under a layer of mist, lay the water. There it was, shifting, changing, hiding tantalizingly below us. That was what we wanted. If we could only lay our hands on it before it disappeared. Could we reach it or would we have to fight our way up again? We dropped off the cliff. We were over the water. Spank, spank, spank — the ship is breaking under us! I am falling through. No — the seat has bounced down, that's all. It must be rough water. We're slowing up now. We're all right — we're down!

My husband turned around for the first time and looked at me. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," I stammered. "I'm so happy to be down."

He laughed. "We weren't in much danger. We could have gone back; but I was trying to get into Buroton Bay. I don't like to anchor in open water."

I pushed the cockpit cover all the way open and looked out. The idling motor whined, a peculiarly desolate and lonely sound, like the wind around a house at night. I could hear the waves crashing against the shore. There was nothing to see except fog. How did we ever get down!

We began to taxi slowly, creeping in toward the island. I could make out the shore line now — a rocky coast, the dark mass of a hill behind rising up — how far into the mist? As we drew closer, the crashing waves on the rocks warned us off.

Finally we reached the lee side of the island, cut the engine, and threw down our anchor. Now for JOC. We strung the antenna out along the wing and called, "JOC — JOC —" Oh, there he was, "KHCAL — QRK (I can hear you well; your signals are good) — GA (go ahead) —"

"Forced — down — by — fog," I started. "Anchored — in — open — ocean — 200 — meters — off — south — east — shore — Ketoi — Island — is — stormy — weather — expected — tonight?" As I

stopped sending, I could hear him rattling off to another station news of our safe arrival.

"OK—OK," came back the answer. "Here—is—not—stormy—weather—expected. We—arranged—Shinshiru—Maru (how could they have arranged anything so quickly, I marveled, as I took down the next message)—to—come—in—one—or—two—hours."

I handed this forward to my husband. How nice, I thought. I didn't know what Shinshiru Maru was, but it was something "to assist us" and that sounded encouraging. However, he dictated the answer.

"Thank—you—greatly—appreciate—consideration (just like one of his typewritten notes; I would recognize that anywhere)—however—unless—emergency—arises—will—not—require—assistance."

The Singing Sailors

I WAS JUST finishing my radio schedule the next morning when — there they were! Around the corner came the sailors, singing as they rowed, their round pudding sailor caps bobbing up and down, appearing on the scene appropriately like a Gilbert and Sullivan chorus: "Enter, right, eight singing sailors." But where from? We looked over the wing and saw, sitting calmly two hundred meters away from us, a two-masted ship, already well settled with anchor down, clothes hung out to dry, and cooking smoke trailing out of the galley. Of course, this was the *Shinshiru Maru* we said we did not need. Wisely enough, they had sent it anyway.

The eight singing sailors were easing up to the pontoons. A little officer (the radio operator, we learned later) rose to get out, bowed to us, put his foot on the pontoon, and, looking for something to hold on to, reached for the antenna wire. We shouted, but the little radio operator, who had received a four-hundred-volt shock, showed neither pain nor fright. He merely smiled apologetically. After he had inspected the cockpit with delight, "Ah—ah—ah—" He cleared his throat and began formally, "You—ah—ah—have—ah—*cohee?*"

My husband, not sure what he meant, reached down and hopefully handed him one of our soft sea-soaked cookies. Our friend bowed, smiled, and politely swallowed the cookie.

Then he started again, "You—ah—ah—have *cohee?*"

Charles: "Have *what?*"

Radio operator: "*Cohee*—on—sheep," pointing to the *Shinshiru Maru* and smiling.

Charles: "Coffee—oh, yes—coffee!" We were all smiles.

(My husband, reading over my

shoulder, denies this story. "I offered the cookie to him to be polite," he says, "and I thought it might suggest breakfast!")

In the warm little cabin of the *Shinshiru Maru* we were brought the delicious luxury of hot water and soap in a brass basin. After breakfast we thanked them enthusiastically and shaking hands all around, we started back to our plane, hoping to take off in the clearing mist. The singing sailors helped us lash a spar to a bent pontoon strut, and then rowed away.

We were ready to start. The climbing whine of the inertia-starter, the grind of the clutch, the engine catching for a moment, and then — splutter, putt, putt — dying away. That was the only response we could get over and over again. It was cold and wet.

Suddenly we noticed that the distance between us and the boat was increasing. Were we drifting? The anchor rope was slack. The frayed end jumped out of the water; the anchor was gone. A sharp edge of rock, chafing all night on our rope, had cut it free. We were adrift, not more than a hundred feet from the breakers off a rocky coast, and no hope of starting the engine. We raised our arms and shouted for help. The sailors had already started in their boat, straining at the oars but still breathlessly keeping time with their chant.

"Will send *Shinshiru Maru* to assist you" — the message had come true.

As a matter of fact, we became even more dependent on them. Our battery was almost run down by constant efforts to start the engine. We did not want to exhaust it completely by sending radio messages unless an emergency arose. We must wait for the engine to recharge it. But we could not start our engine. My husband thought the trouble lay in some fouled spark plugs, caused by taxiing the night before. He would have to clean them before we could start. The rain and salt water had also thoroughly soaked every part of the engine, which did not make matters easier.

Our second night on the plane was not a comfortable one. A tornado swept the sea to the west. The wind broke over the mountain top and tore past us, kicking up a choppy sea even on the lee shore. The plane tossed and tossed, and we with it, rolling from one side of the fuselage to the other. The little window banged open and shut with each lurch and in the whistle of the cowlings I seemed to hear the strange note of the radio. Suddenly in the nightmare of noise we heard what sounded like a human wail or chant. My husband crawled back to the cockpit, opened the hatch, and peered out into the darkness. The rain beat on his face but he

was able to see a small light bobbing up and down on the water — the singing sailors! What could bring them out on a night like this? Were we dragging anchor? Perhaps they had some warning message. The tornado — had it shifted its course? Was it driving toward us? He watched the light slowly draw nearer and the boat appear, black against the waves, struggling to reach us. Clinging to the pontoon, one of them managed to reach up and hand my husband an envelope. He tore it open and read by flashlight: "The Japanese people eagerly welcome you to Japan and await your safe arrival."

"Is that all?" shouted my husband.

Apparently they could not hear him in the wind, but as they seemed to be waiting for an answer, he scribbled one and handed it down. Still incredulous he climbed back inside the plane. "Don't tell me they came through this storm just to give us a radio message!" We discovered the next morning that, worried about our safety, they had come to attach a two-inch hawser from their boat to our plane; the radiogram was thrown in "extra."

That was the last night we spent in open ocean. The next day we were towed to the long-looked-for Buroton Bay. I sat on the deck of the *Shinshiru Maru* and watched the plane ride the waves like a gull, with my husband seated on its back. It was evening when we finally reached our destination.

The next morning we were giants again in seven-league boots. The engine, roaring anew after a few hours' work in calm water, lifted us easily into the air.

Flood

FLYING over the Yellow Sea from Japan, we were aware of a difference in color between the water in front of us and the water behind us, a sharp line of demarcation where brown waves met blue. Mud from the Yangtze River darkened the sea for miles ahead. We were approaching China.

Rivers perhaps are the only physical features of the world that are at their best from the air. Mountain ranges, no longer seen in profile, dwarf to ant hills; seas lose their horizons; lakes have no longer depth; forests become a thin impermanent film. But rivers, which from the ground one usually sees only in cross sections, like a small sample of ribbon — rivers stretch out serenely ahead as far as the eye can reach. They give the impression of being the only true and permanent rulers of the earth.

We have a great respect for rivers and usually they are kind to fliers. How many times, flying over nameless stretches in the

West, some river has proved an incontestable landmark.

This time we were to see the river not as a friend, but as an enemy. We were to see it in flood, destroying the fertile plains it had once made, breaking dykes, carrying away villages, and covering valleys. We were to see it, a huge lake smiling catlike, horribly calm and complacent, over the destroyed fields and homes of millions of people. The yellow waters of the Yangtze surrounded our short weeks in China. They led us into the country and held us there in our attempt to chart the extent of their damage. For our plane was the only one in China which had enough range to survey the outer limits of the floods.

On the first day's flight we could see hundreds of small villages standing in water, many of them up to their roofs. There was no dry land for miles around. Thousands of refugees were living in flat-bottomed sampans, with a grass roof rigged up in one end for shelter. Moored in the old streets or floating about the flooded fields, these refugees were apparently living only on the few straws of grain they had saved and what fish they might catch.

Looking down on them we began to realize the hopelessness of the situation. How could relief ever reach these people? The water was not deep enough for large boats. There were no roads. There were almost no large centers from which food could be distributed.

Some things could be done by the Relief Commission. Food could be taken to the refugee camps, and, what was even more needed, medical supplies. So one morning my husband took off from Nanking, carrying with him in the plane a Chinese doctor, an American doctor, and several packages of medical supplies. I had given up my place to one doctor.

In less than an hour they completed a trip to Hinghwa which would have taken days by canal. The plane landed on flooded fields outside the city walls. The Chinese doctor climbed down out of the cockpit and stepped from the pontoon into a sampan. Carefully a package of medicines was handed down after him. An old woman took it, put it on the floor of the sampan, and sat on it firmly.

By now there were 10 or 20 boats poling about. Men, women, and children, sullen and hungry, looked at the package. "Food," they were saying, "there must be food in the box." They pushed forward and soon surrounded the doctor's boat. Others pressed nearer the plane.

My husband stood up in the cockpit and motioned them back. (One of the heavy prows could easily knock a hole in our pontoons.) But they paid no attention

to him. And there were more sampans coming every minute. The American doctor began to shout to them in Chinese, telling them to keep back. But the starving people were thinking of one thing. They made cups out of their hands and pretended to be eating with chopsticks. "We want food." The word reached the outer circle of boats, and people began jumping from one boat to another toward the plane. There were literally hundreds of sampans now, boat jammed against boat on all sides. The nearest were right under the wings and tail surfaces. A sampan under the left wing had a small fire dangerously near its grass hood. In the distance one could see a solid stream of boats rounding the city wall.

Suddenly a man put his foot on the left pontoon. As though at a signal the rest surged forward. Now a man was on the other pontoon. They had begun to board.

My husband grabbed his revolver and covered the nearest man. He stopped but did not move back. My husband turned to the right side. Those faced with the gun hesitated, but the men on the other side moved up. He whipped the gun from the right side to the left quickly, shooting straight up in the air as he turned. Each side thought someone had been shot on the other. He moved it back and forth quickly, covering always the nearest person. Slowly they edged back.

The two men in the plane stopped to breathe and to look for the Chinese doctor. He had completely lost track of the package soon after leaving the plane. It had been seized and fought over as a crust of bread is torn apart by gulls. His own boat, overloaded with men who had jumped in from other sampans, had sunk under the weight. With the water curling over the edges, he stepped quickly into another. The crowd followed him. Three boats sank under him. In the middle of an island of sampans, people fighting and pushing around him, he knew there was no hope of rescuing the vaccines or of reaching the city. He hoped he could get back to the plane alive. Finally, arguing with a boatload that there was a larger package in the plane, he managed to reach the front ring of sampans only to be faced with a pistol! He stood up and shouted excitedly before he was recognized. In the cleared space in front of him, he was able to reach the plane and climbed hurriedly into the back cockpit.

The American doctor in the meantime was hauling up the anchor as fast as he could. They were clear, ready to go. My husband pressed the starter. The engine caught — an answering roar. They took off dead ahead, the plane rising easily. In a few sec-

onds it was high above that flooded world. The milling mass of sampans was a swarm of gnats on the water's surface. Even the city of Hinghwa (from whose gates boats were still streaming) looked insignificant, a small island of roofs in the vast sea of flood that surrounded it.

Looking down on the spot they had just left, the men in the plane were acutely conscious of the miracle of their escape.

Into the Yangtze

IT WAS to be our last flight over the flooded areas. The British airplane carrier *Hermes* was leaving in the morning and we with it. For it had been our home at Hankow. Fearing the *Sirius* would be rammed at night, the captain of the *Hermes* had offered to take it on board, hoisting it up from the water with harness and tackle as they did their own seaplanes.

It was, as I have said, our last flight. My husband and I climbed into our cockpits while the *Sirius* was still on deck. A mechanic stood on each wing. Both wore life preservers, for the Yangtze has a bad reputation. "No one," we were told in Hankow, "who goes under its yellow surface, ever comes up again."

The plane teetered forward slightly as the derrick started to hoist us. Several men hung on to the pontoons to steady us as we swung free. I felt relieved when finally, after a slow descent, we touched the water. Headed upstream, the idling motor now quickened to a roar, we seemed safely launched. The men started to lift the ring of our harness from the derrick hook.

"Let it out there — more slack!" Shouts from plane to ship. One man was clinging to the cable with all his weight. The second wrestled with ring and hook.

"No slack — can't do it!" We were drifting rapidly further from the ship, the cable already taut. My husband, opening the throttle, tried to work back upstream. But the plane had already swung in the wind sidewise to the current. We were only pulling away from the carrier. Down went the wing. Its tip touched the water and went under, an enormous paddle, forcing us over.

"Better get ready to jump!" My husband's voice shot at me tersely from the front cockpit. I climbed out. Nothing could save us now. We were already at an angle, and turning fast.

"Jump!"

I looked down into the muddy current. In that fleeting second preparatory to action I thought only, with incongruous complacency, "Now I will find out how this new life preserver works." (It was supposed to inflate when one pressed a lever.) I pushed the lever and jumped. The wing dark-

ened above me as I went under. I remember thinking, clearly, calmly, without a trace of fear, as though watching some event outside myself, "I suppose that wing may hit me as it falls over." It did not worry me. I was simply interested in weighing the chances. It was a matter of fact and not of feeling.

For not only did I have no fear, I had no sensation at all — no realization of going under water or of getting wet or of my clothes being heavy to swim in, or even that the life preserver had not worked. Quite typically I had not pressed the lever far enough. It did not matter. I had come up and was swimming along easily with yards of deflated life preserver dragging after me. Looking around quickly, I saw my husband just behind. The two men from the *Hermes* were alongside of us. We were swept downstream to the lifeboat, where we climbed on board and wiped our faces. I coughed up some Yangtze water. "And for three weeks," I thought, "I've been brushing my teeth in boiled water!"

Flying Again

We were flying again, several years after our trip to the Orient. It was not a long flight nor an important one. We were not pressed for time; the weather was good; I had no radio to operate, no maps to look at. I could sit quite still and let the roar of the engine cover me like music. Throbbing with small monotone patterns, the vibration hummed in the soles of my feet, in the hollow of my back. It absorbed some restless side of me, and was satisfying as a hearth fire or rain on the roof. Contented, I could look down at that calm clear world below.

A new world, too, it was, for I had not flown in many months and the objects below me wore the freshly painted vividness of things seen for the first time. They bore no relation to life. Rootless and impermanent, they seemed strewn there accidentally, washed up carelessly by some great tide of the sea; and left, limp, shining, detached, for me to pick up and arrange in what patterns I might choose.

They did, in fact, already form patterns (that strange blocklike pattern the rows of tenements made, doubled with their shadows; and the circular one of those black cars all centering to one point like an anthill). They were patterns which seemed trivial and aimless from this great height, like the wavering, vinelike tracks crabs make in the sand. (How slowly those little cars crawl along the narrow ribbon paths!) And looking down on those little houses, those little paths, the narrow lines of black beetles, the anthill traffic

of cars, one sat back and wondered, "Why? What do we do this for? Why isn't life simple and still and quiet?"

One could sit still and look at life from the air; that was it. And I was conscious again of the fundamental magic of flying, a miracle that has nothing to do with any of its practical purposes and will not change as they change. It is a magic that has more kinship with what one experiences standing in front of serene madonnas or listening to cool chorales, or even reading one of those clear passages in a book — so clear and so illuminating that one feels the writer has given the reader a glass-bottomed bucket with which to look through the ruffled surface of life far down to that still permanent world below.

For not only is life put in new patterns from the air, but it is somehow arrested, frozen into form. There is no flaw, no crack in the surface. Looking down from the air that morning, I felt that stillness rested like a light over the earth. The waterfalls seemed frozen solid; the tops of the trees were still; the river hardly stirred, a serpent gently moving under its shimmering skin. Everything was quiet: fields and trees and houses. What motion there was, took on a slow grace: the crawling cars, the rippling skin of the river, and birds drifting like petals down the air; like slow-motion pictures which catch the moment of outstretched beauty — a horse at the top of a jump — that one cannot see in life itself, so swiftly does it move.

And if flying, like a glass-bottomed bucket, can give you that vision, that seeing eye, which peers down to the still world below the choppy waves — it will always remain magic.

❖

Some words in this issue, commonly mispronounced; and the way they ought to be pronounced according to Webster's New International Dictionary:

By preference, the following are accented on the last syllable: **fĭnance′, research′, re-source′, ădult′, detail′, ally′, alloy′.** But if your habit is to accent the first syllable, you can find second-choice warrant for it in the dictionary. Here you have no choice: the verb is **in-crease′,** the noun is **in′-crease. Suite** (sweet) should not be pronounced suit or sōōt. Few pronounce the *b* in **subpoena,** as they should. The *p* should not be heard in **coup,** nor, by preference, the *t* in **potpourri** (pō-pōō-rēē′); pŏt-pōōr′-ri is second choice. The long vowel sound is preferred in **ĭsolate, ēconom′-ics, vāse** (vāze is second choice; vahz is British). You may safely say *eether* or *eyether* — the latter is British. **Prĕs′-entation** is preferred to prē′-sentation. ***Quai*** (kā) is French for quay (key). **Văl′-et** has been anglicized since the 17th century; so you may accent the first syllable and pronounce the *t*, rather than say valāy′; but for **chauffeur** the preference still goes to the French sho-fûr′.

Baa Baa, Black Sheep

Condensed from the story by

Rudyard Kipling

This masterpiece — the story of English parents in India facing the bitter necessity of sending their children "home" to England for schooling and to learn of their own land — becomes particularly timely with the recent publication of Kipling's autobiography. In almost literal detail, the story of Punch and his little sister Judy proves to be the story of Kipling's own childhood.

THEY WERE putting Punch to bed — the *ayah* and the big *Surti* boy with the red and gold turban. Judy, already tucked inside her mosquito-curtains, was nearly asleep. Punch had been allowed to stay up for dinner. Many privileges had been accorded to Punch within the last ten days, and he wondered why.

"Punch-*baba* is going away," said the *ayah*. "Across the sea in a big ship. In another week there will be no Punch-*baba* to pull my hair." She sighed softly, for the boy of the household was very dear to her heart.

Next morning Judy shouted that there was a rat in the nursery, and thus Punch forgot to tell her the wonderful news. It did not much matter, for Judy was only three and she would not have understood. But Punch was five; and he knew that going to England would be much nicer than the usual trip to the hills.

Papa and Mamma sold the brougham and the piano, and took long council together over a bundle of letters bearing the Rocklington postmark. "The letters in themselves are excellent, and the terms are moderate enough," said Mamma. "But the worst of it is that the children will be among strangers for five years."

"Punch is a cheery little chap," said Papa. "He's sure to make friends wherever he goes."

"And who could help loving my Ju?"

They were standing over the cots in the nursery late at night, and Mamma was crying softly. After Papa had gone away, she knelt down by Judy's cot and put up a slightly illogical prayer: "Let strangers love my children and be as good to them as I should be, but let *me* preserve their love forever. Amen."

Next day, they all went down to the sea, and there was a scene when Punch and Judy learned that the *ayah* must be left behind. But they found a thousand fascinating things on the big P. and O. steamer and soon dried their tears. In the days that followed there was so much to see and do that Punch nearly forgot the *ayah* and with difficulty remembered a few words of the Hindustani, once his second-speech.

But Judy was much worse. The day before the steamer reached Southampton, Mamma asked her if she would not like to see the *ayah* again. Judy's blue eyes turned to the stretch of sea that had swallowed all her tiny past, and said: "*Ayah!* What *ayah?*"

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Mamma cried over her and Punch marveled. It was then that he heard for the first time Mamma's passionate appeal to him never to let Judy forget Mamma. Seeing that Judy was young, ridiculously young, and that Mamma was always there, Punch could not understand what Mamma meant. But he strove to do his duty: that night when Mamma left the cabin, he said to Judy: "Ju, you bemember Mamma?"

"'Torse I do," said Judy.

"Then *always* bemember Mamma, 'r else I won't give you my paper ducks."

So Judy promised always to "bemember Mamma."

"You must make haste and learn to write, Punch," said Papa, "and then you'll be able to write letters to us in Bombay."

"I'll come into your room," said Punch, and Papa choked.

Papa and Mamma were always choking in the days after they landed. If Punch took Judy to task for not "bemembering," they choked; and so they did if Judy put her mouth for a kiss.

One day a cab, piled with their luggage, took them to an austere little villa called "Downe Lodge." Punch eyed the house with disfavor. It stood on a sandy road, and a cold wind tickled his knickerbockered legs.

"Let us go away," said Punch. "This is not a pretty place."

But Mamma and Papa and Judy had left the cab, and all the luggage was being taken into the house. At the doorstep stood a woman in black, and she smiled largely, with dry chapped lips. Behind her was a man, big, bony, gray, and lame as to one leg — behind him a boy of twelve, black-haired and oily in appearance. Punch surveyed the trio, and advanced without fear, as he had been accustomed to do in Bombay when callers came.

"How do you do?" said he. "I am Punch." But they were all looking at the luggage — all except the gray man, who shook hands with Punch, and said he was "a smart little fellow."

For six days they all stayed there, and Mamma wept at intervals, and showed the woman in black all Punch's clothes — a liberty which Punch resented. "But p'raps she's a new white *ayah*," he thought. "I'm to call her Antirosa."

Punch did not approve of the woman or the boy. He liked the gray man, "Uncleharri," who showed him a little ship with rigging that took up and down.

One morning Punch and Judy were roused in the chill dawn to say Goodbye; and of all people to Papa and Mamma — both crying. Punch was very sleepy and Judy was cross.

"Don't forget us," pleaded Mamma. "Oh, my little son, don't forget us, and see that Judy remembers too."

"I've told Judy to bemember," said Punch, wriggling. "I've told Judy — ten — forty — 'leven thousand times. But Ju's so young — quite a baby — isn't she?"

"Yes," said Papa, "quite a baby, and you must be good to Judy, and make haste to learn to write and — and — and —"

Punch was back in his bed again. Judy was fast asleep, and there was the rattle of a cab below. Papa and Mamma had gone away. Of course

they would come back soon, as they always did. So Punch fell asleep till the true morning, when the black-haired boy met him with the information that Papa and Mamma had gone to Bombay, and that he and Judy were to stay at Downe Lodge "forever." Antirosa, tearfully appealed to for a contradiction, said that Harry had spoken the truth, and that it behooved Punch to fold up his clothes neatly on going to bed. Punch went out and wept bitterly with Judy, into whose fair head he had driven some ideas of the meaning of separation.

When a matured man discovers that he has been deserted by Providence, deprived of his God, and cast, without help, comfort, or sympathy, upon a world which is new and strange to him, his despair is generally supposed to be impressive. A child, under exactly similar circumstances, cannot very well curse God and die. It howls till its nose is red, its eyes are sore, and its head aches. Punch and Judy, through no fault of their own, had lost all their world. They sat in the hall and cried; the black-haired boy looking on from afar.

At last, when the boy had gone to school, Punch raised his head from the floor and sniffed mournfully. Judy was nearly asleep. Three short years had not taught her how to bear sorrow with full knowledge. There was a distant, dull boom in the air — the sound of the sea — the sea that must be traversed to get to Bombay.

"Quick, Ju!" he cried. "We're close to the sea. I can hear it! That's where they've went. P'raps we can catch them. They didn't mean to go without us. They've only forgot."

"Iss," said Judy. "They've only forgotted."

He took Judy by the hand, and the two ran unseen through the garden in the direction of the sea. Half an hour the wearied little legs tramped across heath, potato patch, and sand dune, and then came upon the great gray sea at low tide. Hundreds of crabs were scuttling about the beach, but there was no trace of Papa and Mamma.

There "Uncleharri" found them — Punch dissolved in tears, but trying to divert Judy with an "ickle trab," and Judy wailing to the pitiless horizon for "Mamma."

ALL THIS TIME not a word about Black Sheep. He came later, and Harry the black-haired boy was mainly responsible for his coming.

Judy — who could help loving little Judy? — passed, by special permit, into the kitchen and thence straight to Aunty Rosa's heart. Harry was Aunty Rosa's one child, and Punch was the extra boy about the house. There was no special place for him or his little affairs, and he was forbidden to sprawl on sofas and explain his ideas about the manufacture of this world. Sprawling was lazy and wore out sofas, and little boys were not expected to talk.

Harry might reach across the table and take what he wanted; Judy might point and get what she wanted. Punch was forbidden to do either. He soon forgot to tell Judy to "bemember Mamma."

This lapse was excusable, because he had been introduced by Aunty Rosa to two very impressive things — an abstraction called God, the in-

timate friend and ally of Aunty Rosa, generally believed to live behind the kitchen range because it was hot there — and a dirty brown book filled with unintelligible dots and marks. Afterwards he learned to know the Lord as the only thing in the world more awful than Aunty Rosa — as a Creature that stood in the background and counted the strokes of the cane.

But the reading was, just then, a much more serious matter than any creed. Aunty Rosa sat him upon a table and told him that A B meant ab.

"Why?" said Punch. "*Why* does A B mean ab?"

"Because I tell you it does," said Aunty Rosa, "and you've got to say it."

For months, against his will, Punch stumbled through the brown book. He repeated till he was thrice weary "the Cat lay on the Mat and the Rat came in." Then, in a venerable magazine, he found a portentous picture of a griffin, with verses below. This glimpse of new worlds was so tantalizing that he decided to read about everything.

As soon as Punch could string a few pothooks together, he wrote to Bombay, demanding by return of post "all the books in all the world." Papa sent *Grimm's Fairy Tales* and a Hans Andersen. That was enough. If he were only left alone Punch could pass, at any hour he chose, into a land of his own, beyond reach of Aunty Rosa and her God, Harry and his teasements, and Judy's claims to be played with.

"Don't disturve me, I'm reading. Go and play in the kitchen," grunted Punch. "Aunty Rosa lets *you* go there." Judy was cutting her second teeth and was fretful. She appealed to Aunty Rosa, who descended on Punch.

"I was reading," he explained.

"You're only doing that to show off," said Aunty Rosa. "Play with Judy now, and don't open a book for a week."

Judy did not pass a very enjoyable playtime with Punch, who was consumed with indignation. There was a pettiness at the bottom of the prohibition which puzzled him.

"It's what I like to do," he said, "and she's found out that and stopped me. Don't cry, Ju — it wasn't your fault — *please* don't cry, or she'll say I made you."

After dinner Judy would often be whisked off by Aunty Rosa, while Punch was left to play alone, "and be sure that I hear you doing it."

It was not a cheering employ, for he had to make a playful noise. At last, with infinite craft, he devised an arrangement whereby the table could be supported as to three legs on toy bricks, leaving the fourth clear to bring down on the floor. He could work the table with one hand and hold a book with the other. This he did till an evil day when Aunty Rosa pounced upon him unawares and told him that he was "acting a lie."

"If you're old enough to do that," she said, "you're old enough to be beaten."

"But — I'm — I'm not a animal!" said Punch aghast. Aunty Rosa had hidden a light cane behind her, and Punch was beaten then and there over the shoulders. It was a revelation to him, and he was left to weep himself into repentance.

Harry entered the room, eyeing Punch, a disheveled heap in the corner, with disgust.

"You're a liar — a young liar," said Harry, with great unction, "and you're to have tea alone because you're not fit to speak to us. And you're not to speak to Judy again till Mother gives you leave. You'll corrupt her. Mother says so."

Having reduced Punch to a second agony of tears, Harry departed upstairs with the news that Punch was still rebellious.

Uncle Harry sat uneasily in the dining room. "Damn it all, Rosa," said he at last, "can't you leave the child alone? He's a good little chap with me."

"He puts on his best manners with you, Henry," said Aunty Rosa, "but I'm very much afraid that he is the Black Sheep of the family."

Harry heard and stored up the name for future use.

From that day began the downfall of Punch, now Black Sheep.

"Untrustworthy in one thing, untrustworthy in all," said Aunty Rosa, and Harry felt that Black Sheep was delivered into his hands. He would wake him up in the night to ask him why he was such a liar.

"I don't know," Punch would reply.

"Then don't you think you ought to get up and pray to God for a new heart?"

"Y-yess."

"Get out and pray, then!" And Punch would get out of bed with raging hate. He was always tumbling into trouble. Harry had a knack of cross-examining him as to his day's doings, which seldom failed to lead him, sleepy and savage, into half a dozen contradictions — all duly reported to Aunty Rosa next morning.

"You usen't to be as bad as this," said Judy, awe-stricken at the catalogue of Black Sheep's crimes. "Why are you so bad now?"

"I don't know," Black Sheep would reply. "I'm not, if I only wasn't bothered upside down. Oh, Ju! Don't *you* say I'm bad too."

"Aunty Rosa says you are," said Judy. "She told the Vicar so when he came yesterday."

"Why does she tell all the people outside the house about me? It isn't fair," said Black Sheep. "When I was in Bombay, and was bad — *doing* bad, not made-up bad like this — Mamma told Papa, and Papa told me he knew, and that was all. *Outside* people didn't know too."

"I don't remember," said Judy wistfully. "I was all little then. Mamma was just as fond of you as she was of me, wasn't she?"

"'Course she was. So was Papa. So was everybody."

"Aunty Rosa says that you are a Trial and a Black Sheep, and I'm not to speak to you more than I can help."

"Always? Not outside of the times when you mustn't speak to me at all?"

Judy nodded her head mournfully. Black Sheep turned away in despair, but Judy's arms were round his neck.

"Never mind, Punch," she whispered. "I *will* speak to you. You're my own brother though you are — though Aunty Rosa says you're Bad, and Harry says you're a little coward. He says that if I pulled your hair hard, you'd cry."

"Pull, then," said Punch.

Judy pulled gingerly.

"Pull harder — as hard as you can! There! I don't mind how much you pull it *now*. If you'll speak to me same as ever I'll let you pull it as much as you like — pull it out if you like. But I know if Harry came and stood by and made you do it I'd cry."

So the two children sealed the compact with a kiss, and Black Sheep's heart was cheered within him, and by extreme caution and careful avoidance of Harry he acquired virtue, and was allowed to read undisturbed for a week. Uncle Harry took him for walks, and consoled him with rough tenderness, never calling him Black Sheep. They went often to the cemetery, where for hours the man would sit, while the boy read epitaphs.

"I shall lie there soon," said he to Black Sheep, one winter evening, when his face showed white as a worn silver coin. A month later, he turned sharp round, ere half a morning walk was completed, and stumped back to the house. "Put me to bed, Rosa," he muttered. "I've walked my last."

They put him to bed, and for a fortnight the shadow of his sickness lay upon the house, and Black Sheep went to and fro unobserved. Papa had sent him some new books, and he was told to keep quiet.

"Uncle Harry's going to die," said Judy, who now lived almost entirely with Aunty Rosa.

"I'm very sorry," said Black Sheep soberly. "He told me that a long time ago."

Aunty Rosa heard the conversation. "Will nothing check your wicked tongue?" she said angrily. There were blue circles round her eyes.

"I WONDER what will happen to me now," thought Black Sheep, when semi-pagan rites peculiar to the burial of the dead in middle-class houses had been accomplished, and Aunty Rosa, awful in black crape, had returned to this life.

It was decided that he should be sent to a day school which Harry attended. This meant a morning walk with Harry, and perhaps an evening one; but the prospect of freedom in the interval was refreshing. "Harry'll tell everything I do, but I won't do anything," said Black Sheep. Fortified with this virtuous resolution, he went to school only to find that Harry's version of his character had preceded him, and that life was a burden in consequence.

"How do you like school?" said Aunty Rosa at the end of the day.

"I think it is a very nice place," said Punch quietly.

"I suppose you warned the boys of Black Sheep's character?" said Aunty Rosa to Harry.

"Oh yes," said the censor of Black Sheep's morals. "They know all about him"

"If I was with my father," said Black Sheep, stung to the quick, "I shouldn't *speak* to those boys. He wouldn't let me. They live in shops."

"You're too good for that school, are you?" said Aunty Rosa, with a bitter smile. "You ought to be grateful that those boys speak to you at all. It isn't every school that takes little liars."

Harry did not fail to make much capital out of Black Sheep's ill-con-

sidered remark; with the result that several boys demonstrated to Black Sheep the eternal equality of the human race by smacking his head. Of Judy he now saw but little. She was deeply religious — at six years of age Religion is easy to come by — and sorely divided between her natural love for Black Sheep and her love for Aunty Rosa, who could do no wrong.

The lean woman returned that love with interest, and Judy, when she dared, took advantage of this for the remission of Black Sheep's penalties. Failures in lessons at school were punished at home by a week without reading other than schoolbooks. Harry was at once spy, practical joker, inquisitor, and Aunty Rosa's deputy executioner. From his actions, now that Uncle Harry was dead, there was no appeal.

As time went on and the memory of Papa and Mamma became wholly overlaid by the unpleasant task of writing them letters, under Aunty Rosa's eye, each Sunday, Black Sheep forgot what manner of life he had led in the beginning of things. Even Judy's appeals to "try and remember about Bombay" failed to quicken him.

"I can't remember," he said. "I know I used to give orders and Mamma kissed me."

"Aunty Rosa will kiss you if you are good," pleaded Judy.

"Ugh! I don't want to be kissed by Aunty Rosa. She'd say I was doing it to get something more to eat."

Just before the holidays Black Sheep fell into deadly sin. Among the many boys whom Harry had incited to "punch Black Sheep's head because he daren't hit back," was one more aggravating than the rest, who, in an unlucky moment, fell upon Black Sheep when Harry was not near. The blows stung, and Black Sheep struck back at random with all the power at his command. The boy dropped and whimpered. Black Sheep was astounded at his own act, but, feeling the unresisting body under him, shook it with both his hands in blind fury and then began to throttle his enemy, meaning honestly to slay him. There was a scuffle, and Black Sheep was torn off the body by Harry and some colleagues, and cuffed home tingling but exultant. Aunty Rosa was out: pending her arrival, Harry set himself to lecture Black Sheep on the sin of murder.

"Why didn't you fight him fair? What did you hit him when he was down for, you little cur?"

Black Sheep looked up at Harry's throat and then at a knife on the dinner table.

"I don't understand," he said wearily. "You always set him on me and told me I was a coward when I blubbed. Will you leave me alone until Aunty Rosa comes in? She'll beat me, so it's all right."

"It's all wrong," said Harry magisterially. "You nearly killed him, and if he dies you'll be hanged, and go to Hell."

"All right," said Black Sheep, picking up the table knife. "Then I'll kill *you* now. You never leave me alone — and I don't care *what* happens!"

He ran at the boy with the knife, and Harry fled, promising Black Sheep the finest thrashing in the world when Aunty Rosa returned.

Black Sheep sat at the bottom of the stairs, the table knife in his hand, and wept for that he had not killed Harry. The servant girl came up from the kitchen, took the knife away, and consoled him. But Black Sheep was beyond consolation. He would be badly beaten by Aunty Rosa; then there would be another beating at Harry's hands; then Judy would not be allowed to speak to him; then the tale would be told at school —

There was no one to help, and the best way out of the business was by death. Aunty Rosa had told him, a year ago, that if he sucked paint he would die. He went into the nursery, unearthed the now disused Noah's Ark, and sucked the paint off as many animals as remained. He had licked them clean by the time Aunty Rosa and Judy returned. He went upstairs and greeted them with: "Please, Aunty Rosa, I've nearly killed a boy at school, and I've tried to kill Harry, and when you've done all about God and Hell, will you beat me and get it over?"

The tale of the assault as told by Harry could only be explained on the ground of possession by the Devil. Wherefore Black Sheep was not only most excellently beaten, once by Aunty Rosa and once, when thoroughly cowed down, by Harry, but he was further prayed for at family prayers. Black Sheep was sore and stiff but triumphant. He would die that very night and be rid of them all. No, he would ask for no forgiveness from Harry at bedtime.

"I've been beaten," said he, "and I don't care what I do. If you speak to me tonight, Harry, I'll get out and try to kill you."

Harry took his bed into the spare room, and Black Sheep lay down to die.

It may be that the makers of Noah's Arks know that their animals are likely to find their way into young mouths, and paint them accordingly. Certain it is that the common, weary next morning broke through the windows and found Black Sheep quite well and a good deal ashamed of himself.

When he descended to breakfast on the first day of the holidays, he was greeted with the news that Harry, Aunty Rosa, and Judy were going away to Brighton, while Black Sheep was to stay in the house with the servant. His latest outbreak suited Aunty Rosa's plans admirably. It gave her good excuse for leaving the extra boy behind. Papa in Bombay had sent a package of new books. And with these, and the society of Jane, Black Sheep was left alone for a month.

The books were eaten quickly in long gulps of 12 hours at a time. Jane made many friends, and, after receiving Black Sheep's assurance that he would not tell of her absences, went out daily for long hours. Black Sheep would read until all the house was gray dark, and then run down to the kitchen fire and read by its light. He was happy in that he was left alone and could read as much as he pleased. But, later, he grew afraid of the shadows of window curtains and the flapping of doors and the creaking of shutters.

He was glad when they all returned — Aunty Rosa, Harry, and Judy — full of news, and Judy laden with gifts.

Then the old life recommenced; but with a difference, and a new sin. To

his other iniquities Black Sheep had now added a phenomenal clumsiness — was as unfit to trust in action as he was in word. He himself could not account for spilling everything he touched, upsetting glasses as he put his hand out, and bumping his head against doors that were manifestly shut. There was a gray haze upon all his world, and it narrowed month by month, until at last it left Black Sheep almost alone with the flapping curtains that were so like ghosts.

The weeks were interminable, and Papa and Mamma were clean forgotten. Harry had left school and was a clerk in a Banking Office. Freed from his presence, Black Sheep resolved that he should no longer be deprived of his allowance of pleasure-reading. Consequently when he failed at school he reported that all was well, and conceived a large contempt for Aunty Rosa as he saw how easy it was to deceive her.

But it grew monthly more and more of a trouble to read the schoolbooks, and even the pages of the open-print storybooks danced and were dim. Then the crash came. Aunty Rosa made personal inquiries as to Black Sheep's progress and received information that startled her. Step by step, with a delight as keen as when she convicted an underfed housemaid of the theft of cold meats, she followed the trail of Black Sheep's delinquencies. For weeks he had made a fool of Aunty Rosa. Horrible, and evidence of an utterly depraved mind!

For three days Black Sheep was shut in his own bedroom — to prepare his heart. Then he was thrashed by Aunty Rosa, and a placard saying "Liar" was produced. Aunty Rosa stitched it between his shoulders and bade him go for a walk with it upon him.

"If you make me do that," said Black Sheep very quietly, "I shall burn this house down, and perhaps I'll kill you. I don't know whether I *can* kill you — you're so bony — but I'll try."

No punishment followed this blasphemy. Perhaps Aunty Rosa was afraid, for Black Sheep, having reached the Nadir of Sin, bore himself with a new recklessness.

In the midst of all the trouble there came a visitor from over the seas, who knew Papa and Mamma, and was commissioned to see Punch and Judy. Black Sheep was sent to the drawing-room and charged into a solid tea-table laden with china.

"Gently, gently, little man," said the visitor, turning Black Sheep's face to the light slowly. "What's that big bird on the palings?"

"What bird?" asked Black Sheep.

The visitor looked deep down into Black Sheep's eyes for half a minute, and then said suddenly: "Good God, the little chap's nearly blind!"

It was a most businesslike visitor. He gave orders, on his own responsibility, that Black Sheep was not to go to school or open a book until Mamma came home. "She'll be here in three weeks," said he.

Mamma was coming. There was a chance, then, of another beating. Thank Heaven, Papa wasn't coming too. Aunty Rosa had said of late that he ought to be beaten by a man.

For the next three weeks Black Sheep spent his time in the old nursery looking at the broken toys, for all of

which account must be rendered to Mamma. Aunty Rosa hit him over the hands if even a wooden boat were broken.

Then Mamma came — in a four-wheeler — fluttered with tender excitement. Such a Mamma! She was young, frivolously young, and beautiful, with delicately flushed cheeks, eyes that shone like stars, and a voice that needed no appeal of outstretched arms to draw little ones to her heart. Judy ran straight to her, but Black Sheep hesitated. Could this wonder be "showing off"? She would not put out her arms when she knew of his crimes. Aunty Rosa withdrew and left Mamma, kneeling between her children, half laughing, half crying, in the very hall where Punch and Judy had wept five years before.

"Well, chicks, do you remember me?"

"No," said Judy frankly, "but I said, 'God bless Papa and Mamma,' ev'vy night."

"A little," said Black Sheep. "Remember I wrote to you every week, anyhow. That isn't to show off, but 'cause of what comes afterwards."

"What comes after? What should come after, my darling boy?" And she drew him to her again. He came awkwardly, with many angles. "Not used to petting," said the quick mother-soul. "The girl is."

There was a constrained late dinner, at the end of which Mamma picked up Judy and put her to bed with endearments manifold. Faithless little Judy had shown her defection from Aunty Rosa already. And that lady resented it bitterly. Black Sheep rose to leave the room.

"Come and say good night," said Aunty Rosa, offering a withered cheek.

"Huh!" said Black Sheep. "I never kiss you, and I'm not going to show off. Tell that woman what I've done, and see what she says."

Black Sheep climbed into bed feeling that he had lost Heaven after a glimpse through the gates. In half an hour "that woman" was bending over him. Black Sheep flung up his right arm. It wasn't fair to come and hit him in the dark. Even Aunty Rosa never tried that. But no blow followed.

"I won't tell you anything more than Aunty Rosa has," said Black Sheep as clearly as he could for the arms round his neck.

"Oh, my son — my little, little son! Don't talk like that." Two hot tears fell on Black Sheep's forehead. "Try to love me a little bit — a little bit. Punch-*baba*, come back to me!"

It is astonishing how much petting a big boy often can endure when no one laughs at him. Black Sheep had never been made much of before, and here was this beautiful woman treating him — Black Sheep, the Child of the Devil and the inheritor of undying flame — as though he were a small god.

"I care for you a great deal, Mother dear," he whispered at last, "and I'm glad you've come back: but are you sure Aunty Rosa told you everything?"

"Everything. What *does* it matter? Oh! Punch —" the voice broke with a sob that was also laughter — "my poor, dear, half-blind darling —"

Mamma slipped away in the darkness to write a long letter to Papa. Here is an extract:

> . . . Judy is a dear, plump little prig who adores the woman. She will

come to me at once. Punch I cannot quite understand. He is well nourished, but seems to have been worried into a system of small deceptions which the woman magnifies into deadly sins. I shall win Punch to me before long. I am taking the children away into the country to get them to know me, and, on the whole, I am content, or shall be when you come home, dear boy, and then, thank God, we shall be all under one roof again at last!

Three months later, Punch, no longer Black Sheep, has discovered that he is the veritable owner of a real, live, lovely Mamma, and that he must protect her till the Father comes home. "We are just as much Mother's as if she had never gone," he says.

Not altogether, O Punch, for when young lips have drunk deep of the bitter waters of Hate, Suspicion, and Despair, all the Love in the world will not wholly take away that knowledge.

In his recently published autobiography Rudyard Kipling records that the "House of Desolation," in which he spent six childhood years, stood on the outskirts of Southsea; that he was beaten incessantly by the "Woman" and the "Devil-Boy"; that he was sent to school through the streets of the town with the placard "Liar" between his shoulders, and segregated from his sister "as a sort of moral leper."

"At length a man came to see me and reported that I was half-blind. Soon my mother returned from India. She told me afterwards that when she first came to my room to kiss me good night, I flung up an arm to guard off the cuff that I had been trained to expect."

❖

Madame Bernhardt had a subtle sense of humor. Shortly after recovering from the amputation of her leg, she received a cable from the manager of the Pan-American Exposition at San Francisco. He had the temerity to ask permission to exhibit her leg at the Exposition, offering her $100,000. She cabled back only two words: "Which leg?" That ended the matter.

— *Daniel Frohman Presents: An Autobiography* (Kendall)

❖

Recently a squad of London Bobbies was sent out to keep order where an agitator was trying to excite a crowd. With them they took a football and began to kick it around the park where the agitator talked. His listeners began to drop away to watch the play. "Come on," challenged the police. The crowd formed a team to oppose the Bobbies. And so faded one more threatened incident. — Frederick Simpich

Reader's Choice

Outstanding Articles in the General Magazines for April

The American Magazine

WILD BULL OF MANHATTAN, by William Seabrook — A day of boundless activity with the Mayor of New York reveals the character and quirks of one of the most interesting political figures in the country, Fiorello LaGuardia.

WE GO OFF RELIEF, Anonymous — How a wife restored her husband's morale by forcing him to take a job he considered beneath him.

LOOK BEFORE YOU CRASH, by Olive H. Rabe — Be sure you know what is in your automobile insurance policy before you let the children drive, lend your car to someone, or hitch on a trailer. An expert points out some of the peculiarities of auto insurance.

THE MEANEST MAN I EVER KNEW, by J. Edgar Hoover — George Barrett, Kentucky killer, diamond and car thief, bragged that he could cheat the gallows, but he ran afoul of the G-Men.

ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER, by Henry F. Pringle — Air conditioning has ceased to be a novelty in industry and is rapidly becoming available for modest homes.

MODEL JOBS, by Thomas Sugrue — Those fascinating anonymous girls you see in the ads, interviewed by Mr. Sugrue, gave the *American* editorial offices an entertaining day.

HOW WE'LL GET THE LUSITANIA'S GOLD, by Captain John D. Craig — A new attempt to reach the tragic liner will be made in May, and the famous deep-sea diver here tells how, with newly-invented diving dress, he expects to succeed and even broadcast the story from the ocean floor.

A NEW STAR IN THE UNION? by Webb Waldron — The alien menace in Hawaii is exaggerated and the people of the islands are ready for statehood, declares this writer after extensive personal investigation. He cites the arguments pro and con and finds the Army and Navy the chief dissenters.

101 WAYS TO CATCH A FISH, by George Greenfield — Advice for the army of fresh-water anglers by an expert who knows what attracts the fishy eye, and what conditions make tall tales come true.

The American Mercury

REVOLUTION IN MICHIGAN, by Gordon Carroll — The tactics used by leaders in the General Motors strike come dangerously close to those which brought about fascism and communism in other countries, according to this author's diagnosis.

I BELIEVE IN THE DOUBLE STANDARD, by A Wife — Competition is the spice of life to this unjealous wife, who says she holds her husband by leaving him free.

YOU CAN'T BE UNLUCKY, by Channing Pollock — Success is not won by luck, nor riches by "getting the breaks," says this playwright who cites cases to show that people make their own luck.

ONE HUNDRED PERCENT AMERICAN, by Ralph Linton — An amusing array of the foreign influences which beat upon the patriot every day that he thanks a Hebrew God in an Indo-European language that

he lives in a land named after an Italian explorer.

THE HORSE-AND-BUGGY FARMER, by Frank Money — The New England farmer stands his ground, receiving little bounty from the government, and regards farming as a way of life, not as a speculative business.

SYPHILIS: MRS. GRUNDY'S DISEASE, by Anthony M. Turano — Again the importance of combatting the dread disease is presented, with special emphasis on the hypocritical moral and legal aspects of the present situation.

AUTOPSY ON CHICAGO, by J. H. Oppenheim — Why Chicago has never lived up to its enthusiastic advance advertising as a literary and cultural center.

FORUM and Century

A PRIEST WARNS THE CHURCH, by Peter Whiffin — A Catholic priest adjures his superiors and his colleagues to stop blaming communism for the decline in religion and to look into their own hearts for the reasons why the poor no longer ring their doorbells.

HERO HUNTERS, by Ernest Poole — The story of the Carnegie Hero Fund and deeds of valor in all walks of life.

THE D.A.R. SEES RED, by Margaret Payne Dutton — A potential member, visiting the D.A.R. headquarters in Washington, finds its patriotism so garbled and its militarism and heresy-hunting so repulsive that she does not join.

THE CAUSES OF THE COMING WAR, by Emil Ludwig — Germany's revolt against freedom and desire for revenge, combined with England's failure to arm and France's unwillingness to fight, have caused the serious situation which makes war seem inevitable.

IS THE FAMILY DOOMED? by John Hodgson Bradley — Despite the alarm of the moralist, the evolution of sex points not to the degradation of the family but toward a more closely knit family unit.

TEMPEST IN A LOOKING GLASS, by James Thurber — Mr. Thurber takes the psychiatrist who berated *Alice in Wonderland* for a satirical ride through the folk tales of all lands.

DIXIE NEEDS NO COTTON PICKER, by James S. Bealle — Some 2500 mechanical cotton pickers, many of them practical, have been invented in the past 75 years, but because of the peculiar economy of the Southern cotton farmer none has succeeded commercially. The new Rust invention is placed in the same category.

WHY I DON'T TELL MY AGE, by Della T. Lutes — Not even with friends should one's age be discussed, says an author who believes one should live as if time didn't exist.

Harpers MAGAZINE

THE IDEA OF A WORLD ENCYCLOPEDIA, by H. G. Wells — Civilization has bungled its opportunities because it does not take advantage of available knowledge, scattered in hundreds of books and treatises. Mr. Wells sketches a plan for the collection of facts by a worldwide organization, which can profoundly influence the lives of men.

YOUR CIVIL — AND UNCIVIL — SERVANTS, by one of them — A customs inspector

says the public isn't so polite, either. He cites conditions under which customs men work, and pleads for a civil service which will encourage intelligence and initiative.

EXIT THE MONROE DOCTRINE, by Hubert Herring — The significance of the Inter-American Conference at Buenos Aires.

CHEMICAL FOUNDATIONS OF MIND, by George W. Gray — Recent experiments in the metabolism and electric currents of the brain and in the effect of endocrine glands reveal the chemist as an important ally of the neurologist and psychiatrist.

WHO ARE THE AMERICAN IMMORTALS, by Dumas Malone — The editor of the *Dictionary of American Biography* selects a list of 40 American immortals.

ENGLAND TURNS A CORNER, by Elmer Davis — Realizing how spotty her recovery has been and how her prestige in international affairs has suffered, England now faces reality and begins to act.

BETTER DAYS FOR MUSIC, by John Tasker Howard — Concert halls are filled because radio has created a new audience and amateur musicians have increased.

OFFICE MORALE AND CHINESE DEVILS, by Carl Crow — Amusing adventures of an advertising man in Shanghai with his Chinese office force.

CAN THE SCHOOLS SAVE DEMOCRACY? by Avis D. Carlson — Facts to be faced if the schools are really to teach boys and girls to be good citizens.

Hearst's International Cosmopolitan

CAREERS AFTER 40, by Walter B. Pitkin — The author of *Life Begins at Forty* cites many cases of those who have achieved success late in life, and suggests how to make a new career.

SABA: ISLE OF WOMEN, by Talcott Powell — The little Dutch island in the Caribbean, practically unknown to tourists, where the machine age is only hearsay, poverty is unknown, and women rule.

HISTORY WHILE YOU WAIT, by Gilbert Seldes — As we read our papers and go about our daily tasks, we are everywhere challenged by events which will loom large in the history books of the future.

FAREWELL TO SPORTS, by Paul Gallico — Adventures of a sports writer who boxed with Dempsey, rode with Gar Wood, slid down an Alp, and tried all the sports he wrote about.

HOW I HELD MY HUSBAND, as told to Dorothy Giles — She found out where her husband got his ideas about women, and acted accordingly.

Scribner's

OH, ENGLAND! FULL OF SIN, by Robert J. Casey — The British are a strange race, about evenly divided between murderers, victims, and Scotland Yard men, according to the discoveries of a chronic reader of English detective stories.

THE NEWSREELS, by Thomas Sugrue — Their history and social importance.

FANTASIA, by Bergen Evans — An analysis of movie fan mail, revealing the loneliness of modern life.

EAST-TO-WEST: JAPAN, by George Brandt — The first of a series of travel articles by a leisurely globe-trotter.

LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES: HAIL, HELL AND FAREWELL, by Tom S. Elrod — Hell did a lot of good and this writer, for one, is sorry to see it banished.

OUR HYPNOTIZED WORLD, by V. F. Calverton — Mass hypnotism is held responsible for hysterical nationalism and dictatorships.

Among Those Present

James Truslow Adams (p. 1), recently appointed editor-in-chief of a board which will prepare a *Dictionary of American History*, is the winner of a Pulitzer Prize in history, and is one of America's most distinguished historians. Allan Nevins, Professor of American History at Columbia University, has appraised his book, *The Epic of America*, as "the best single volume of American history in existence."

Founder, together with a group of other revolutionary writers and artists, of the famous radical weekly *The Masses*, and for five years its editor and manager, ***Max Eastman*** (p. 61) is of American background and extraction, both his mother and father being Congregational ministers. He has taught philosophy at Columbia, and is author of more than a dozen books — poetry, fiction, literary criticism, and political philosophy — including *Enjoyment of Poetry*, which is used as a text in many schools and colleges, and his *Enjoyment of Laughter*, which was published last year and is still a popular seller. He has translated a number of books from the Russian, including Trotsky's *History of the Russian Revolution*.

James Montgomery Flagg (p. 11) has been drawing for *Judge* and the original *Life* since 1892, and for more than a quarter of a century has been one of America's best-known magazine illustrators. Among authors it became sufficient indication of the caliber of a story to say that it was "illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg." During the war Mr. Flagg was appointed military artist for New York, and designed 45 posters.

Dr. Thomas Parran (p. 21), who was last year appointed Surgeon General of the U. S. Public Health Service, is 43 years old and a native of St. Leonard, Md. At the time of his appointment he had been for six years Commissioner of Health for the State of New York; and prior to that, was Assistant Surgeon General of the U. S. Public Health Service in charge of Venereal Diseases. Dr. Parran's book, *Shadow on the Land: Syphilis*, will cover in a more extensive way the subject on which he has already written two articles for The Reader's Digest.

Fifty-year-old ***William Seabrook*** (p. 7), a confirmed wanderer, has for years been writing such popular travel books as *The Magic Island*, *Jungle Ways*, and *Air Adventure*. An extensive quotation from his best seller, *Asylum*, appeared in The Reader's Digest for December, 1935.

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The Reader's Digest

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Sixteenth Year MAY 1937 Vol. 30, No. 181

¶ A daughter speaks up about divorce

I Have Four Parents

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post

Anonymous

I CAME BACK to mother's apartment last fall, after spending two months with dad. While I was unpacking in the room which is mine half the time and the guest room the other half, I showed mother my divine new evening dress. I think it's the most becoming one I've ever had. She thought so too; I could see her expression in the mirror. But just as she was about to say so, a suspicious look that I know all too well came over her face.

"Did Grace pick that out?" she demanded.

I had to admit that Grace, dad's wife, had been with me when I bought it; I added truthfully, "But I chose it myself. Don't you adore it?"

Mother said, "I should think even Grace would know it's far too old for a girl of 18."

I might have reminded her of the practically identical black net job she almost bought me, but didn't buy only because I was going to dad's before long and it was his duty, she said, to provide my clothes while I was with him. I did not argue, however. If your time is divided between two parents, each of whom has married a second time, you soon learn the futility of argument. I only regretted having told the truth.

"We'll go shopping tomorrow," mother said, "and try to find something that's suitable for you. Grace seems to have as little taste in your clothes as in her own . . .

I'm not criticizing her, Joan — when you raise your eyebrows like that you look just like your father! — it probably isn't her fault that she has no sense of what's appropriate. She may have other good qualities which are more important. I hope so, for your sake."

I didn't need to listen to the rest of the record, for I know it by heart. It goes like this: My father and mother are both, thank goodness, civilized people. They had a civilized, friendly divorce. They bear no ill will toward each other, nor toward the person the other married. That's what they say. But —

Last winter, when I went to stay with dad, he asked where I'd got the new fur sports coat. I told him it had been a present from Bill — mother's husband — so the next day dad bought me a second fur sports coat, although I needed an evening wrap more. Due to the same principle, I had two coming-out parties. Mother had said she couldn't afford anything but a tea. Then dad and Grace gave a marvelous party for me in the country; so later mother had a dinner dance in town, regardless of cost. Bill urged her to do it, too. He said, "Joan's father isn't going to get away with that," just as if dad had meant my party as a personal affront to Bill.

I honestly think Grace and Bill are genuinely fond of me as an individual. But having a child of a former marriage in a new household is an inconvenience. Even when parents are living peaceably together there are times when they find their offspring a nuisance; and when the blood tie is lacking, these times occur more frequently.

For instance, the year I was 14, mother wanted me to go to boarding school. Dad opposed it, charging in my presence that the reason mother wanted to send me away was so she and Bill could have a freer winter. And his manner made plain that the real reason he was against it was to prevent this freedom.

Nevertheless, I was duly entered, and at the end of September I went to mother's in town to get ready. Mother said I didn't look at all well, but each of my parents always says that when I've been with the other. She was furious when, the day before I was to leave for school, I developed whooping cough — furious at Grace and dad. She acted as if they had deliberately inoculated me with the disease so she would have the trouble of taking care of me.

She did take every possible care of me; she couldn't have been sweeter. Yet I felt terribly in the way, because Bill had planned to take her abroad with him on a business trip. Bill urged her to go,

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(The Saturday Evening Post, February 6, '37)

anyway; to send me back to dad's to recuperate. Mother refused to do this, and Bill intimated that he occupied a distinctly secondary place in her affections.

He reminded her that she had done more than her share, anyway, in being responsible for me. At the time of the divorce, when I was 11, dad lived in the country and mother in New York. So they decided that it would be better for me to stay at mother's while I was attending school, and spend most of my holidays with dad. Which, as Grace said, meant that she and dad were tied down all summer. And, as Bill pointed out, left mother holding the bag an undue proportion of the time.

After I was in boarding school, my vacations were meticulously halved. And this didn't work very well. For one thing, as I have said, the room which was called mine was used in my absence as a guest room, so when I was there it couldn't be occupied by any other visitor. And visitor is what I actually was, although all four parents would indignantly deny it.

Nothing made me more aware that I wasn't an integral part of either household than Grace's formula for answering invitations. She would say, with more than a hint of nobility, "Joan is staying with us now; unless the dear child has some plans of her own, we wouldn't, of course, want to leave her."

The situation is a little different at mother's. She never dares decline invitations that Bill wants to accept, even though she's promised to do something with me at that time. For Bill's jealousy of the attention she pays me is intensified by his jealousy of that earlier marriage, of which I am such a tangible reminder. The occasions when mother gives up some personal pleasure in order to contribute to my pleasure are concealed, if possible, from Bill, just as dad keeps secret from Grace the extra checks he gives me from time to time.

Naturally, I have to play my part in these conspiracies. In fact, the gift of silence is probably the most outstanding trait a child of divorced parents acquires. Sheer self-protection makes me avoid all argument with my stepparents about even the most trivial matters. If I differ with them about even a football game or a movie actor, they are apt to take a superior "grown-up-knows-best" attitude. My real parents dare not take my part; to do so would precipitate a scene of domestic discord, and each tries hard to preserve, before me, the myth that the second marriage is ideally happy.

I learned my lesson early after the divorce about the danger of mentioning anything concerning one parent to the other. As soon as mother came back from Reno, she asked me who had been at

dad's house while she was away, and I, naturally, told her. The next time I saw dad, he inquired what mother was doing in the new apartment, and I said she was having a very good time and going out a lot.

Shortly after, when mother and dad met to settle certain details connected with their "civilized, friendly divorce," recriminations started, and each one used some harmless thing I'd said as a basis for criticism. Then each separately lectured me severely about carrying tales. Curiously, neither has ever stopped asking me questions about the other, but I've become adept in evading answering. Mother said just the other day, after she'd tried in vain to find out whether Grace was truly popular with dad's and mother's old friends, "Really, Joan, you're the most unobserving child I ever saw!"

My parents would be horrified if I suggested that they made me bear the brunt of their resentments toward each other. Each would deny any resentment, in the first place; each would affirm, "Joan's happiness always comes first." In this they would be sincere but self-deceived. I don't know about all divorces, but I do know that in my parents' divorce, and those of the parents of some of my friends, there is a residue of bitterness of which the child is the victim.

Take the relatively unimportant subject of inherited traits. If one's family is united, and one's father says, "You look just the way your mother did at your age," it is the highest compliment. But when dad says to me, "Your chin is exactly like your mother's," I know he's annoyed with me. Mother expresses her ultimate disapproval by, "Joan, you get more and more like your father every day!"

My stepparents sometimes cross-examine me, too, but this is rather pathetic, for each one wants to be told that the second marriage is a tremendous improvement over the first. The fact that I may not care to discuss my parents, nor be interested in proving this theory, doesn't seem to occur to them.

My parents' interest in my stepparents is more amusing. Mother cannot reconcile herself to Grace's being five years younger than she is. She, therefore, dwells on Grace's tendency to plumpness. Whenever I return from dad's, mother will say, "Is Grace still dieting?" If I answer, "Yes," mother will take this as proof that Grace is terribly overweight. If "No," mother will declare it's shocking that Grace lets herself go the way she does.

With dad, it's Bill's professional success which is disturbing. At the time of mother's remarriage, dad said he was deeply sorry for her

sake that she'd chosen a man who would never amount to anything. Now that Bill's done so extremely well, dad can't patronize him on that score, so he has to be content with vague rumors, always anonymous, that Bill lost a good deal in the stock market or that Bill's employes consider him tyrannical.

One query which each parent occasionally asks about the other upsets me terribly. It happened last when mother was quite seriously ill. Dad sent some flowers to her by me, and he said, "Joan, do you think your mother is happier now than she used to be when we were together?"

I did my best to be tactful — to imply that their marriage had been perfect, but that the divorce was fine too.

My diplomacy is not reserved for serious affairs alone. Just after I'd got back to mother's, a boy I didn't like began calling me up sixty times a day, and nothing I said could stop him. In desperation, I mentioned casually to mother that he lives near dad. She immediately assumed that dad was encouraging his attentions. So, the next time he telephoned, mother answered and was so icily firm about Joan's being busy for the next month that the calls stopped.

On the other hand, I carefully concealed from dad that a boy I hoped to see often while staying with him was someone Bill and mother also liked. I let him assume that mother had frowned on my seeing him. And it worked like a charm.

In the realm of friendships I have benefited greatly by my experiences with my several parents. At school I adjusted myself easily to my roommates, including those who were notoriously hard to get along with. I never committed the unforgivable sin of repeating confidences or gossip. The girls' parents liked me too. They encouraged their daughters to ask me for long visits; they'd say, "Joan is no trouble; you'd scarcely know she was in the house."

And they believed I had a good influence upon my contemporaries because I have an exaggerated preference for peace, as opposed to quarreling.

As to marriage, I can only hope that I'll have the sense to put into practice the theories I've formed after close observation of three households. Only sometimes I'm afraid I'll just rush out and marry the first man I find who can promise me a home that's my very own.

And especially a room of my own that's never, never used for guests.

Accent on Youth

Condensed from Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan

Gelett Burgess
Author of "The Bromide and Other Theories," "Too Good Looking," etc.

A CHANCE remark led me to discover a practical technique of youthfulness. Someone had praised one of my books, and a friend said: "Oh, yes, I know. But to me he's just Gelett, making little nervous circles with his forefinger."

Well, the remark hurt, but it took me years to correct that habit. Meanwhile, I went abroad to live. When I returned 11 years later I was shocked to find that most of my friends seemed much older than I had expected; I wasn't prepared for their loss of personality. They seemed to have become negative, to have accepted old age passively. Almost all of them should have seemed more youthful. Youth itself passes; but youthfulness, the constant renewal of life, is possible up to an advanced age.

It's our laxities of *behavior*, the little careless mannerisms and nervous movements that make us appear older than our years. They increase until a lot of minor actions become almost mechanical. We slump and sprawl; we scratch our heads; we forget our table manners. And in our egoism we don't realize how we appear to others.

All such unconscious habits suggest the laxity of old age, often being more indicative than the ravages of the years. Crow's-feet don't make you seem nearly so old as does cocking your head on one side, or rubbing your hands together like a grandsire. I don't say that a pretty girl is an old lady because she unconsciously bites her beads; but she will be an old lady long before the girl who consciously controls her acts. This is true of any person who indulges in face feeling in all its horrid forms — ear-pulling, cheek-stroking, chin-rubbing.

Other uncontrolled movements of the hands are too numerous to catalogue. Your feet are favorite playthings, too. Can you swear that, seated with your legs crossed, you never let a slipper dangle from your toe while reading, nor describe slow circles with your foot?

The way some persons enunciate the single word "*No!*" often brings out the most incredible facial writhings. And how many people do you know who have a

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This article forms a part of Mr. Burgess' forthcoming book, "Look Eleven Years Younger," soon to be published by Simon & Schuster.

continual grin? An ironic, subconscious Satan seems to have tied up their faces with a smirk for eternity. No one is happy *all* the time. Youth smiles only when it feels like smiling. The perpetual smile of Age is a mere mask.

Gestures of youth are spontaneous, clean-cut. But watch an old man smoking a cigar. Mark his slow, precise motions as he puts it to his lips, as he puffs. He doesn't realize that he has slowed up, that the elasticity is going out of him and his body has become mechanical.

And watch posture. Old Wenderley at the club lowers himself into his chair like a 10-ton safe; then he slumps down on his curved spine as if he were half melted. A young person may lean forward with his elbows on his knees or he may throw himself backward with his feet on a table, but the pose has life and expression. Old age's poses suggest weakness or disease.

And now watch old Wenderley get up. He grips the arms of his chair (never do that if you wish to seem youthful) and laboriously pushes himself to his feet. Youth flings itself down, jerks itself up. A man or woman of middle age should do neither. If the proper "sit" muscles are used — that is, if one sits erect and holds in the stomach without depending for support upon the back of the chair — one will be graceful and dignified, and that means youthfulness.

Every one of us has within a secret antagonist who is constantly whispering, "Take it easy. Do what you want to do. Be comfortable."

As the years go by, one of the first things to go with them usually is the voice. So, to anyone who feels he is growing old and wishes to appear younger, I should say, "*Speak out loud.*" Move your lips; get some life into your voice. And if you do nothing else with your voice, do take the whine out of it. That peevish nasal twang is the most characteristic feature of "crabbed old age."

Many Hollywood stars fill their bedrooms with big mirrors. They see their errors constantly reflected and correct them on the spot. They walk with their feet parallel; they pull in their stomachs and straighten their backs. In short, they control themselves. And *that* is what is meant by the Accent on Youth.

But let me warn you, don't try to act. You can't be young, you know, by being frisky and flirtatious. The gay old dog and the kittenish old maid try to be jaunty. That is only being a fool.

What boots it, to spend 15 minutes a day on setting-up drill if you sag and slump the rest of the day? If you will merely stand well, sit well, and walk well all the time you won't need special exercises. I once asked a magnificent retired major general if he did exercises every day. "Why, my dear man,"

he thundered, "I *am* doing them right now!"

Age's face is shadowed with memories. The face of Youth is lighted with expectation. The old say, "I remember when . . ." The young say, "What's the news?" If you wish to be positive, which means youthful, never talk of the past any more than you can help.

A wise old lady once said to me, "When *you* know your age, others won't know it." By that she meant that consciousness of your age should keep you constantly on the alert against senile habits.

When I see a chap full of bad habits and grease spots, I suspect that his wife isn't crazy about him. So don't call your wife a shrew if she nags you not to play with your knife at the table. A happily married couple battling cheerfully over Fred's going around in his stocking feet or Sally's yawning out loud will keep each other toeing the mark so that they will appear years younger than the Smiths who never criticize.

Old age is simply a mass of bad habits. You may not be able to keep your teeth from decaying or your hair from getting thin, but if you keep your zest for today and root out senile mannerisms, if you know just what you are doing all the time, there's no reason why you shouldn't make yourself every day a little more youthful than yesterday.

They used to say that a woman is as old as she looks and a man as old as he feels. I believe they are both as old as they think. When you stop growing mentally you begin to grow old. It is only by continual mental development and discipline that Age can ever hope to compete with Youth.

✣

The Balance of Trade

A SMALL DOG was observed in a Los Angeles newsstand with a placard around his neck announcing that he was For Sale. A patron asked the newsboy what was his price.

"Fifty thousand dollars," said the boy.

"Why that's preposterous," said the patron. "There isn't a dog in the country worth $50,000."

"Fifty thousand dollars is his price," said the boy, "and $50,000 is what I'm going to get for him."

The patron shook his head and went his way. Some weeks later he noticed that the dog was missing.

"Well," he said to the newsboy, "I see you disposed of your dog."

"Oh yes," said the boy.

"Get your price?"

"Yep."

"*Fifty thousand dollars?*"

"Yep. Took in a couple of twenty-five-thousand-dollar cats."

¶ From The New Republic

The Contagion of Savagery

Marshal Rodolfo Graziani
Addis Ababa, Italian Ethiopia

SIR: I have been reading about the recent attempt on your life in Addis Ababa and also about what was done to the Ethiopians in reprisal. To be sure, no one knows exactly what did happen, since the censorship in Ethiopia is even more complete than that in Italy itself. There seems no doubt, however, that at least 1600 Ethiopians were put to death, to the accompaniment of wide-spread terrorism and torture.

It is quite obvious that many of these 1600 were innocent of any complicity in the attack upon your life and quite possible that all of them were. The rule seems to have been to execute every Ethiopian who was found in possession of firearms. Since a large part of the inhabitants of that country have always supported themselves by hunting and so have firearms, you could about as well have executed the entire population. Every sensible person knows that in fact what you did was to commit murder upon a large enough group to frighten the remainder of the population.

I laid down the newspaper after reading of your pretty little transaction on the ratio of 1600 to one and found myself shaking with cold rage. I discovered that I urgently wished the assassin had been successful and that you, and all the other Italian invaders of Ethiopia, were dead.

That is what I want to complain of. You have done something to me that no human being has the right to do to another. You have taken from me a part of my own spirit. I have been dragged down at least some way toward your own degraded level. I resent deeply the fact that you and the régime you represent have been able to reach out across the sea and make such changes in my inmost self. Moreover, there is the best of reasons to believe that millions of others have been affected in the same way.

In the days before you and others like you came to power, I believed with my whole heart in peace. I held that there was never any dispute between human beings that could not and should not be settled by an appeal to reason. I felt that a resort to arms, even in order to redress a wrong, was a mistake, that it dragged the champion of right down to the level of his adversary, that, in the old saying, there was never a good war.

Today, I find myself shaken in this view. It begins to seem to me that to change you and your kind, to stamp out forever your doctrines and practices, may be worth any sacrifice, however great. I realize the danger that such an effort would make me and my kind more like you and yours, and in the final crisis I have no doubt that I should recoil against my feeling that brutality must be answered with brutality.

But what concerns me now is my state of mind, the fact that you and your masters have forced me into such alien thoughts and feelings. I protest.

— BRUCE BLIVEN

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The Shrine of Each Patriot's Devotion

By

Kathleen Norris

A MILLION Americans are going to Europe this year. And I wish Uncle Sam could stand on every dock and say to his departing family:

"I'm sending you as a special envoy from the greatest country in the world. The folks over there are going to be interested in what you say and do because they want to know what I'm like. Don't throw me down."

Kidnaper headlines, gangster movies, their own inability to come over and see for themselves, and our peculiar conduct when we are on their shores, have given Europeans strange ideas about Americans. Both our strength and our weakness help to belittle us in their eyes.

Our strength because our finer people, when they travel, take great pains never to make themselves unpleasantly conspicuous. They accept the fortunes of the road, discomforts and misunderstandings, with politeness and good nature. They speak several languages, and so avoid the commonest cause of disputes. They return home without ever having impressed anyone with the fact that there is such a thing as a quiet, unpretentious, cultured and intelligent American.

The others, the Americans by whom we are all judged, are possibly well-behaved and quiet folk at home, but abroad they go wild. They shout at anyone whose language baffles them, under the impression that noise is comprehensible even when words are not. They throw money about in a manner insulting to thrifty folk who have been saving pennies for generations. They overtip until they suddenly get mad at the eternal outstretched palm, and then they undertip. They cringe before titles and boast everywhere else. They stream noisily in while sacred services are going on, and chatter in cathedrals. In short, they habitually hurt the feelings of our friends across the water, and hurting feelings is a very serious fault.

They have the delusion that certain great European cities are centers of vice, whirlpools of sin after dark, and that there's "no harm" in taking a look at it. In Paris, Budapest, Berlin, quite respectable Americans, who uphold decency and go on better-movie boards in their home towns, will ask in significant undertones where they can find the lowest forms of night life. If even 1000 of our traveling million this year would shake their heads and smile good-naturedly when these expeditions

to places "where no Americans ever go" are proposed, they would do more for Uncle Sam than an army with banners.

Any American woman, thinking this over, need only consider what her opinion would be of a group of French or German men and women who came to New York and made of her a similar request.

One last plea that Uncle Sam could make might be for loyalty. We are usually ready enough to boast of America. But in subtler more important ways we fail our country. Our most important weapon, that of good manners, with an understanding of our own culture and an intelligent appreciation of what wonders Europe has to offer, we too often forget. For one thing, a European holiday is usually a happy, irresponsible time, and we Americans love to laugh. Joyously getting the party together for the races, joyously scattering ourselves in a restaurant, we call back and forth, exchange comments and jokes, show scant consideration for the other guests.

In mere physical status we have an advantage that too often makes our clumsy puppy humor offensive. Our men are inches taller than the men of Latin countries. No nation's men overtop us. This superiority makes its impression, enforces one more obligation to good manners. This was startlingly brought home to me one summer day when we visited one of the less-known Japanese cities. Walking through the busy little streets, fascinated by what we saw, we found ourselves actually stopping traffic. The shorter girls in the party were taller than the tallest native about them, the rest seemed positively to tower in dazzling white, like beings from another star. The friendly little natives were impressed, they gathered in doorways, staring. Such a party of visitors would have the same effect on Broadway if it averaged eight feet in height, was clad in extravagant white, and spent money in hundred dollar bills. If it behaved rudely and noisily, all the worse for the land from which it came.

Another thing you have to guard against in Europe is the pleasant airy way in which persons who ought to be better informed make untruthful statements about us. The English especially offend in this way, and they do it so briskly and with such an air of friendliness that sometimes it is impossible to pull out the barb without feeling clumsy and heavy of touch, seeing affront where none is intended.

Perhaps none really is intended. Perhaps they are so sure that we are an inferior branch of their great race that they presume it is a conceded point. They know that we have taken our laws from them,

our literary heritage, our social customs. They know that nine out of ten of us like to be mistaken for English folk, and that many of us think culture is something which was invented in Europe and has remained there. So, even while over their own dinner tables they are attempting to involve you in charitable or business investments they will say some light chaffing thing about your nation's worship of the almighty dollar, or indicate that they expect careless speech from you: "Say!" and "I don't guess so," and "Pleased to meechoo." They quote our slang in curious amaze, forgetting that for reverential and incessant use of the colloquial they themselves are in the front rank of offenders. The difference is that the Briton defends his slang and we are ashamed of ours. They dwell upon our weaknesses, our crime and corruption, our low-grade movies, and the diplomatic and government mistakes of long ago.

Our manners are better, and we find it hard to retaliate in kind. It is not natural for an American woman, perhaps his guest at the moment, to remind an Englishman that no city need use our movies against its will. That the kidnaping Black Hand was not originally an American institution, that our most fiendish kidnaper was not American-born and was in the country illegally, that no child's story in England a generation ago was complete without the introduction of kidnaping gypsies.

Nor can we with dignity go on with the perfectly true defense that our scandals are bruited abroad, when many European scandals are not mentioned in the press, because we possess a youthful, artless sort of honesty as a nation. We tell on ourselves. We drag these things into the open for the purpose of exterminating them. Our "*mea maxima culpa!*" rings round the world; we advertise our criminals, our graft, our slums, our commercial cheats, our political errors.

I've never found an invincible defense for this sort of light, kindly banter. But sometimes if one says warningly, pleasantly: "Be careful! I'm an American. You're on thin ice!" the English person will accept it with real pleasure and respect as a hint that there *are* answers, there are other loyalties than his own. And to establish this point of view among our distant cousins is worth while. Admitting all our faults we must come back to this: that we are a people whose first charter deliberately rejected titles and caste. We are a people whose almost violent growth has rendered the entire world breathless and even fearful; a people composed of all the peoples of the world, and so able to develop in every direction

quite naturally, whether it be the music of the Latins, the science of the Nordics, the sports and arts and professions of all the others. And it is this great people that we represent when we go abroad.

To the Europeans living in countries dating back to the days of Charlemagne and the Medicis, we seem still a raw pioneer nation, with a few captured European art treasures stuck up in log cabins here and there at the crossroads. That New York's skyline is a more amazing thing than the Alhambra never occurs to them. They never learn that our supposedly-uncultured people yet have a few fine standards higher than any that the European nations have as yet reached.

For example, even our smallest shops do not alter the prices of articles to meet the supposed wealth of the entering customer. Most European shops do that, especially the small smart shops. They ask twice what they expect to get and if, like myself, you are constitutionally unable to haggle, they will hold you in secret contempt. When the waiter brings change short, and the man of the family looks at it suspiciously, the American woman's impulse is to say hastily: "Oh, take it, George, it isn't much anyway. And you can't make head or tail of what he's saying." Chauffeurs, porters, waiters, maids will take you unaware if they can. A hasty trip through Europe means a hasty passing out of limp grimy paper money on all sides. If you are traveling on a budget, be on guard for the thousand and one small impositions that our American hotel and railway employes would scorn.

And on the social side: if a stranger, properly introduced, and very possibly titled, takes a great interest in you I warn you that he will have a purpose in it. It will not be your intrinsic charm that draws him to you; it will be a rubbishy lot of jewelry that his sister has for sale. He will invite you to her house to dinner, and you will be flattered, for after all they are people of title, and he says he has never liked Americans before. And when you have dined, the real business of the meeting will be abruptly introduced: they are beggars, their servants unpaid, their big house mortgaged. You can have $10,000 worth of jewelry for a paltry $1500.

Nearly everyone you meet over there is going to try to get some of your good hard American money away from you. Do not blame them; they see things that way. Rugs, jewels, linen, art treasures, auctions, charities; titled women invite Americans to their houses solely to sell them. Go if you like, but try to keep your head.

And pay your money out slowly. Think as you handle it. For some strange reason foreign money al-

ways seems less than it is. "Four hundred francs, why that's only $20!" the American woman thinks, and pays it for a purse she could buy on Fifth Avenue for ten. A pleasant day in a train can be completely spoiled by the recollection that one has given the luggage porter a 500-franc note by mistake.

We must remember that our manners will be taken as typical of all our countrymen. That we have to draw for ourselves the delicate line between being noisily and offensively American and being so meek that we leave the impression that we really are a money-mad, ignorant, poor-spirited lot.

Perhaps our best path through this dilemma is the very simple one of dignity — dignified brevity in speech and dignified silence when we do not speak. If we stand when the national anthem is played, say nothing of our country that is not loyal and affectionate, accept reflections on her without protest but yet without that slavish agreement that so many Americans display, we shall go far in this single summer to obliterate impressions that have been many years a-building.

To force them to admire what Americans are rather than what they have, what self-control inspires us not to say, rather than what we loudly assert of ourselves, will be to place the greatest country of all where she belongs in their estimation. And incidentally perhaps in our own.

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Waiting for the Breaks?

MILLIONS of people believe that success is won through that mystical concatenation of circumstances known as "getting the breaks." But of the rigid requirements of labor, patience, perseverance, humility, courage, and initiative, they are ignorant as infants. Edna Ferber summed it up when she said that she receives hundreds of letters from people who want to be writers, but none from people who want to write.

The most reasonable explanation of success I ever saw was in the unconscious irony of a sign that hung in a Fifth Avenue shop in the days of the NRA:

NO ONE IN THIS PLACE WORKS MORE THAN
40 HOURS A WEEK, EXCEPT EXECUTIVES

No one ever got very far by working a 40-hour week. Most of the notable people I know are trying to manage a 40-hour day.

— Channing Pollock in *The American Mercury*

Monday's a Holiday!

By

Henry Morton Robinson

The system of holiday-planning described in this article recommends itself to us as a significant advance in the civilized management of American life, and has our heartiest approval and support. The plan seems feasible, wise and desirable.

(*Signed*)
James Truslow Adams
Margaret Culkin Banning
Bruce Barton
Walter Damrosch
Lloyd C. Douglas
Dorothy Canfield Fisher
Harry Emerson Fosdick
Mrs. Ogden Reid
Booth Tarkington
Deems Taylor
Lowell Thomas
Dorothy Thompson
William Allen White

RIGHTLY, calendar makers mark holidays in a special color; they are bright oases punctuating with a full stop the tedious march of ordinary days. Holidays are to human beings what summer rains are to parched mill-streams — fresheners, invigorators. Why not, therefore, place them where they will do us the most good? The English, wiser than we in the art of living, have arranged matters so that all their holidays (except Christmas, and Boxing Day which immediately follows it) come on a Monday. They take advantage of the normal week-end pause, *add* to it, and are thus enabled to soak up great batches of lounging, outdooring, sleep, travel, or whatever they happen to enjoy. English holidaying is tacitly dedicated to the idea that a true holiday, like a true love affair, must have some length, some *durability* to it — else it ends before it is well begun.

Why we Americans haven't eagerly adopted this highly civilized notion of the "Monday holiday" is an unanswerable mystery. We distribute our holidays so wretchedly among the days of the week — letting them fall like chance fruit from the calendar tree — that their full recreative value is lost. When we *do* get a day off — say a mid-week Memorial Day — we frantically attempt to crowd too much into too short a time; the result is feverish, exhausting, unsatisfactory. Now in contrast to this hectic scurrying, consider the singularly blessed Labor Day week end which always includes a Monday. On this holiday we can spend at least two evenings in the comfortable certainty that we won't have to get

up early the next morning, and have at least two mornings when we wake up luxuriously with a full free day ahead.

If holidays, like fog or lightning, were beyond human control, it might be wisdom to accept the present system. But holidays are, and always have been, movable at the will of the people who (after all) created them. To paraphrase Scripture, holidays exist for man, not man for holidays. The calendar itself is neither immutable nor exempt from change; for centuries men sweated over efforts to fit 12 lunar months into a solar year that is not divisible by 12. To patch up this little astronomical difficulty Julius Caesar boldly invented Leap Year, but under his system the calendar lost time until, by 1582, it was 10 days slow. Whereupon Pope Gregory XIII merely dropped 10 days and decreed a "New Style" time. Until 1752 our American colonies clung to "Old Style" time, which by that date was lagging 11 days behind Pope Gregory's system. Under the calendar in effect at his birth, George Washington was not born on February 22: he was born on February 11!

But, if we really want to confer the benefits of long, leisurely holidays upon ourselves, we need not seek historical precedents; we need only extend a principle already in effect. At present, when a legal holiday falls on a Sunday it is customary to transfer it to the next day, Monday. Now to attain our goal of a long week end, with its benison of relaxation and extra playtime for everyone, all we need do is declare that when certain holidays fall on any other day than Monday, we shall take a full day off the following Monday. In other words we shall be intelligently planting our holidays where they will do us the most good!

But why Monday? Well, Saturday is already a full holiday for some; a half holiday for most people. If we fix upon Monday, everyone will get at least a two-day respite, and many would find themselves with a full three days for pleasuring, freedom or recuperation. And if these aren't the most substantial forms of riches that human beings can acquire, then the whole movement toward the larger leisure is based on fallacy.

Sticklers for ritual may balk at the idea of shifting our holidays to the following Monday. Take Memorial Day, for instance. "Memorial Day can be celebrated only on May 30," declare the traditionalists. Yet even now it is celebrated by certain southern states on April 26, May 10 and June 3. Why not, therefore, commemorate our heroic dead by suitable religious services on the Sunday following May 30, and then have Monday free for hiking, house painting and variegated holiday making?

As for Independence Day, so sacred to patriotic souls, the Declaration of Independence was actually adopted on July 2, not July 4, and was being signed all summer.

Even the holiest of birthdays, Christmas, was celebrated by early Christians on four different dates: January 1, January 6, September 29 and December 25. No one, of course, knows the exact date of Christ's birth, and the churches would actually gain if the sacred character of Christmas could be, like Easter, distinctly observed on Sunday, leaving Monday free for easement of the soul.

It is not necessary, however, to disturb Christmas. There still remain numerous other holidays. I am thinking now of Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays, July 4, Memorial Day, Columbus Day (now a legal holiday in 35 states), Thanksgiving and Election Day. In our present observance of these days we bow to that irresponsible autocrat the calendar, which sometimes is gracious enough to toss us a serviceable Monday, but oftener strands us in the middle of the week. I maintain that we are being wantonly stupid when we let these holidays fall at random and neglect to plan their occurrence so that they can be put to the maximum enjoyment.

The legislative stamp of approval upon the Monday holiday can be quite simply obtained. The steps required to enact a holiday law would be no more complicated or difficult than the Daylight Saving bills that are passed by our assemblies every year. The Federal Government can declare a legal holiday only in the District of Columbia, the Territories, and its own offices everywhere. Therefore we shall need a Federal Holiday Law and similar state laws. Such laws would declare, in essence, that the Monday following certain major holidays (rather than the holiday itself) shall have public observance.

It is difficult to imagine who would seriously oppose such legislation. Merchants would not object, for a mid-week holiday disrupts a business organization; farmers would not be inconvenienced as they now are, when, under Daylight Saving, they rise in darkness. Without question, public opinion would marshal itself stoutly behind the idea; the people will naturally welcome any proposal that frees them, for two or three days at a time, from the routine and nervous tension of modern life. Within three months after the passage of the law we shall all be wondering why we ever tolerated a system of piecemeal holidays. Less fortunate nations will envy our joyous Mondays, and we ourselves shall point to them as a step nearer the yet more bountiful life that inflames the imaginations of Americans.

Zoos—More Humane Than You Think

Condensed from Scientific American

Wilson Chamberlain

RECENTLY an animal lover excitedly told the director of a large zoo that a polar bear had evidently gone mad. The creature was pacing up and down endlessly within a self-imposed limit of five or six feet, apparently too listless even to lift its great paws, which it kept sliding along. But the director only smiled.

"Don't worry," he said. "All polar bears do that from time to time. It's instinct. They think they're on a slippery ice floe and are being careful not to go too near the edge."

The actions of other animals in captivity are often similarly misunderstood. When brown bears, for example, stand for hours just lifting one paw and then the other, they are merely following an age-old custom of padding down the snow. And it's not fleas that make the monkeys scour each other so intently, but a passion for salt which they remove bit by bit from scaly skin, plus an innate vanity for grooming. Actually, few monkeys have parasites.

Don't think that the mere keeping of wild animals in captivity is cruel. The birds you pity in a two-foot cage live much longer than if they were free; and if their cages were larger, they might break their wings. The fox deprived of its freedom to run may make you indignant; but a fox runs primarily to track food and escape danger: when well-fed and at peace, it does not stray from its lair. Elephants like to be chained; otherwise, lacking a feeling of security, they'd trumpet all night in fear. Understanding this, native keepers in India fashion a chain of straw for each of their charges rather than make them pass the night fearing lest their food be stolen and their bed (a source of particular pride) be destroyed by the other elephants.

Of course, in some backward zoos, and in the bear-at-a-filling-station sort of menagerie, animals are sometimes cruelly mistreated. Several states have remedied this situation by laws which forbid the keeping of animals in captivity without official supervision.

But the well-run zoos have high standards of diet, comfort, and cleanliness. The fine animals they have are too expensive to mistreat or neglect. In Chicago the air in the lion house is changed every four minutes. Tropical plants do more than provide attractive set-

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(*Scientific American*, May, '37)

tings: they regulate the moisture. Some zoos install electric humidifiers. To keep the penguins cool in hot weather requires 200 pounds of ice a day in their shelter, or electric refrigeration, so that the animals are in a veritable icebox behind a window. And when you see a hippopotamus with a baby, thank the zoo man for having built a large enough bath: the hippo breeds and gives birth under water — for security — while the baby nurses under water, going up for air and down for milk.

Many zoos have a quarantine section where new arrivals are attended by white-coated doctors who wouldn't dream of not washing their hands before going in to the leopard, lest they infect it. These quarantine cages are deliberately small: after a long sea voyage an animal's bones are brittle and it is nervous; in a large cage it might rush the bars and break its neck or legs.

Courtesies to apes and monkeys could fill a book. To insure having strong adults, young chimpanzees in the Chicago zoo get nascent oxygen pumped into their cages to supply the pure air which their delicate lungs need. To make sure they sleep the full 12 hours they are accustomed to in the dark jungle, blinds have been put up outside their sleeping boxes in the zoo at Munich, probably the finest primate house in the world. There each ape has its own blanket, sent to the laundry every week. To check pyorrhea — common in apes — their teeth are brushed daily, while some zoos use concentrated vitamins to combat it. In other zoos sun lamps are used.

Personal attention is essential for apes. Frequently a chimp becomes listless because it is being tyrannized by the other apes. The leaders are apt to grab the favorite food, like tomatoes, leaving the potatoes to the weaker ones! A tyranny which can be ended only by a keeper's discipline.

Concrete is the bane of every conscientious zoo today. When originally installed, it was thought superior to wood. But it is cold, hard and moisture-retaining: the cats get callouses from it unless you pare their pads frequently. It induces arthritis in foxes and tuberculosis in monkeys. Giraffes are apt to slip on it even though you roughen it. In Philadelphia two fine specimens fell and died of broken pelvis. But to rip out concrete floors and install the sort of silica composition used in Chicago and Washington costs thousands, as do other improvements. In those zoos which have plate glass separating the apes from a coughing public, mortality rates fall phenomenally. But where to get the cash?

Zoos used to be the foible of Indian princes and, later, of European kings; though the first zoo on

record, in China about 2000 B.C., was state financed, called the Intelligence Park, and run for scientific study. The modern zoo, however, is rarely endowed, and it is only as the public interest increases that municipalities or states can vote larger budgets. Only a few, like New York and London, have been fortunate enough to receive important private grants.

But even without much money, imagination can still accomplish a lot. More and more, modern zoos are going to endless trouble to evolve swings, bars and trees to amuse the apes. You may have noticed in the elephant run of some zoos a formidable rough-surfaced pillar: it's a back-scratcher! In at least one zoo you'll find another bit of thoughtfulness: running water in the raccoon's cage, because the raccoon habitually likes to wash every bit of its food in a running brook! In the Washington Zoo there's an ingenious device to make the two-toed sloth enjoy its food: a rack from which bananas are suspended, so the sloth can hang head-down, nibbling from the bottom up, instead of having to eat on the ground! Brushwood in the fox's cage costs little, but gives the fox the pleasure of brushing against it and so stimulating his coat to a beautiful sheen. Sometimes they give an animal a pet: a fox terrier is often strangely comforting to an elephant. Sometimes a goat is put in with the rhinoceros. In the 500-acre country zoo of the London Zoological Society, the wolves have two two-acre paddocks of timberland, used alternately. In each paddock is a big platform like a feeding table; it is there because the wolves like to dig under it for mating.

The greatest single advance in zoos is the principle of viewing animals, not behind bars, but across moats. Fifty years ago, when Carl Hagenbeck first envisioned natural habitats for animals and opened his zoo, people gasped with fright as they saw lions emerging from rock caves and heading straight for them. But a 17-foot water ditch separated the lions from the public; and lions will not cross water. It is strange that America has been so slow to adopt this idea which has swept all over Europe. Only in our most modern zoos do you find 60-foot-high monkey mountains, crags for the Barbary sheep, and great sand paddocks for the elephant separated from the public by a narrow ditch hedged by a low row of iron spikes which the elephant will not tread upon.

Lions bred in captivity are actually handsomer and more healthy than those in the jungle. Their size and coat are superior because they get better food; their color is unfaded by the tropical sun, and their mane is more luxuriant because it's not torn by underbrush. And they live to a riper age.

It is an odd fact that most animal lovers never think of old age in the jungle. But for wild beasts there is no graceful autumn of life; there is only a ghastly, inescapable disintegration, or death from more alert enemies. It is this senile loss of power — and usually only this — which drives a lion to man-killing. In freedom a lion rarely lives more than 10 years. In captivity he lives to 25 and 30.

From the great museums of natural history, such as the one in New York, the modern zoos have borrowed the idea of having the three walls of the cage painted to represent the natural habitat — much more effective than just presenting animals in bare cages.

Top-flight zoo men are devoted to making their animals happy for their own sake and dramatic for your sake. They spend endless hours studying the latest dietary discoveries: such matters as a report that shrimps are preferable to cuttlebone in preserving the beautiful rose color of the flamingo. Or you find them up in the middle of the night to make sure the polar bear which has just had a cub — an anxious moment as the cubs often die of pneumonia — is utilizing the straw put into her cage on the odd chance that she would use it to keep the cub warm (and she did!). Or you catch them setting off on a journey halfway around the world to settle some housing problem as whether gorillas thrive outdoors during winter (as Philadelphia believes) or indoors (as London believes).

In Munich there are parrots on stands in front of the elephant pens. Their chattering, heightened by the tropical vegetation, gives a brilliant semblance of the jungle. In Leipzig the polar bears have a diving board of green plate glass: with water slipping over it, it gives a wonderful illusion of ice. In London the penguins are on different levels: now you're looking up at them; now you see them walking around a curve right next to you as they march in a stately trot down the ramp to their swimming pool. In Berlin you see seals swimming not only on the surface, but there's a "lower level" where you see them under water. London does the same trick with polar bears. In Philadelphia the beavers are given a full lake, wherein they can perform their miracles of building.

An idea generally neglected is labels: you usually find just PANTHER, *Felis cericolor;* whereas in Washington, for example, you learn interesting facts about it, such as that it is one of the most untamable animals, etc. Another idea which has proved very popular is to open the zoo certain nights so visitors can see the vampire bats and other wild life that become active only at night.

A puzzling zoo problem is the peculiarly American habit of tormenting the animals. In Washington a taxi driver and his girl friend let dogs into a deer run: three fine animals were torn to pieces. In Philadelphia, stone throwers killed several flamingos. In the few American zoos which have dared to have open-air snake pits, as is common in Europe, the results have been disastrous: brave young men jump into the pit and steal the snakes.

What, the animal lover frequently asks when hearing of such isolated atrocities, is the point of keeping wild animals in captivity at all? Why spend millions of dollars to retain animals which may satisfy nothing more than curiosity? Fortunately, the average man values the zoo — because it is the only glimpse of the jungle he will ever have. Beyond that, he gets from the zoo some realization of the world's past; some contact with nature; some humility that he seems to need and cling to in his present-day mechanized life.

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Rudyard Kipling
in
"Something of Myself"

I AM in no way psychic. But once I was sure I had stepped along that perilous track. I dreamt that I stood, in my best clothes, which I do not wear as a rule, one in a line of similarly habited men, in some vast hall, floored with rough-jointed stone slabs. Opposite me, the width of the hall, was another line of persons and the impression of a crowd behind them. On my left some ceremony was taking place that I wanted to see, but could not unless I stepped out of my line. At the ceremony's close, both lines of spectators broke up and moved forward and met, and the great space filled with people. Then a man came up behind me, slipped his hand beneath my arm, and said: "I want a word with you."

It was a perfectly clear dream, and it stuck in my memory.

Six weeks or more later, I attended in my capacity of a member of the War Graves Commission a ceremony at Westminster Abbey, where the Prince of Wales dedicated a plaque to "The Million Dead" of the Great War. In black clothes we lined up facing across the width of the Abbey Nave. I could see nothing of the ceremony because of the man on my left. Then my eye was caught by the cracks of the stone flooring, and I said to myself: "But here is where I have been!" We broke up, both lines flowed forward and met, and the Nave filled with a crowd, through which a man came up and slipped his hand upon my arm, saying: "I want a word with you, please."

How, and why, had I been shown an unreleased roll of my life-film?

— (Doubleday, Doran)

The Bedside Manner

A LADY consulted me about her first child, and I told her: "I am sorry to see that your child has rickets. You should alter her diet and give her cod-liver oil." She was horrified at my words and hurried away.

A fortnight later, looking the picture of happiness, she called again. She said she had a confession to make. When told that her baby was rickety, she consulted in her anguish a well-known specialist for children's diseases. He put her mind at rest with the words: "There is not the slightest trace of rickets in your little girl. The child merely suffers from softening of the bones which can easily be rectified with Scott's Emulsion, Kandiolin tablets and a slight change of diet."

My colleague was obviously an abler man than I, not as a diagnostician, but as a manager of men and women. — Dr. Erwin Liek, *The Doctor's Mission*

DR. WEIR MITCHELL had no sympathy with patients whose ailments were largely imaginary and who were never happy unless under treatment by a fashionable physician. There was the famous story of the woman who refused to get out of bed. Dr. Mitchell had run the gamut of argument and persuasion and finally announced: "If you are not out of bed in five minutes — I'll get into it with you!" He thereupon started to remove his coat, his patient still obstinately prone; he removed his vest; but when he started to take off his trousers — she was out of bed in a fury! — Anna Robeson Burr, *Weir Mitchell, His Life and Letters* (Duffield)

IN Dr. Cushing's *Life of Sir William Osler* is an account of his visits to a small patient, written by her mother: "He visited our little Janet twice every day from the middle of October until her death a month later. There would be a little tap low on the door which would be pushed open, and a crouching figure playing goblin would come in and ask in a high-pitched voice if the fairy godmother was at home and could he have a bit of tea. Instantly the sick-room was turned into a fairyland, and in fairy language he would talk about the flowers, the birds, and the dolls who sat at the foot of the bed. In the course of this he would find out all he wanted to know about his patient.

"One cold November morning when the end was near, he mysteriously brought out from his inside pocket a beautiful red rose carefully wrapped in paper, and told how he had watched the last rose of summer growing in his garden and how the rose had called out to him that she wished to go along to see his little lassie. That evening there was a fairy tea party at the table by the bed, Sir William talking to the rose, his little lassie and her mother; and presently he slipped out of the room just as mysteriously as he had entered it, all crouched down on his heels; and the little girl understood that neither the fairies nor people could always have the color of a red rose in their cheeks or stay as long as they wanted in one place, but that they would be very happy in another home and must not let the people they left be-

hind feel badly about it; and she was not unhappy."

—Edith Gittings Reid, *The Great Physician* (© 1931, Oxford Press)

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I KNOW a woman who was very lonely and very ill; her sufferings culminated in a peculiarly frightful form of insomnia. After several physicians had failed to relieve her, one discerning doctor suggested that she telephone him at any time in the night when the tension seemed unbearable, not to ask him to come to her, but merely to talk to him for a few minutes.

The friendly voice in the stillness did more to restore her nervous balance than bottles of medicine. Her sense of isolation vanished as soon as she realized that she could put an end to it in a moment. There were a few times when she called the doctor, but very soon the knowledge that she could call him was itself enough. In a short time she was on the road to physical and mental health.

— Frances Parkinson Keyes in *Good Housekeeping*

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AN OLD LADY, whose pride was in the dust because sympathizing friends were always offering advice about her unspeakable scamp of a son, wandered one afternoon into Dr. William Osler's consulting room. Despondently she said: "I can't sleep. I am growing old. No beauty parlor will help me now."

He knew the stories about her, so he answered: "Oh, come now, people of your courage don't give up. I want you to take a strong hot toddy every night for a week at 9 o'clock and at the end of that time, come — no, I'll run in to see you. Tell me, is Tommy [her son] still in Paris?"

She shuddered, fearing some slam at Tommy and advice on how to steel her heart against helping him. "Yes," she said, "he is there now. He's leaving soon for the south of France" — and defiantly — "he has a weak chest."

Dr. Osler: "Handsome young scamp. What's his address? I am going to send him a letter of introduction to some nice people. They have two delightful daughters. It's a gay house, but not so gay that *our* boy will get into trouble."

That was all, but she went out of the room with a few years thrown off, and her pride restored.

— Edith Gittings Reid, *The Great Physician* (© 1931, Oxford Press)

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The Problem of the Two Watches

¶ MY WATCH is ten minutes slow and I think it is five minutes fast. Your watch is five minutes fast and you think it is ten minutes slow. We plan to catch a train that leaves at four o'clock. Who gets there first? *Without resorting to pencil and paper, work this out mentally before you turn to the answer on page 88.*

— Angus Reid

"The happy man who was content
With his own town . . ."

Thoreau—Master of Simplicity

Condensed from "The Flowering of New England"

Van Wyck Brooks
Author of "The Life of Emerson," "The Ordeal of Mark Twain," etc.

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IN THE EARLY 1840's, Henry Thoreau was occupying a room in Emerson's house in Concord. It was a little room, but he was a little man: his nose and his thoughts were the biggest things about him. He was short, lean, frail, although nobody guessed it; he was also tough and muscular, with long arms, bright blue eyes and flaxen hair. His manners were of the homespun sort. But one perceived that, if Henry Thoreau was a thornbush, he was the kind that bears the fragrant flowers.

The son of a Concord pencil maker, Henry had driven the turkeys and cows to pasture as a barefoot village boy, but the villagers looked askance at him because he was so pugnacious. He had queer ideas about teaching school, refusing to use the ferule; for with children and simple folk he was always gentle. With others he was obstinate and harsh. At boating and camping he was a master woodsman, skilled as Ulysses, shrewd as any fox. The redskins had forgotten the arts he knew. He charmed snakes and fishes. Wild birds perched on his shoulder. His fingers seemed to have more wisdom in them than many a scholar's head.

There was nothing he could not do in the matter of painting and papering, building walls, surveying, tinkering, gardening. But these were trifles in his bag of tricks, useful to pay his way in the world and justify his creed of self-reliance. He was a master of other arts and a scholar of unusual distinction; and he wished to be a philosopher: not a mere thinker of subtle thoughts, but one who, loving wisdom, lived a life that was simple, magnanimous, free. He recalled those ancient sages who, when an enemy took the town, walked out of the gate empty-handed, without a care for the morrow. Why should one be burdened with impedimenta? He had spoken his mind as a student at Harvard about the "blind and unmanly love of wealth" that actuated most of his fellow beings. The order of things, Henry said, should be reversed. The seventh should be man's day of toil, wherein to earn his living by the sweat of his brow;

Bringing to life many of the greatest names in our literary history, "The Flowering of New England" has been enthusiastically praised for the magnetic charm of its style as well as for its scholarly distinction. *© 1936, and published at $4 by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 300 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.*

he should keep the rest of the week for his joy and wonder.

He could not help taunting his fellow Yankees. Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth! What does it profit a man! Think of this, Yankees, think twice, ye who drone these words on the Sabbath and spend the other six denying them! "Doing a good business!" — words more profane than any oath. The children should not be allowed to hear them. For himself, he wished to live deep, to suck out all the marrow of life, to put to rout all that was not living. That was his success and all he asked for.

His best friends were wild creatures — the breams, who nibbled from his fingers while he stroked them gently and lifted them out of the river, the muskrat that emerged from the hole in the ice. The muskrat looked at Henry, and Henry looked at the muskrat, wondering what the muskrat thought of him. Once he conversed with a woodchuck, three feet away, over a fence. They sat for half an hour, looking into each other's eyes, until they felt the mesmeric influences at work over them both. Then Henry spoke to the woodchuck, in a quasi-forest lingo, a sort of sylvan baby talk. The woodchuck ceased to grit his teeth. Henry, with a little stick, lifted up his paw and examined it; he spoke kindly to the woodchuck and offered him some checkerberry-leaves.

To Henry Thoreau every sight and sound in nature was filled with friendliness. It was to seek this, and all it meant, that he went for his daily walk, with notebook and spyglass in his pocket, and his hat to make a botany box. Sometimes he rose at two o'clock to watch the fog on the river. Sometimes he spent the whole of a moonlight night roaming the lonely pastures, where the cattle were silently feeding, to the croaking of the frogs, the intenser dream of the crickets. One's eyes were partially closed then; the other senses took the lead. Every plant emitted its odor, the swamp-pink in the meadow, the tansy in the road. Sometimes, even in the morning, usually sacred to reading and writing, the wind fairly blew him out of doors. He would stand under a tree half a day at a time, in a drenching rain, prying with microscopic eyes into the swarming crevices of the bark, or studying the spreading fungi. He would watch for an hour a battle of ants, struggling on a chip. Or, catching sight of a fox, he yielded to the instinct of the chase and bounded away, snuffing the air like a foxhound. He liked to subject his body to rougher usage than a grenadier could endure, and he dreamed of still more rugged paths.

In 1845, Thoreau borrowed Bronson Alcott's axe — which he took pains to return with a sharper edge — and built his hut at Walden pond. It was 10 feet by 15,

shingled and plastered, with a trap door below, a brick fireplace, windows at the sides, and a door facing the cove. The cost, all told, was $28.12½ — less than the annual rent of a college student's room. There was a beanfield, close by, with a patch of potatoes, corn, peas and turnips. Henry had always cherished the notion of forest life, and he felt at home in his sylvan dwelling. For company, birds flitted through his chamber, red squirrels raced over the roof, chickadees perched on the armfuls of wood he carried.

His "experiment," as his friends liked to call it, was only a slight departure from Henry's usual mode of living. His average weekly outlay, for necessaries he could not supply himself, was 27 cents. A few days at manual labor, building a boat or a fence, planting or surveying, gave him an ample surplus. Why should anyone live by the sweat of his brow and bore his fellow men by talking about it? The mass of men led lives of quiet desperation. Why, if not to maintain a "standard of living" that every law of the universe controverted? Did they not know that the wisest had always lived, with respect to comforts and luxuries, a life more simple and meager than the poor? Had all the philosophers, Hindu, Greek and Persian, lived and taught in vain? Henry believed, and wished to prove, that the more one simplified one's life the less complex the laws of life would seem. Why all this bother about possessions? He meant to have his furniture, actual and symbolic, as simple as an Indian's. There were three bits of limestone on his table. They had to be dusted every day, while the furniture of his mind was still undusted. Out of the window, quick!

If he had had the wealth of Croesus, his mode of living would not have been different. Space, air, time, a few tools, a notebook, a pen, a copy of Homer, what more could he wish than these? The day was his, for any wild adventure. At sunset, he jumped into his boat and paddled to the middle of the pond. There he played his flute, while the charmed perch hovered about the stern, and the moon traveled over the floor of the pond.

These were the days for writing. The only audience he really cared for was his own taste and judgment. He wished to write well, to warrant every statement and each remark, till the earth seemed to rest on its axle to back it up. He longed to write sentences that would lie like boulders on the page, as durable as Roman aqueducts. Sentences kinked and knotted into something hard and significant. Sentences nervous and tough as the roots of the pine.

Sometimes his friends came to see him — Emerson, and Ellery Channing, the poet, and Bronson Alcott — and then he was glad

that his dwelling was so spacious. As the conversation assumed a grander and loftier tone, they shoved their chairs farther and farther apart, until they touched the walls in opposite corners. This left plenty of neutral ground for their sentences to deploy in martial order.

He was not by nature a hermit. He might have frequented the barrooms, he thought, if he had had any business that called him thither. Almost every day he walked to the village, to trade his beans for rice, to get a boot repaired, to collect news of the family. It was only that he was wary of gossip. He did not wish to lumber his mind with rubbish. One day he was arrested in the village for refusing to pay his poll tax. The government supported slavery, the government was backing the Mexican War; well, he would not support the government. He did not wish to trace the course of his dollar until it bought a man, or bought a gun to shoot a Mexican. He spent the night in jail — a fruitful night. It inspired his essay on Civil Disobedience. A foolish notion, many people thought, but some of them changed their minds in later years, when one of Henry's Hindu readers, Gandhi, acting on the principle, disturbed the British Empire for several months.

When, by chance, a bore shadowed him on his walks, he took every ditch at a run, hoping to shake the shadow off. He detested these mere pliers of legs, these broachers of mighty arguments who spoiled one's day and talked the bobolinks under. He preferred the sportsmen and the loafers, or anyone who had seen a painted tortoise, or taken a good look at a flying lark, or who shared his feeling about the encroaching railroad, that seventh abomination.

When he finally left his Walden cabin, it was for as good a reason as he had gone there. He had other lives to live, and he had no more time to spare for this one. He had certain journeys in mind, to Cape Cod, for instance, with Ellery Channing, and later a jaunt to Canada. (Total expense, two guidebooks included, $12.75.)

So Henry tramped to Provincetown. Having seen the woods, he wished to see the ocean. There he could forget the towns, he could forget the barrooms of Massachusetts where the full-grown were not weaned from their savage and filthy habits, sucking cigars and guzzling whiskey-punch. On the Cape one saw wholesome faces, well-preserved by the salty air.

Later, what with lecturing, what with surveying, what with the acclaim that followed his *Walden*, he was in danger of losing his solitary habits and becoming almost a man of the world. But his lectures were just another chore, like

surveying. Nothing one did for money was ever worth doing, but one had to pay one's way and hold one's peace.

Poverty had given him all his wealth. The leisure to spend a day, whenever he chose, walking 20 or 30 miles, or voyaging about the river. Leisure to visit his birches on an April afternoon. Leisure for a day in Gowing's swamp, paddling barefoot where the hairy huckleberries grew; leisure to watch flying squirrels skimming their way around the trees.

Henry caught cold from overexposure while counting the rings of some trees on a snowy day, and fought for a year and a half with tuberculosis. In an effort to regain his health, he journeyed to Minnesota and made friends with some of the Indians there. Then, knowing that nothing could save him, he settled down among his papers, with an Indian's indifference to the future. No more walks to Bateman's Pond or Becky Stow's swamp. But he said he enjoyed existence as well as ever. His thoughts had entertained him all his life, never so much as at present. In 1862 he died.

His friends could hardly imagine Concord without him. Solitude peered out from the dells and woodroads, and the bobolinks seemed to sing in a minor strain. One had thought of Henry Thoreau as a part of nature, destined to be transformed perhaps at last into a mossy rock or a leaf-strewn spring. Emerson and Ellery Channing brought out his posthumous books — he had published only two during his lifetime; and Emerson collected his poems and letters. But only his friends could imagine why anyone should wish to see his journal. Emerson was convinced that, if it was published, it would soon produce in New England a "plentiful crop of naturalists." This was true a generation later. When selections from the journal appeared, a school of lesser Thoreaus sprang up at once and

> The happy man who was content
> With his own town . . .

became a teacher of wisdom, even in Asia.

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THE friends who are most stimulating to us are those who disagree with us. It is they whose ideas we should ponder; not that we may be converted by them but that, in the light of their certainties, we may search out the basis of our own. We dignify by the name of beliefs a jumble of traditions and superstitions, and we need to go over them periodically, spurred by some skeptic, to sort out the grain from the chaff. — Cornelia James Cannon in *The Atlantic Monthly*

It Can Happen Here

Condensed from New York Herald Tribune

George E. Sokolsky

LONG BEFORE the Communist revolution in Russia transferred power from Kerensky's provisional government to Lenin, the workers had destroyed all rights in private property in industrial and commercial enterprises. Step by step, the labor unions had seized the plants; in every city of Russia and in every industry, shop committees had taken over the management.

What was Kerensky doing during this period? He was speaking of what he would do. He was seeking compromises. He was angling for a reunion of Socialist groups. He was secretly negotiating with conservatives and reactionaries. He was dreaming of great Napoleonic victories. He was orating of democracy. But he was, in fact, doing nothing at all. He had created all the agencies for his own destruction, and they were at work. He had sought to be popular at the expense of righteous public morals. He had catered to the nether millions that he might listen to their cheers. He had abolished national discipline, playing ducks and drakes with the law. But he dared not interfere with the forces of destruction. They marched forward unimpeded.

I attended meetings of the Constituent Assembly. Here the representatives of the Russian people were forgathered. The Bolsheviks were a tiny minority. But, after a while, the representatives of the Russian people — like our Congress — simply sat and waited. Finally the president of the assembly arose to speak on behalf of the Russian people. The assembly hall filled with troops. "Comrade, you have spoken enough," a soldier said. "Go home!"

The representatives of the Russian people dispersed, filled with consternation. Strong men wept. I remember my own emotions — my anguish in the presence of futility. A minority had conquered Russia by organized minority pressure. They had seized the means of production and distribution. First they destroyed private property. Then they destroyed human rights. It was the end of Russia's chance for democracy.

What were intelligent, educated people doing? What were business men and bankers doing? Each was looking after himself. Some would assist the Bolsheviks; maybe the Bolsheviks would let them live. Some were attempting to

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save a few effects. Some were speculating in the country's misfortunes, gambling on the money exchange and with stocks and bonds; holding on to raw materials as everywhere prices were rising.

Not a constructive word came from these people, not a constructive idea. Even their newspapers ceased to print news favorable to them, because the reporters and writers were organized in unions and they would permit only such news and views to be printed as the unions ordered. And had they disobeyed, the pressmen would refuse to print the newspaper.

Every night the cafés were filled with the bourgeoisie. The artistes sang humorous songs about Lenin and Trotsky, and the business men applauded with merriment. They would make money, they felt, no matter what kind of politician was in power.

In the end they had nothing. Their property, their human rights, even their lives were taken from them. Many more were sent to prison camps. I met many of their wives and daughters later in Harbin and Peking and Shanghai, where they were forced to earn their livings by the only means left to them.

The Bolsheviks could not ultimately succeed, they had believed. "The peasants will never permit their farms to be taken from them." "Starvation will drive the workers to their senses."

All these explanations were just waves of wind. The organized minority had focused its will on the seizure of property and government. The majority was engaged in every occupation but the defense of the rights of property and rights of man. The minority smashed the majority because only the minority knew what it wanted. The majority was destroyed because it could not believe that it had to organize and fight to live.

They woke up later. But it was too late. Their chance lay in government by law when Kerensky was in power. They missed their chance to resist every suggestion of compromise while they still possessed power.

I saw all this. From July, 1917 until March, 1918, I saw this process. Let those who know human history only from books believe that it is possible to compromise upon essential principles of human rights. I have witnessed too many poisons mixed in the melting pot of compromise.

There are no two sides to some questions. You cannot see a thief stealing your silver and cogitate upon the other side of the question. You dare not say of kidnaping, "Perhaps kidnaping is, after all, not altogether wrong."

Yet men will view crimes equally severe and say, "Well, maybe there is another side to this question." Do you remember Miss

Perkins' remarks on the possible legality of the sit-down? It is such stuff that blows up civilizations, even as the mad gas in Texas blew up a schoolhouse.

As I write of those days in Russia I think of all the seizures of property in this country. And of the compromises that are being made. The sit-downers in Chrysler write Governor Murphy that they elected him and he must serve their will. How often was it thrown up to Kerensky that he had been raised to power by soldiers and workers, and must obey them! When the sworn oath of office can become a subject for individual interpretation, when public officials can ask themselves, "Must I serve the entire nation, or the pressure group that put me in power?" — then the nation is bound to fail.

Revolutions are successful when an organized minority discovers that the majority is split, is confused, is without vigilance. Then it is revolutionary tactics to confound the majority by side issues, by beating the drums of progress and liberalism. The minority plays upon distress, creates emergencies, ridicules fundamentals. And all sorts of people are taken in by these tricks and they bow to the golden calf of humane proposals. Too late they learn that this emphatic humanity is only a veneer, only a sham in the rise to power.

The minority stand upon the shoulders of those whom they fool only as long as they need protection. When they are strong enough, they destroy the props that supported them. Do you know that there were even Jews in Germany who in Hitler's early days were just such props? Where are they now?

The American people do not yet realize that they are in the first stage of a revolution. Yet all experience with revolution shows that the seizure of private property by lawless bands before whom government stands impotent is the first major battle in the destruction of any government.

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Lest Wedlock Be Deadlock

THE marriage agreement should contain a clause to this effect: "In and after the second year of the joint life of the contracting parties, they shall, circumstances permitting, separate for a period of not less than —— weeks nor more than —— months, during which time each shall honestly endeavor to reconstitute his or her own individuality." This period to keep the closest of all relationships from the taint of monotony might definitely end a few fragile unions, but it would let into most marriages a breath of much-needed fresh air. — Samuel Hopkins Adams in *Harper's*

¶ Jersey City is salvaging tomorrow's potential criminals

It Is More Our Fault Than Theirs

Condensed from The Commentator

Fred C. Kelly

WHEN TOMMY showed no interest in arithmetic, his teacher rebuked him harshly. She meant no harm, yet the boy is sure that her stinging remarks helped start him toward crime. He had gone to school upset by his father's drunken threats. The teacher's jibe humiliated him. He wanted to explain but couldn't. Nursing a feeling of injustice, he stayed away from school for days. Truancy became a habit and he was finally sent to a reformatory. On his release, Tommy discovered that "good" boys were ordered not to play with him.

The next time he was sent to a reformatory, it was for stealing. He stole, he says today, mainly for revenge. Policemen had handled him roughly and this increased his resentment against authority. Today he is an inmate of the state reformatory at Rahway, New Jersey.

Tommy's experience is not an isolated one. In New Jersey a state commission is deep in the study of criminal first causes, learning more, perhaps, about beginnings of juvenile delinquency than has ever been known before. The most notable discovery is the number of young criminals who began their anti-social career as the result of some seemingly unimportant grievance.

A revolution in the handling of juvenile crime in Jersey City is at bottom responsible for the commission. Six years ago Mayor Frank Hague exploded after reading an annual report showing that more than 600 local youngsters had been sent to correctional institutions. Last year, there were only 36. This year the number will be less.

To prevent crime rather than merely catch offenders, Jersey City organized a Bureau of Special Service, administered by an assistant superintendent of schools. The school system was considered the logical agency since it deals with *all* juveniles. The name was chosen to avoid any suggestion of delinquency. For a child to be seen going to the Bureau does not necessarily mean he is in trouble: it tests eyesight and hearing, gives physical examinations, and conducts an employment department. No boy is humiliated, or made a neighbor-

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(The Commentator, May, '37)

hood hero, by being loaded into a patrol wagon, or led across town by a policeman. No juvenile is ever taken to a police station — for any reason whatsoever. And no juvenile case goes to criminal court except on recommendation of the Bureau, and then the hearing is private. When necessary to detain an offender overnight, he is taken to the city Medical Center. The staff of the Bureau includes 27 truancy officers, seven visiting teachers, five plain-clothes men, a clinic manned by a doctor, a dentist, two nurses, a psychologist and a psychiatrist. All have academic training equal to that demanded of teachers; plain-clothes men are selected for their tact and discretion.

When a boy is caught breaking the law, information about him is taken by the police. Then a plain-clothes man visits the home, learning about conditions there, and asks the parents to appear with their son at the Bureau for a conference. Day after day, Dr. Thomas W. Hopkins, head of the Bureau, discusses problems with parents and children, patiently and with understanding. In many cases the real trouble is with the parents. A young girl had been reported for spending too much time on the streets, neglecting her studies. It turned out that she stayed away from home to avoid a man who came to see her mother. Another girl had left home because she was taunted by her older brothers and sisters as being "dumb." Tests indicated she had a superior mind but that she was hard of hearing; whereupon her family quit picking on her.

One boy had been reported by his teacher as unruly and impertinent. The facts were that his mother had suffered a nervous breakdown. The boy was secretly afraid of insanity. His mother, for no reason, refused to sign his report card. When the teacher asked for it, the boy began to stammer. "Are you crazy?" exclaimed the teacher. Nothing could have been better calculated to upset the boy, who gave vent to his feelings by calling the teacher names. Without an organization to run down such facts, this lad might soon have been listed among the hopelessly "bad."

The Bureau has sometimes taken the initiative in moving a family to a different section, to get a promising boy away from harmful companions. A boy broke a schoolhouse window because the janitor had forbidden him and his companions to play in the school grounds after 4 o'clock. Dr. Hopkins decided that the boys had a just grievance. Today 5000 boys who formerly roamed the streets attend recreational centers five nights a week, take part in athletic contests, manual training work, musical and dramatic activities.

Two boys had been so often reported for serious thieving that it looked as if they had to be sent to a reformatory for the protection of others. Mayor Hague sent for the officer who had worked on the case and said: "Don't you let those boys get away from you! I don't care if they take your entire time for a year." The plain-clothes man finally won the friendship of the boys with the result that there has been no complaint about them for a year and one of them is well up in his classes.

The success of his plan convinced Mayor Hague that they had only begun to learn about the causes of crime. Through his influence, the State Juvenile Delinquency Commission was created and began its work last February by preparing a list of questions to be answered by inmates of state reformatories. Prisoners are naturally suspicious. At the Rahway reformatory especial difficulty in obtaining trustworthy answers was anticipated because the inmates, including many killers, are supposed to be "tough." But that difficulty was overcome in a surprising way. Frank Hague agreed to explain the reasons for the questionnaire. When he arrived, about 250 inmates were assembled in a large hall, looking sullen. One official suggested having gas bombs handy in case of trouble, since it was unusual to have so many inmates in one room. Hague insisted he could handle them—and he did!

The Mayor began somewhat in this fashion: "A lot of you are probably suspicious of anything a public official says to you and I don't blame you a damn bit. You've been kicked around plenty and if I were you I'd probably hate nearly everybody. You got into trouble when you were kids and yet you didn't do anything worse than I did. I grew up in a tough part of Jersey City. Most of my friends swiped things out of freight cars and by the time I was 12 I had played hookey so often I was kicked out of school. If there had been a truancy department and a juvenile court I would probably have been treated as a delinquent and headed for a life of crime. The only difference between you and me is that I was luckier."

He told what they have been trying to do in Jersey City and said, "We could do a better job if we knew more about what first gets boys into trouble. Now I can't promise to do anything for *you*. But how'd you like to help us save your younger brothers and sisters and other kids from getting into trouble?" The reply was a shout of approval. "There's nothing you could do more useful than to write truthful answers to these questions. Nothing you write can ever be used against you. You're not even asked to sign your names."

Over and over again came similar answers regarding trouble with teachers: "The teacher said I couldn't learn anything and it was no use coming to school, so I took her at her word." "The teacher slapped me one day. I began to hate her and stayed out of school."

Replies disclosed the belief that by unfairness and rough handling the police had done much to create hostility toward society, and judges had shown a sorry lack of understanding and tolerance. One question was: If you were a cop, in what way would you be different from the cops you have known? Almost invariably the answer was something like this: "I would try to show a little more sympathy and get the whole story."

Another question: Did you go with boys who had served time in correctional institutions? The answer was usually Yes.

It is evident that nearly all criminal careers start with emotional maladjustments, at home or school, so slight that they might be remedied if detected early. This is the moral of the Jersey City venture in justice. It shows from results what can be done to evolve a technique of handling the poorly adjusted so that they will not resent authority and regard themselves as outcasts.

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Substitute for Camp

LAST SUMMER a group of mothers in one community found they could not afford to send their children to camp. Undiscouraged, they made out a camp program according to the activities that each mother could direct: the best swimmer took the "campers" to the lake, the mother whose hobby was modeling directed the crafts, and the mother who thought she knew nothing took charge of the nature walks, and learned along with the children.

One basic advantage of a camp, they decided, was the way it taught children to take care of themselves, share housekeeping duties gladly, and do chores for the community good. In every home there was a rising bell, breakfast and then a busy half hour before inspection. Then a morning get-together including singing and a discussion of plans. An amazing number of possibilities developed. Trips to dairies, quarries and other points of local interest were taken. They made a nature garden. They learned to make fires and cook simple camp fare. The children learned to work and play as a group. And they came to see their mothers in a new light, as play-fellows with new and interesting abilities.

— Katherine Marchand in *McCall's*

"*Unto Dust*—"

Condensed from The New York Times

George Greenfield

In Kansas, Aboard the Denver Special of the Union Pacific: I am in the midst of the first bad dust storm of 1937. Through the car window I can see the fences which line a road about 100 feet from the track. Beyond that is blackness, impenetrable and forbidding, through which we have been traveling for nearly 200 miles.

When I awoke this morning, about 300 miles west of Kansas City, I saw a countryside bathed in bright sunshine, a pleasant land. About an hour later the light became dim and the whistle of wind sounded outside the window. I realized we were in the dust bowl of western Kansas. I had read about dust storms; now I was seeing one, and it is an awesome thing.

A dust bowl is a dying land. I would think this country a flat Sahara, except that the ground is hard and brown, and not rolling and sandy white. I have not seen more than two automobiles on the road that parallels the railroad track for a hundred miles or more. I have seen human beings only when passing bleak villages, consisting of a few shacks. Houses empty, yards empty. I have not seen a single child in these ghost-like, pathetic villages. The few persons I saw looked like a lost people living in a lost land.

I do not exaggerate when I say that in this country there is now no life for miles upon miles; no human beings, no birds, no animals. Only a dull brown land with cracks showing. Hills furrowed with eroded gullies — you have seen pictures like that in ruins of lost civilizations.

Trees, once in a while. But their naked branches are gray with dust. They look like ghosts of trees, shackled and strangled by this choking thing, flinging their limbs skyward as if crying for rescue.

The trainmen on this route risk their health — even their lives — from dust pneumonia every time the wind blows hard. When the train stops they have to get out and load baggage, or flag. In those few minutes of exposure the dirt gets into their nostrils, mouths and lungs. I saw one of them get off at a stop a while back. He had a silk handkerchief tied around

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his mouth; he kept moistening it with saliva. That helped him to breathe.

"I've been taking treatments that cost me $170," one trainman told me. "Dust gets into the intestines, and that ain't so good." His face was drawn and worried. He dreads this trip as though it were the plague.

A dead land, did I say? A passenger told me, "on one trip through here, in a distance of a few hundred feet I counted 40 jack rabbits stretched out, choked to death by dust. You don't see any wild life out here, 'cept maybe a few crows. No songbirds, and hardly any cattle. Yet right in this spot we're passing through, the cattle herds used to be as thick as flies." There was a mystified look on his face. It is an expression I have seen on the faces of others on the train. They can't understand this outburst of nature, this dissipation of the soil which has fed us. I saw fear in their faces, as of impending disaster.

When we got through the worst of the dust storm I wanted to get some pictures of the swirling, murky fog. I stepped out on the observation platform and my skin felt as if it were being pelted with tiny icicles. My throat clogged and my eyes stung. When I went back into the car it took the porter 20 minutes to brush the dust out of my clothes. He told me that ordinary soap won't get the stuff out of your skin.

"When I get to Denver," he said, "I'll have to take two baths — one with soap and water, and another with epsom salts. That gets the dirt out of your pores so your skin can breathe."

The man across the aisle is coughing, one eye is very red and tears run down his cheek. Even though all the windows in this train are sealed, the thin dust seeps through and the porter bustles from chair to chair, with a towel, cleaning the stuff from the window sills.

The train is now within an hour of Denver. The sun is shining from a blue sky again. The air is free of dust for the first time in several hours. But my throat and eyes still burn.

Wind erosion. The words are vague until you actually see what waste and greed have done to our land — actually see it blowing away under your eyes, piling up in mounds that make you think of the Gobi Desert. Little holes in the land, about two or three feet in circumference, dot the bare countryside, where the wind has dug out the soil. No vegetation left to hold the land intact.

The last time I was out here, 20 years ago, there was life — birds and trees, cattle and crops. Today I see the cold hand of death on what was one of the richest breadbaskets of the nation.

A Priest Warns the Church

Condensed from The Forum

Peter Whiffin

Pen name of a Catholic Missionary; contributor to Commonweal and Catholic World

RECENTLY I, and lots of other priests, have begun to sense a subdued antagonism toward our clerical collars. Even the faithful appear to be affected by a growing indifference toward us. And the pity of it is that so few priests seem to understand that this veiled hostility is our own fault.

The Church in the past has endured recurrences of anticlerical feeling, simply because her clergy are ordinary human beings who are often tempted, by the wealth and power that religion brings them, to ally themselves with the exploiters of the poor rather than with the working masses they are supposed to protect. For example, in Spain, monarchy and clergy were practically one for hundreds of years. Now the people, rebelling against the Church, are becoming atheists, disgusted with religion entirely because the priests, who for them symbolized all religion, betrayed them so cruelly.

But, in our own country, has wealth made the Church worldly too? Have we priests been casting our lot more and more with the ruling powers of big business and politics? Listen. A few weeks ago I was talking with an old pastor of a big church in downtown New York. "Father," he said, "the Church in this country has come upon sad days. And by sad days I mean simply that the poor no longer ring our doorbells."

Why? For answer let's look at a little of the story of the Church in America. Typical is the career of a priest in Brooklyn. As a young clergyman he bought, through his bishop, a tract of land inhabited mostly by squatters. For a while his church was a tent. Today he has a magnificent church and rectory, a big school and convent, all practically free from debt. And his personal real-estate holdings alone enable him to live as an independently wealthy gentleman, with a flock of curates to take care of his parish affairs. Just as quickly as this did the whole Church in America mushroom to enormous proportions. And why not? If Mary Baker Eddy, Aimee Semple McPherson and Billy Sunday could make fortunes in religion, why shouldn't the Catholic clergy make incomparably more, with the vast organization of the Church behind it?

But the very suddenness of the Church's growth to wealth was her undoing. Her clergymen, for

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(The Forum, April, '37)

the most part used to poverty, all at once found themselves men of money and importance. Business men cultivated their acquaintance, gave them big loans at reduced rates of interest, advised them about investments. Politicians consulted them about appointments and got them all sorts of favors. And soon the poor priests forgot that it was the money of the poor which had made them important, forgot that big business and politics might be smothering the Church with favors only to make it more difficult for her to cry out against them in their exploitation of the masses.

During these years the clergy preached pale, scholarly sermons about moral principles of justice, but they did not become imprudently specific about concrete cases of injustice. They railed against sins like birth control, without attacking the economic causes of these sins. They preached mealy-mouthed homilies about how blessed are the poor in being chosen to carry the cross of poverty: of such is the kingdom of heaven — while making sure, as a class, that they themselves had plenty of the kingdom of this world.

In the golden years of Coolidge, money poured into the Church's coffers so rapidly that she didn't know what to do with it. The clergy got the fever of speculation along with the rest of the country, bought stocks on margin, watched money double overnight, and sat back with the others to chortle, "How long has this been going on?"

Dioceses began vast building projects. Pastors erected grand rectories with all sorts of luxurious furnishings. Not a few, dying, left to relatives huge fortunes which might well have made the poor gasp, "There goes my five cents and your five cents." Prelates carried many millions of dollars annually to Rome, buying for themselves and their favorites political preferments and dignities. Cardinal O'Connell in 1928 was the biggest single taxpayer in all Boston, on his own personal holdings. And the famous Red Train rolled majestically into Chicago, carrying cardinals of the Church to the eucharistic congress put on by Cardinal Mundelein with all the lavishness of a Billy Rose spectacle.

Even poor religious orders vied with one another in great expansion programs. One, supposedly the poorest of the poor, erected two new million-dollar monasteries within a few years. Congregations of priests, nuns and brothers purchased so much property that in New York State Governor Smith warned Cardinal Hayes that unless their buying stopped, a citizenry already overburdened by tax-exempt Church property might revolt.

Of course a little money did

trickle down to our Catholic poor through the red tape of societies like that of St. Vincent de Paul, but it was doled out very carefully so that the poor wouldn't be spoiled. We did give millions to foreign missions, but foreign missions paid big dividends to us. The thought of poor young men going out as foreign missionaries and facing hardships in pagan lands (in reality most of them live better than many of their brethren at home) always brings tears to the eyes of the faithful and money from their pockets, money from which we at home take a generous portion before we send millions to China and Africa while overlooking entirely our social jungles just across the tracks.

The Church in America was riding high, wide and handsome during the golden days before 1929. We priests were popular with big business. Why not? Weren't we among the best customers? And we were powerful enough to make the politicians consult us, at least in local political affairs, wherever the Catholic vote was strong, as, for instance, in New York, where the Cardinal's residence has long been known among politicians by the significant name of the Power House. In fine, we priests were growing richer and stronger every day — and the poor had not yet got wise to us.

The crash should have helped us clear our hearts of the fever of getting money and power. It might have made us get back to making religion a blessed means of living for the poor instead of a commercialized racket of living *off* the poor. If only we had tried then, in the poor's hour of direst need, to pay for all that the poor had done for us — even if it meant giving up all we owned!

Then we might have built up a race of real priests, men strong in the virtue of charity because they were accustomed to its exercise, men who found in the joy of being a real priest far more happiness than they find today on the golf course, in their cars, on their vacation trips, or in the long, empty, lazy hours in their forgotten rectories. But we had tasted the fleshpots of wealth and power, and yearned after them.

There were, of course, a few charity drives, managed mostly by laymen; some monastery breadlines, oversubsidized by the laity; and a comparatively infinitesimal trickle of money to the poor from ecclesiastical collections. But, as a class, we priests did not really sacrifice anything for the poor. We ate as well as ever and lived as fully. For the most part, we let the poor look for charity to the government, while we figured out schemes to recover our own losses, with special appeals from the pulpit, with euchres, bazaars and

benefits, with dunning letters, and finally with campaigns engineered by professional promoters who shared heavily in the proceeds.

Priests were measured by their success as money getters, and a typical command from one bishop to his pastors was, "If you can't get money, I'll put someone in your place who can." One especially inglorious method of making money was by means of the new novena devotions to some popular saint, like the Little Flower, which sprang up suddenly on all sides and in which the *pièce de résistance* was a fragment of dead bone known as a relic. How the faithful flocked to them in droves and left their money behind, hoping that by the application of the relic to their persons any miracle they requested might be effected! One poor girl told me that she went to these relic devotions every week, praying that her bowlegs and those of her "boy friend" might "get straightened out." I never learned whether or not the double miracle occurred.

Sometime during the days after 1929 the poor began to sense that we had become business men rather than priests, men interested in getting money but not in giving it away. And they stopped ringing our doorbells. Thus today we priests as a class have lost the confidence of the masses.

The non-Catholic poor have no use for us, because we have never done anything for them, despite our preachings of the fatherhood of God and the common brotherhood of man. The Catholic poor have lost faith in us, because they have seen us sitting in our fine rectories, eating and drinking of the best and living as fine gentlemen, unmoved by suffering, and saying to the miserable faithful, "We know you and your fathers have taken care of us for generations. But don't come to us for help. That's the government's job."

Of course religious life among the faithful seems to go on much as before. The crowds still flock to our churches; but beyond those duties which have been ingrained in them by habit, they leave us priests pretty much alone in our splendid aloofness. Christ was not aloof from the masses. Have we priests today more dignity than Christ?

It was to help the poor that most of us became priests. And it sickens us to feel that we have lost touch with them or that they look on us as religious racketeers. But what can we do? The organization of the Church must be run more as a business than a charitable institution, more to make money than to give it away. All that we can do is to coast along and hope that the bottom won't be reached too soon. And I feel sorry for the young men who are now preparing for the priesthood. They're in for trouble.

¶ A distinguished western attorney tells facts about automobile insurance that may save you money

Read—Before You Crash

Condensed from The American Magazine

Olive H. Rabe

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"SORRY, but the company isn't liable under the circumstances. Here, read this in your policy." Incredulous, you read for the first time the clause which the agent points out on an inside page of your automobile policy and you sadly realize that your insurance does not cover the accident you have just had.

Although the policies of no two companies are identical, practically every policy lists a number of circumstances under which the company will not be liable. Don't presume, for example, that you can tell the owner of the car you have damaged to get it fixed and that you will pay the bill. The usual policy does not require the insurance company to pay for any liability assumed by you "under any oral or written agreement." Instead of making any promise to the victim of an accident, tell him that you will get in touch with your insurance company immediately and see what can be done. The most you can do without endangering your insurance protection is to incur expenses only for "such immediate medical relief as shall be imperative at the time of the accident."

Policies frequently contain a provision relieving the insurance company from liability from accidents occurring while the driver is either under the influence of liquor or violating traffic laws. Recently a man who was insured to the extent of $500 against damage due to collision with another car, had an accident while driving on the wrong side of the road. The court held that because he was driving contrary to the rules of the road he was not entitled to recover from the insurance company under his policy, in which the exception was printed. He had not read it, but that did not change matters.

In another case a driver seriously injured two persons. His driver's license had expired a few months before, and had not been renewed. Under his policy the company was not liable while the car was "driven by any person prohibited by law from driving an automobile." The court held that the man, being unlicensed, was

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(The American Magazine, April, '37)

prohibited by law from driving. Therefore, his insurance was no protection.

Many policies state that the company will not be liable while the car is being driven "by any person in violation of a state law as to age, or in any event under the age of 14 years" — or 16 or 18 years, as the case may be. If your policy contains such a clause, don't let any child under the specified age drive your car.

Will the insurance company be liable if your wife — or a neighbor or a servant — is involved in an accident while driving your car? Some policies cover accidents occurring only while the insured himself is driving the car; others give "omnibus coverage," which protects the insured when others are driving the car with his consent. Since your state law may compel you to foot the bill for accidents caused by your car in the hands of others, secure omnibus coverage if you allow others to use it.

Often insurance companies limit their liability by describing the purpose for which the car is to be used. For example, if you use a truck in your business and are restricted to "commercial use" in your policy, don't take the neighborhood youngsters out for a picnic and expect your insurance to cover accidents en route. In a recent case a mercantile company loaned one of its trucks to carry a troop of boy scouts to a state fair. On the way the truck struck a man. The court held that since the truck was not being used for "commercial purposes," the insurance company was not liable under the policy issued.

A common way in which private car owners similarly forfeit protection is by allowing other occupants of the car to share expenses on a trip. "Did you promise to pay anything for the ride?" is an innocent-sounding question an insurance adjuster will ask after an accident. If the answer is in the affirmative, the insured probably loses all protection, because most policies state that they do not cover accidents when the owner is transporting passengers "for compensation." Hence, it is bad taste for a friend to offer to pay part expenses — until the trip is over!

Not long ago an interesting case arose in Philadelphia, involving members of a normal-school basketball team which occasionally went to games in other cities in the cars of some of the players. When they did so it was the custom to pay the car owners the cost of gas and oil, plus a small amount for use of the cars. In this instance a car belonging to a team member, on the way to a game at Trenton, collided with two other automobiles. In the subsequent suit for damages the court held that the insurance company was not liable under the policy because "carry-

ing passengers for hire" was a specific exception.

Policies generally provide that the insured shall give the company notice of an accident "immediately or as soon as practicable." Failure to do so invalidates the policy. This happened to a tobacco company, which went to the highest state court to prove its case. When turning into a garage one day a company truck knocked down a boy who suddenly ran out from the curb. The driver helped the boy to his feet and brushed off his clothes, after which the lad walked away, apparently unhurt.

Since the accident appeared trivial the driver's manager delayed giving notice to the insurance company. In the meantime, suit was started against the tobacco company for injuries the boy developed after the accident. The court held that the insured was not absolved from making a report simply because it considered the accident trivial, and that its failure to give prompt notice relieved the insurance company from liability.

Car owners often carry a low limit of liability coverage without realizing where they stand in case of a serious accident. You may consider $5000 or $10,000 coverage sufficient, on the assumption that almost any accident claim can be settled before trial for that amount. But that limit is the most the company must pay *after a court renders judgment against you.* The company need not settle a claim before trial unless it chooses to. One man was insured to the extent of $5000 when his car seriously injured a woman. After she started suit the insurance company told the car owner the case could be settled for $6500 and offered to pay $3500 toward the settlement. The owner insisted the company should pay $5000, its full liability under the policy, leaving him only $1500 to pay.

This the company would not do, so the case went to trial. Although a $6500 settlement could have been made, judgment for $20,500 was entered against the owner as a result of the trial. The insurance company then paid its limit of liability, $5000, and the policyholder, after paying the balance of the judgment, sued the company to recover the additional $14,000 he was out because the settlement had not been made on his terms. The court decided against him, holding that the insurance company was not obliged to pay the full coverage of the policy in order to settle the case before trial.

The printed provisions in your policy can even prove troublesome after your death! For instance, if a member of your family continues to use your car after your death, will your policy cover an accident? Unless your policy terminates with your death, as some do, you may suppose that anyone in the

habit of using your car could continue to do so and be covered by your insurance. Yet this is not so. A typical provision in some policies gives coverage after the owner's death to "the legal representatives of the named assured, provided notice shall be given to the company in writing within thirty days after such death."

The mere giving of this notice, however, is not sufficient precaution during the period before an executor or administrator has been appointed by a court. For any accident which happens during this period the company is not liable, even though your wife is at the wheel and you have named her as executrix in your will. Until a court has actually appointed her executrix, she is not your "legal representative" and consequently the company is not liable. It follows that the only safe thing to do when the owner of a car dies is to read the insurance policy and be governed by its terms. If it merely extends coverage to the "legal representatives," notify the company of the death of the assured and keep the car in a garage until an executor or administrator has been appointed, and then see that the car is used only with his permission.

So don't take your insurance protection for granted. And even after you familiarize yourself with your present policy, don't assume that the company will use the identical form year after year. It may deliver a renewed policy to you without calling attention to changes in the provisions.

And now, with all these things in mind, suppose you read your policy.

❖

The Age of Slang

MANY slang expressions now in use can be dated back a century or more:

Fly off the handle: 1825, Neal
Follow one's nose: 1620, Percy
One foot in the grave: 1825, Neal
Fried in his own fat: 1383, Chaucer
Gag (a joke): 1823
Gift of gab: 1650, Boyd
Green (gullible): 1596, Shakespeare
Hold one's nose to the grindstone: 1578
To hate like poison: 1530, Palsgrave
Make hay while the sun shines: 1509
Take to one's heels: 1593, Shakespeare
Hell broke loose: 1623
Henpecked: 1690
Hit the nail on the head: 1719, Durfey
By hook or by crook: 1300
Many irons in the fire: 1593, Harvey
In a jiffy: 1793, T. Scott
Kick the bucket: 1785, Grose
Out of kilter: 1640, Bradford
Knock off (to quit): 1662
Lazybones: 1593, Harvey
Licked into shape: 1663, Butler
Keep a stiff upper lip: 1833, Neal

(*To be continued*)

J. Louis Kuethe in *American Speech* (© Columbia University Press)

Hitler Mobilizes "Mother Goose"

Condensed from The Nation

Ralph Thurston

A NEW "Mother Goose" picture book recently left the press of the Third Reich. It has 21 brightly colored pages that show brute-faced Jews cheating, seducing and poisoning handsome Nordics. Each facing page carries a simple text in baby-talk verse printed in half-inch letters so that children may understand them. The Jew-baiter, Julius Streicher, publishes this Nazi kiddies' book which, specially priced for mass circulation, has quickly attained a tremendous sale.

The red, blue and yellow cover bears two pictures: one of a cornered fox, his teeth bared in a savage snarl; and one of a Jew with bestial, huge-beaked face, his right hand raised to take an oath. Below them, printed in a child's large, clear kindergarten script, is the book's title: "Trust Not the Fox by Field or Pond, Nor Any Jew Upon His Bond." The main nursery rhymes are entitled "Once a Jew Always a Jew," "The Jewish Lawyer," "The Jewish Doctor," "The Father of the Jews Is the Devil" — graphically conveying the idea that the Jew is a monster, combining all the classic qualities of the old witch, the bogeyman and the wicked ogre. In every illustration the Jew is pictured with parrot-beaked nose, puffy pig eyes, unshaven jowls, and thick, lascivious lips; his face, never clean, is consistently screwed into a savage snarl or ominous leer. The "German," on the other hand, assumes the rôle of dragon-killer and fairy prince — with heroically determined face, blond hair and blazing blue eyes.

Perhaps the most striking lesson in the Aryan A B C is the unique seduction scene for children. A gaily-colored illustration shows a fat-faced, fat-bodied Jewish villain accosting a blond German girl of humble clothes but noble profile. He dangles a string of pearls before her averted eyes. Two little Nordic children passing by stare in horror, but a little Jewish boy smirks lewdly. In the accompanying jingle, Nordic Mother Goose warns:

The Jew, he thinks he's pretty sly
If he a German girl can buy.
But see this picture of the Jew:
For her the Yid will never do!
For German girls, O mercy me!
How miserable a sort is he!

Other pictures and rhymes teach that the Jew is a nasty fellow in everything he does — from not

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washing his hands at all to washing them literally in the blood of trusting Nordics. At the Jewish butchershop — brightly pictured as a fearful shambles of dirt, ancient bloodstains, and prowling animals —

One steak is lying on the floor,
The next a cat is pawing o'er.
The butcher-Jew finds that okay —
The dirtier, the more they'll weigh.
Such filthy things. Phew! Pee-oo!
A Jew, and Jew alone, can do!

In its "simplified history" section, the *Führer's* fairy tales explain the physique and character of the Jewish race: "The Jews always refused to work like all other decent peoples created by God. The Pharaoh of Egypt, angered at this, made them carry the stone for his pyramids as punishment. The Jews have therefore been round-shouldered and flat-footed, with staring eyes and sour expressions, ever since. But the father of the Jews is Satan. And he saved them from captivity, carrying them to Germany on his back." Here a striking picture shows the devil gamboling over sea and desert with tiny Jews clinging to his back and tail.

What may prove the most immediate "educational" part of this book, however, is the pictured antics of little German children who point the finger of scorn at each Jewish culprit and dance with joy at his discomfiture. In the lively representation of "school life today in Germany," all the Nordic children are gathered to call names, stick out tongues and thumb noses at little Jewish children going down the street to their Jewish school. "Away with the Jewish brood," reads the text.

Another highly practical page shows a little German girl staring wide-eyed into a toyshop window. "No," says her mother, "that is a Jewish store. We must buy only in German stores, where we will not be cheated."

On the last page the child reader can see himself once more. He sits at a roadside, grinning broadly, merrily playing a march tune on an accordion. The road has a big signpost reading, "One-Way Street to Palestine." And down it are marching all the Jewish characters he has come to know so well in the book: the dirty butcher, the skinflint lawyer, the murderous doctor, the pearls-proffering debaucher of German womanhood, and so on. Another tow-headed child at his side laughs heartily as the "modern Exodus" shuffles past.

The author of these novel nursery rhymes is a young Third Reich schoolteacher named Elvira Bauer. Friendly Third Reich critics point out that "her activity as kindergarten instructress has given her a rare insight into the souls of children."

Page Dr. Music

Condensed from The Rotarian

Doron K. Antrim
Editor of Metronome

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At a New York women's prison, a rather serious insurrection was in progress recently when a middle-aged gentleman appeared, to lead the inmates in a weekly song fest. Despite assurances that the inmates were in no mood for singing, he launched the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, then worked gradually through less belligerent songs and ended with *She Sleeps, My Lady Sleeps*. Dr. Willem van de Wall, our foremost scientific exponent of "music for health," had again worked seeming magic with music; with a few selections he had converted rebellious prisoners into a tractable group.

Music is being used today on many fronts to straighten out people's emotional kinks. It is possible to have a household "music kit" that will serve your emotional ailments as specifically as the family medicine chest serves physical ones.

There is nothing particularly new in the idea. To the old Greeks, Apollo, god of music, was also god of medicine. Hippocrates, "father of medicine," took his mental patients to the temple to listen to music in 400 B.C., and Aristotle ascribed the beneficial effects of music to an "emotional catharsis." There was an underlying physiological truth in Voltaire's satirical remark that we go to the opera only to promote digestion. In the 13th century the Arabs equipped their hospitals with music rooms, and Florence Nightingale brought music to the hospitals during the Crimean War. Thirty years ago William James was using it in a mental hospital in Boston.

Ten years later Van de Wall began to study the exact effect of music on human beings, and to evolve something resembling a science. Doctors, he knew, were often helpless in influencing a person's moods, yet one's physical welfare is inextricably bound up with one's mental state. And Van de Wall believed that music was potentially the most powerful of mood-conditioners.

Early in the development of his idea, while visiting a mental hospital, he was profoundly moved by the drawn faces and staring eyes he saw. "I found my way to a piano," he told me, "played *My Old Kentucky Home*, and sang; other voices joined in, first haltingly, then with more abandon. Suddenly I turned around. What a metamorphosis! Faces that had

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(The Rotarian, May, '37)

been hard and staring were now relaxed and human. I was more than ever convinced that music could restore reason and hope to many of these people."

By 1920 Van de Wall, who had for years played with the Metropolitan Opera and New York symphony orchestras, had made such headway that the Russell Sage Foundation commissioned him to demonstrate music therapy in the state institutions of Pennsylvania and New York. Since then he has carried his phonograph or folding organ into hospitals and prisons all over the land. Later he accepted a post to teach his theories at Columbia University Teachers College; his ideas gained the approval of the American Prison Association and the American Psychiatric Society. In 1925 he was called to London, and again in 1930 to Prague, for the International prison conference; Holland is applying his ideas to Dutch institutions, and his findings have been published in six languages. Today, due largely to his efforts, music is accepted more and more as standard treatment in progressive institutions for the insane and the criminal.

Meanwhile, other researchers were discovering the use of music as a therapeutic aid. Music recalls forgotten associations more quickly than any other means. When you hear a tune that was familiar to you long ago, you experience a flood of memories associated with that period of your life. For this reason, music has been found valuable in the treatment of amnesia. In the Chicago Hospital for the Insane, 100 patients were treated with marked success by a noted pianist. Playing for each one individually, he began with nursery pieces and continued through adolescent and adult stages, until some tune established a chain of associations with the world of actuality. A young mother whose mind became deranged at childbirth, so that she despised the sight of her child, was restored to normal on hearing Brahms' *Lullaby*. An Italian girl who had not spoken for three months was tearfully released from her silence by *O Sole Mio*, which she sang as a child; a woman who could not remember where she lived regained her memory after *Silver Threads Among the Gold*.

One man suddenly went blind, due to hysteria, after the sudden death of his wife. A pianist was called, who played slow, soothing music at first. Later the patient requested gay tunes, and after three successive days of treatment his nerves relaxed and he saw again.

In some places, music is used to diminish the habitual cough of tuberculosis victims, providing brief but valuable intervals of rest; an eminent Boston physician pronounces it effective in the treat-

ment of cataleptics; one federal music project reaches 8200 patients with various types of music therapy.

In operations with spinal and local anesthesia, in which the patient feels no pain but is uncomfortably nervous, music is being used to reduce the muscular tension which might otherwise hamper the surgeon's work. Two Brooklyn hospitals are equipped with earphones for this purpose, so that music which diverts the patient will not disturb the surgeon. A prominent Minneapolis surgeon, however, brings a phonograph right into the operating room. Several hospitals have "radio pillows," through which the patient gets his music without raising his head.

Tests at Temple University show that music has a direct effect on pulse, respiration and blood pressure. *Rhapsody in Blue*, for example, raised all three; Weber's *Invitation to the Dance* lowered them; *Hungarian Rhapsody* tends to pick you up, and *Stars and Stripes Forever* will almost race your motor.

The power of musical vibrations is greater than one might suppose. An organist, by touching a note corresponding to the rate of vibration of a glass tumbler, can shatter the tumbler at some distance. One doctor prescribed flute playing for sciatica gout, claiming that relief is obtained by vibrational massage in the afflicted parts.

Music probably has some effect upon the ductless glands, thus affecting our emotions. Many authorities agree with the Italian scholar Assagioli, who asserts that music harmonizes the complicated organic rhythms of the body, thus producing a sense of well-being. Music, he says, also harmonizes conflicting moods which depress the nervous system; that is why it lifts us. For one cannot think in circles, and at the same time concentrate on a bit of music one likes. Pleasant associations arise to replace unpleasant ones; new strength is tapped; in spite of yourself, you yield to the ministrations of music.

To be effective, of course, your musical reagents must be available when you want them. For this reason a phonograph is more effective than a radio. You should have on hand a choice of selections ranging from gay abandon to sweet melancholy; but all must have the power of reaching *you*, for only the music you like will benefit you. Your taste may dictate Mozart chamber music, or it may choose *Dinah;* never be ashamed of your honest choice.

Dr. Van de Wall's practice is to fit the first selections to the existing mood, then work by degrees toward the mood you want to attain. When you're morose, don't try to pull yourself out of it by playing snappy music — it would only drive you to greater despera-

tion. Try something sober for a starter; after that, the lighter pieces will seem appropriate, and before long you'll be riding the crest of a lilting waltz.

If your trouble is insomnia, music is your specific antidote. One doctor carried a small music box about the hospital with him. It only played one tune — *Spring Song* — but he claims that playing it three times will lull any willing patient to sleep, provided, of course, that he is not suffering acute pain. In one hospital where a twilight musicale was tried for three months, the use of sleep-inducing sedatives fell off a third. Nocturnes, lullabies and serenades replaced them. A Brooklyn doctor prescribes Chopin's waltzes to bring sleep, and a friend of mine had a continuous-playing phonograph installed in his bedroom specifically to cure his insomnia. At first he required nine selections to get to sleep; now he needs only four.

Musical taste is such a personal matter that it is dangerous to generalize. "Prescriptions" have been formulated, however. "Cheerio," who makes no claim to being a medical authority, has learned from his voluminous radio fan mail that the selections most likely to dispel a depressed mood are *Moonlight Sonata*, *Meditation* from *Thaïs*, *Ave Maria*, and old familiar hymns and songs. Isa Maud Ilsen, who worked with music in hospitals throughout the war, advocates these musical prescriptions: For insomnia, Raff's *Spinning Maiden*, Ware's *Memory Song*, *Ave Maria;* for hysteria, Hoffman's *Barcarolle*, MacDowell's *To a Wild Rose*, Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata;* for nervous debility, Rubinstein's *Melody in F*, Brahms' *Hungarian Dance*, Burleigh's *Song of the Brook*.

Remember that what is one man's meat may be another's poison. Never force music upon anyone, particularly a child. There is an earnest point to the joke about the bagpipe music which saved the life of a wounded Scot but killed 15 Englishmen in the same hospital. One young woman, a nervous case to begin with, suffered a complete nervous collapse after attending *Tristan und Isolde*, one of the most erotic pieces ever written.

If you are not very sensitive, your taste may dictate rhythms in a volume too powerful for most of us. I have a friend who goes to the opera, sits next to the brasses of the orchestra, and actually dozes off while they din a powerful Wagner theme into his ears. He explains that it fills him with a soothing sense of bodily well-being and leaves him at peace with the world.

So let your instinct be your guide — and next time the going seems a little too thick to bear, page Dr. Music.

¶ The increase in mental illness is more apparent than real

But Is the World Going Mad?

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Farnsworth Crowder

ONE OF THE most alarming predictions now being made by social prophets is that, if the present rate of increase holds, a great part of the civilized world will some day be insane. The alarmists point out that of the million beds in American hospitals, one half are occupied by mental cases; that, during the last half-century, the national population has doubled but the mental hospital population has jumped ninefold. Statisticians in other countries wave similar figures before our incredulous eyes. And there are other indications — the suicide rate, and the prevalence of the "nervous breakdown."

With such material a black and horrible picture can be painted. What is our spectacular civilization if, in the end, our nervous systems cannot stand up under its pressures? What is fine about advances in charity, medicine and public health if they tend to keep alive the unfit that they may people the earth with their kind?

Much can be said by way of rebuttal to these dismal predictions. One way to increase any disease is to discover it; identifying a thing brings it out of hiding. This has been happening rapidly in the field of mental illness. What was a troublesome eccentricity in great-uncle Abner is a psychosis or a "compulsion" to his nephew. In short, "mental case" is becoming, with advancing research, a term that blankets more and more of us — and accordingly enlarges the statistics. I defy anyone to read through a text on abnormal psychology and not experience again and again a queer shudder of recognition: "Heaven help me, I've done that! I've felt that way — I'm like that sometimes —"

For in all of us there are tendencies that are neurotic, even psychopathic. It may be, then, that we are not becoming alarmingly abnormal; probably we have always been so. What we are doing is finding it out. And these abnormalities which are being exposed and named are being increasingly treated under hospital conditions.

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(Survey Graphic, April, '37)

It is a mistake to draw wild conclusions from the fact that half the hospital beds are occupied by mental patients, because mental patients average 12 to 18 months in bed while general medical cases average two to three weeks. Dr. Neil A. Dayton of the Massachusetts Department of Mental Diseases has estimated that "if the general cases remained as long as mental cases, the 500,000 beds now occupied by mental cases would have to be balanced by 12,500,000 beds for patients in general hospitals."

Slowly, too, the shame that has been attached to a mental disorder is going down. We are beginning to realize that it is cruel and false to assume that a mental case is a disgraceful freak, beyond hope and help. People are being encouraged to submit voluntarily to treatment; families and friends are more coöperative. Cases are being caught in earlier stages. And the figures reflect this improved attitude.

The increase in the relative proportion of old people among us also makes the statistics look worse than they are. Dr. Dayton, after studying 61,000 cases, concluded that much mental disease must be "placed squarely in line with failing physical processes. . . . In ages over 70, the admission rates are four times as high as those of middle age." Thus, as life is prolonged, the maintenance of a sound mind is, like the maintenance of a sound heart or liver, more difficult. All these factors help to show that the reported increase in mental illness is more apparent than real.

One of the commonest observations about contemporary society is that the pace, pressure and uncertainty of existence today quicken the rate at which people crack up mentally. If this is true we should find in our great depression experience a perfect demonstration of the thesis. For if ever millions of people were put on the mental rack, it has been during the past six years.

The National Committee for Mental Hygiene has questioned 104 institutions and studied the records of 168 hospitals. And the conclusion? "Our inquiry does not show that the depression has produced a notable increase in mental disease requiring hospital treatment." And Dr. Dayton, from his enormous experience, states: "Mental disorder is quite removed from those diseases which are supposed to be due to the strains imposed by our present civilization. . . . In the younger and middle ages, when the stresses of life are more pronounced, the population does not present a large proportion of mental disease."

The truth seems to be that mental disorders are no respecters of levels of culture or environ-

ment. John M. Cooper of Catholic University made a study of mental disease among primitive peoples and found that they, too, go mad and have their breakdowns. "Most derangement among preliterate people," he says, "has fundamentally the same patterns and probably the same causes as among civilized peoples."

Modern psychiatry, by shedding light in murky corners of the human soul, has shown us alarming things, but it has not shown us doom. Rather, by giving understanding, by providing humanized, scientific care, by promoting mental hygiene, psychiatry makes us moderns the gainers — not the fated losers — in the immemorial fight for sanity and happiness.

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Gómez—Tyrant of the Andes

Condensed from the book of the same title by

Thomas Rourke
Author of "Thunder Below"

When Juan Vicente Gómez died in 1935 he was the ranking dictator of the world. Comparisons with Mussolini, Hitler, or with Machado in Cuba are futile, for the rule of Gómez in Venezuela is unique — unique not only for its 27 years' duration, but for its perfect operation, its ruthlessness, and above all, for its stealth. Despite radio, air travel and movies, scarcely anyone outside of Venezuela knew it existed. Only death — death from old age, prevailed against it.

The cruelest tyrant of the 20th century, Gómez built his machine by force of arms, and maintained it by blind terror. The people called him *brujo*, witch-doctor. Unlike other dictators, he did not rely upon oratory, appeal to race prejudice or patriotic cant. Gómez never made a speech in his life. He ruled so completely against the people's will that in all my years in Venezuela I never met a person, not a part of the machine, who, once his confidence was won, did not damn Gómez' soul.

Two accomplishments are claimed for his rule: he maintained the peace, and he brought economic stability to the nation. The first is true, if the subjection of a people to a point where the slightest

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word of protest meant imprisonment, torture or secret execution, can be called peace. Thousands faced death and much worse rather than enjoy such a peace. The second claim is true, unreservedly. When he came to power, the foreign debt was 135 million bolivars, the internal debt 67 million, and constantly increasing. When he died there was a treasury balance of 96 million bolivars, and no debts at all! Meanwhile, Gómez had become one of the world's richest men.

During his first 42 years Gómez was an obscure peon of the Andes, his food cooked over an open fire and eaten from gourds; he wore the sandals of the Andinos; he had never seen a city nor the sea. Four years later he had become the most powerful man in the country, had directed armies like an experienced general, had even been Acting President. Impossible to have learned so much so quickly — it was instinctive! He had an uncanny knowledge of men. Completely unawed by technical knowledge but clever in using it, he spoke always softly ("his voice was like a caress") in the ungrammatic vernacular of the Andes.

As dictator, Gómez had a false birth record published, making his birthday coincide with that of his hero Bolívar, the "Great Liberator." Actually, no one knew the real date. His mother, a handsome Indian woman, was the mistress of an educated Spaniard, whence doubtless came his qualities of intelligence and leadership. He grew up a cattleman, shrewd and domineering; a bachelor, he had more than 100 acknowledged illegitimate children, for few fathers dared resist when Gómez coveted a daughter. Yet no woman ever shared his life. Ruthless always, he never surrendered his ego.

By 1899 the germ of wider ambitions was sprouting. Gathering together his money and his clan, 60 of them, he attached himself to the cause of General Cipriano Castro. In a brilliant five-month campaign Castro made himself dictator of Venezuela, and for the next eight years Gómez was his right-hand man. For four of them, as Castro devoted himself increasingly to his debaucheries, Gómez was the real power. Meantime he was learning, fighting and working. He never drank a drop, and never smoked; he bowed to Castro's every whim, always humble, efficient, trustworthy. He had an Indian's patience — he could wait. He became Commander-in-Chief of the Army, then First Vice-President, and, when Castro fell ill, Provisional President.

At last Castro's excesses in drinking and women took their toll. Surgery became necessary, and in 1908, unwilling, muttering objections, Castro sailed for Europe. Twenty-seven days later Gómez proclaimed himself President.

Gómez started to put affairs in order with direct, instinctive understanding. The huge debt to France he settled in one conference, on a 10 percent basis, and sent her minister away his friend. But he soon showed the methods he was to use. His own brother Eustóquio was in jail, sentenced for cold-blooded murder. Suddenly the two judges who sentenced him found themselves in prison, and Eustóquio, freed, was appointed commandant of that very prison. "*¿Que divertido, eh?*" How diverting! A typical Gómez jest. This fiendishly cruel brother was to be used for years for the atrocities which maintained the dictatorship. Meanwhile Gómez, living now in a 200-room palace, tired of his too mature mistress, and established a plump 16-year-old girl as her successor. The girl's father, a distinguished writer, was helpless, and died, grieving over the disgrace.

Gómez had always a single, dominating purpose: the gaining of power and money. To that end his first concern was the army and the second, the treasury. To make armed uprising impossible he placed members of his mountain clan all over the country, in garrisons and prisons, as state presidents and village heads; wherever opposition was strongest, he doubled their number. His spy system, at first merely national, became, as more Venezuelans sought refuge abroad and threatened revolutionary invasion, a vast, international system all through Europe and the Americas. He spent 2½ times as much on his spy system as on public education. Spies were everywhere — in barbershops and stores, among chauffeurs and prostitutes. A beautiful, cultured *señorita*, "buyer for a dress firm," who sailed frequently between La Guayra and New York, was the cause of many a Venezuelan being imprisoned. No whisper anywhere but Gómez knew of it at once. As a climax he had a law passed confiscating all private arms; small wonder that all revolutionary movements failed.

Now he must get money into the treasury. Even before 1914 he had accomplished much, but with all his ability he could hardly have weathered the rising storm of resentment, had not the World War come to his aid. With a vast new foreign market for Venezuela's raw materials, cattle, cotton, hides and coffee, money began to pour in. But it was oil that made Venezuela a nation of world importance, gave her the soundest economic standing of any nation — and made Gómez fabulously rich.

In 1917 Venezuela produced no oil whatever; in 1928 she had replaced Mexico as second among all nations. And Gómez, this mountain illiterate, grasped the new problems, used the best technical

advice, avoided foreign trickeries and produced a good, fair law governing this vast industry. It ensured the mapping of the whole country without expense, since every company had to survey its tracts; half of every concession reverted to the nation as "National Reserves"; and royalties were collected on all oil produced. A very good law! No loopholes for the companies — but plenty for Gómez. By some obscure process the reserves became the property of a Gómez-owned company, which then sold them to the companies holding the other half of the tracts. Presently all the National Reserves had gone toward Gómez' enrichment.

Again, when he wished to create a monopoly in cattle, his plan was simple, effective and quite legal. An English company had large grazing lands in the interior, with their abattoir and refrigerator plant on the coast. Noting that the route for driving their herds to port crossed three state borders, Gómez passed a law creating high tariffs on cattle crossing state lines — and the company was shortly forced out of business. Since for his own herds it was merely shifting money from one pocket to another, the whole cattle business, second only to oil, became his private monopoly.

Other monopolies in nearly every line brought riches to Gómez, his clan and his friends: meat, cotton, butter and milk, paper, soap and matches, salt and cement. Liquor, lotteries and gambling were especially profitable. But nothing was too small — even the American confections sold on Caracas streets brought him an income. And, since money was also pouring into the national treasury, a grateful Congress conferred on its Dictator the title, *El Benemérito*, the Well-Deserving. Similarly he was honored by foreign countries, receiving orders from Belgium, France and Holland. The Pope made him Cavalier of the Order of Piana.

But always, amidst this seeming peace and plenty, "enemies of the cause," gallant and foolhardy thousands who ventured to speak their minds, began to pour into the prisons. Other thousands escaped into exile, there to plot revolution. Venezuelan prisons were places of unspeakable horror, built in Spanish colonial times, and enhanced by the centuries' accumulation of filth, vermin and slime. The daily ration was a cupful of water with thin onion broth. Prisoners were fitted with *grillos*, leg-irons weighing up to 80 pounds, whose weight rested constantly on the bare ankles. By holding them up with ropes a slow, shuffling walk was possible, but in time the constant chafing meant gangrene or amputation. With no medical aid whatever, some prisoners died with the shackles em-

bedded in their swollen, rotted flesh. Captured plotters were subjected to barbarous tortures. Two such were hung up alive on meathooks on a roadside tree, there to hang for 15 days, rotting, while the buzzards ate them. Another, General Peñaloza, died in 1932, lying in his own filth on the cell floor, a withered, helpless mass of bones, still wearing two pairs of 70-lb. *grillos*. There is in Venezuela a fly called *gusana*. It lays its eggs in its bites in human flesh, the eggs hatching into worms whose nest is a swollen sore. Peñaloza died, literally eaten alive by *gusanas*.

In 1918, 14 officers were arrested for plotting. One of them who still lives has told what happened to them. To make the prisoners talk — "sing," they called it — they were hung up by the scrotum. When one fainted, cold water would bring him to, then they would string him up again. One man was heavy, and the ropes cut through the flesh and he fell, leaving his genitals hanging in the knot. Lying there he bled to death. Several died of torture, others were helped out by arsenic, all were mutilated for life — but not one of them "sang."

But usually when the Well-Deserving wanted confessions he got them — many from perfectly innocent persons. After Gómez' brother Juancho was murdered in his bed, all the palace retinue were put to torture, and many never heard of again. Some had a knotted rope tightened about the head like a tourniquet until the knots pressed into the skull; four women servants were hung up by their breasts. And all this was pretense, for Gómez knew at the time that the guilty one was his own son José Vicente.

Yet opposition persisted, particularly among university students, whose demonstrations had led to a slaughter in the public square. Prisons could hold no more, so Gómez embarked on his road-building program. Young, city-raised boys were sent into mosquito-infested jungles to work from dawn to dark, dragging their iron shackles. Shelterless and starved, they died like flies. Yet Gómez called this mild punishment. "For the true enemies," he said, "I have methods of true severity." He had a favorite slogan: "Union, Peace and Work."

"Yes," said his enemies, "Union in the prisons, Peace in the cemetery and Work on the roads!"

But the amazing thing was the stealth of it all! Incident after incident, year after year, yet for 27 years the printed history of Venezuela is a blank page, or worse, written falsely to glorify a power-mad tyrant. One day, 24 men are beaten to death with clubs, yet the front page carries only the benign smile of *El Benemérito* and his comment on the happy

state of the treasury! Thousands of tourists are escorted about Caracas, view the wonders Gómez has worked, the museums and statues, hotels and country clubs, but they see none of the monstrous cruelties perpetrated behind some of the walls they pass.

As Gómez grew older and attempts upon his life more frequent, he spent more and more time at Maracay, now made into a stronghold, ideally situated to dominate the country and with easy, private access to the sea. Gradually it became the capital in everything but name. Gómez is thin now, with the wrinkled thinness that follows stoutness. He still rises at daybreak. He is so set on early rising that he has military bands march about the streets at dawn, playing loudly, lest anyone should sleep late. With his motorcycle escort he drives about among his much-vaunted public works: a broad concrete boulevard with gardens, statues and modern lighting, but leading into uninhabited desolation; a park filled with Mayan figures and fountains, also lost in desolation; a huge barracks for 15,000 men, an aviation school, the finest bull ring in South America, a club for the Gómez *amigos*, a 400-room hotel, empty except when his crowd come for festivities. Four such were built with government material and forced labor, but on completion he sold them to the nation at an enormous profit.

And it was at Maracay that *El Benemérito* died. The date — officially, at least — was on the anniversary of the death of Bolívar, his hero.

For two days the people couldn't believe it. The *brujo*, they knew, would never die! Then suddenly the paralyzing spell was lifted. Everywhere they rose at once. In Caracas they filled the Plaza, laughing, yelling, "The Catfish is dead! *Viva la Libertad!*" Official rifles felled many, but they no longer feared rifles. They ripped his pictures off the walls and paraded with wild caricatures instead; the Gómez houses they tore down, brick by brick; they wrecked the club where Gómez offspring had held their orgies. Learning that Eustóquio was in the Government House they clamored for his head. "Come and get it," he cried. A young, slender man with scarred ankles calmed the crowd: "Let me go alone — I have suffered more than you." He went in and shot Eustóquio dead.

Nearly 100 of the Gómez clan boarded a gunboat, escaping by the back way from Maracay. They would never have got through Caracas alive. No one knows how much money they carried away with them, but one son deposited $2,000,000 in gold in Curaçao.

Down at Puerto Cabello where the prison *El Libertador* squats on the rocks in the harbor, a group of citizens pushed a flatcar through the wide-opened doors. The car was piled high with iron: 14 tons of *grillos*. The citizens threw the pieces into a barge, the barge was towed offshore, and they tossed the iron, piece by piece, into the water. On shore a man spoke to the people. Thin, his ankles scarred and his lungs partly eaten away, he had the sunken, burning eyes of a zealot. "We have thrown the *grillos* into the sea," he said. "And curse the man who ever again puts a ring of iron about the flesh of a son of Venezuela!"

¶ How a wager on the accuracy of a watch led to commercial radio programs

So That's How Broadcasting Began!

Condensed from The Literary Digest

THE STORY of KDKA of Pittsburgh, credited with being the first commercial radio broadcasting station, goes back to 1912 when Frank Conrad, now Assistant Chief Engineer of Westinghouse, made a $5 bet with another engineer about the relative accuracy of their watches. Dr. Conrad won his bet, but his interest in the exact time led to his building a small radio receiving set to pick up time signals sent out by the Naval Radio Station at Arlington.

Instead of the Arlington signals, however, Doctor Conrad received a curious buzz-buzz-buzz which made no sense in any known code. But the sounds had a regularity which indicated they were sent by some human intelligence. He finally traced these strange signals to a house less than a block from his home. There lay John Coleman, young wireless experimenter, whiling away a long convalescence by toying with a Ford spark coil, not knowing his signals were going on the air. Young Coleman and Doctor Conrad became friends and built sets to communicate with each other. Doctor Conrad made one improvement after another, and when the United States entered the World War, the Government drafted his talents to devise radio sending apparatus for airplane pilots.

After the war, it was generally believed that the future of radio lay as a new means of communication, competing with the telephone and telegraph. But radio had one fatal handicap: anyone with a set could eavesdrop on a conversation.

Meanwhile, Doctor Conrad found it tiresome to talk to his fellow experimenters — in frequent communication with him — and resorted to phonograph records for sound signals. By 1919 he was surprised and somewhat annoyed by telephone messages and letters, all of the same tenor:

"My aunt Zenobia is coming to visit us next week and she does not believe that music can be sent through the air, so will you please play a phonograph record for her at 10 o'clock next Thursday?"

Finally, in self-defense, Doctor Conrad announced he would broadcast records at 7:30 o'clock on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, for two hours. The station was on the upper floor of the garage of his home at Wilkins-

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(The Literary Digest, March 13, '37)

burg, Pa., and in that small room radio broadcasting began.

Fresh records were borrowed for each broadcast from a local music dealer, who, stipulating that his store should be mentioned as the source of the disks, became the first radio advertiser. The dealer soon found that records mentioned on the air sold better than others. Doctor Conrad's two sons constituted themselves a program department and supplemented the records by drafting local talent. When the actors grew tired of singing they signed off for a midnight snack, explaining their purpose with admirable informality.

The programs continued through the spring of 1919. Then, one day, the Joseph Horne department store in Pittsburgh advertised radio sets to enable the owners to hear Doctor Conrad's broadcasts. This gave Doctor Conrad an idea. Since radio was insistently democratic, dropping in for a visit with anyone who cared to tune in, why not reach as many people as possible with news, music and entertainment — and possibly a little advertising?

The idea was turned over to the publicity department of Westinghouse rather casually. In complete unawareness of the young giant in their hands, they transformed for general broadcasting one of the stations used for communicating between company plants. The station selected was the roof of a factory building in East Pittsburgh. The call letters were KDKA.

Managers of the new station cast about for a news event important enough for the initial broadcast. Warren G. Harding and James M. Cox were in the midst of a hot Presidential campaign, and election night, November 2, 1920, was selected as the auspicious occasion. The Pittsburgh *Post* agreed to furnish election figures by telephone to KDKA.

Dr. Conrad was not present at the first broadcast. So fearful were the engineers that the makeshift KDKA apparatus would fail that they planted Doctor Conrad in his garage to carry on the broadcast should the station equipment fail. The precaution was unnecessary; the first broadcast ran off without a hitch.

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¶ Dr. Fred E. August recently passed out to his criminology class at the University of Kansas City 75 photographs, asking them to select the criminal types and the noncriminal. Fifty percent of the students chose J. Edgar Hoover's picture as that of a criminal. — Baltimore *Sun*

Hero Hunters

Adapted from The Forum

Ernest Poole

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TO AN OFFICE in Pittsburgh some years ago came this letter from a southwestern sheriff:

"There has been a rescue here. Two boys, 14 and 17, were exploring the mouth of an extinct volcano when the younger one fell into the vent. The other boy came for help but nobody was willing to go because the vent is inhabited by rattlesnakes. Finally a carpenter named Jack McLane volunteered and they lowered him on an old rusty cable. He took big chances not only from the rattlers but the ledges at the turns, sharp enough to cut his cable. Nearly 200 feet down he found the boy still living and brought him back in his arms. He is a good citizen. Risked his life. Was in the hospital for a month. I think he deserves a Carnegie award."

The Carnegie Hero Fund Commission sent one of their five field agents to investigate. These trained hero hunters have to be thorough, for of thousands of applications yearly, only a few receive an award; and the award, where the need of the hero is great, may amount to several thousand dollars. The agent in this case first questioned the sheriff and then the carpenter. Their stories were confirmed by six witnesses of the rescue. Then on a strong cable, the agent himself descended into the vent to check on what he had heard. He went all the way down to the ledge where the boy's body had landed. No light from the surface reached this spot. The air was filled with choking dust from pulverized bat dung brushed off the ledges overhead. Below the 8-foot ledge a great cave extended to an unknown depth. The carpenter had found the boy, three hours after his fall, in a stupor, with a broken rib and arm and bad cuts and bruises. The boy when aroused became hysterical and the carpenter had to struggle to keep him from falling off the ledge. At last, with clothes badly torn, bleeding from a deep gash in one knee and two others on his head, blood spurting from his bursting lungs, he reached the surface with the boy.

The field agent again interviewed the carpenter. How much had he known of the risk he ran when he volunteered? Had he been told of the lava ledges? "Yes." Had he known the cable was rusty? "Yes, but it was all we had." Had he heard about the bat

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(The Forum, April, '37)

dung and the danger of suffocation? No, he hadn't thought of that. Had he stopped to think if there might be gas? No. Had he heard of the rattlers? Yes, the men had warned him. Was the boy he saved a stranger? Yes, he'd never seen him before.

"Well, brother, what can we do for you? You have a wife and five children; what do you need?"

"Oh, we get along."

"What do you want most in the world?"

"A good little carpenter shop. I'm tired of working for other men. I'd like to be my own boss."

Further investigation revealed that he was a good workman whom everybody liked. The agent made his recommendation to the Commission back in Pittsburgh — and six months later, the carpenter with his mortgage entirely cleared moved into a "good little carpenter shop," where he has done well ever since. The agent knows, for he went to find out. The Commission believes in follow-ups.

This story is one case among thousands handled by the Carnegie Hero Fund in 33 years.

A great mine disaster at the Harwick Collieries in 1904, in which several miners died trying to rescue friends, crystallized for Andrew Carnegie thoughts on how, as compared to war heroes, the heroes of peace were so soon forgotten. So he planned not only to recognize heroic deeds with medals but to help the rescuer and his family. To a commission of 21 he turned over a five million dollar trust. Applications for awards usually come not from the heroes themselves, but from proud neighbors, friends or the local newspapers.

The field agents who check up on the stories were originally newspaper men and college graduates. As hero specialists, they are nomads living hard and often dangerous lives. One of them tramped for miles through a great southern swamp where shotguns were used to shoot the trail free of moccasins. They cross burning deserts, go down into mines where explosions have occurred, scale mountain cliffs or run perilous rapids, in order to reach the site of a deed and judge the degree of risk involved. Their slogan is "Facts and facts alone." Equipped with typewriter, camera, compass and measuring instruments, they make detailed reports of their findings.

Only about eight percent of the claims meet the Commission's requirements. The others are not fraudulent but are made in ignorance of the high standards set. A mother, for example, asked an award for a young man who saved her daughter from drowning in Lake Michigan. The agent found that the rescuer, a college athlete who often swam a mile or more,

dived off a pier and saved the girl ten feet away in still water. For him there was little risk involved.

To reward the courageous deeds of such professional rescuers as policemen, firemen and lifeguards would swamp the Commission's resources, so the scope is confined to those whose regular vocations do not require them to perform such acts.

The Carnegie hero medals, having on one side the bust of the donor and on the other a brief recital of the deed, are of gold, silver and bronze. In all these years, the Commission has awarded only 19 gold medals, while 551 silver and 2395 bronze medals have been given. Generally speaking, the simplest form of heroism — the purely impulsive deed — receives the bronze medal. Without reflection the hero acts — and is later startled by what he has done. In a crowded small-town street, for example, a man jumped in front of a runaway team and was dragged almost beneath the plunging hoofs, but managed to bring it to a stop. When an admiring crowd drew around, he muttered "Aw, forget it" — and took himself away. He received a bronze medal. Other deeds take longer and demand the coolest, quickest thinking a man has ever done in his life. Having plunged in, he must carry through, or lose his life and that of another, as in the case of the middle-aged school matron in a children's home: Awakened by the fire gong and finding the hallway filled with smoke, she aroused the children in two big dormitories on the second floor and led them to safety. Then she found three missing. Back she plunged into the building to bring out one. The other two she dropped from the window into a blanket held below. She herself dropped through the stair opening, close to the flames, and was badly burned. Here was courage of a higher degree and to her was awarded a silver medal.

Gold medals are awarded when courage is sustained under peril still more prolonged, as in the rescue of two well-diggers in Kansas, who were caught in the bottom of a 32-foot hole by caving earth. A middle-aged school superintendent, finding no one else willing to go because of the danger of further cave-ins, climbed down the ladder, and working with scoop and bare hands and a bucket lowered from above, in two long, hard hours managed to free both men, one dead but the other still alive. All the time he knew that he, too, might be buried by a slide — which occurred just after he got out.

Very often the medal is the least important part of the award. In cases of death, where dependents are left in need, help is usually given in monthly payments. A widow receives about $40 a

month and $5 for each child under 16, until she remarries or the children reach self-supporting age. In cases of injury and loss of livelihood, the hero is helped until able to work again. Sometimes debts are paid off, small merchants are helped to improve their stores, salaried men are set up in business, boys and girls are helped through school or college. All this demands from the agent careful scrutiny not only of needs but of personal traits and abilities. After the award, beneficiaries are required to send in a monthly report, and once a year they are visited by the agent to see that the money paid is well used.

But the heroes themselves, who are they? What are they like? The president of the Commission writes: "If there is something peculiar in his blood and fiber, it has not been discovered by the Commission in over 30 years. In appearance and behavior, the hero resembles the rest of mankind."

Even criminals are included. In a Chinese quarter one night a little man with quick sharp eyes darted into a blazing building and brought out a sleeping baby — then slipped back into the crowd, picked somebody's pocket, and went on to deliver opium near-by. He was by no means the only hero later found in jail. Nearly any one of us, it seems, might risk his life to save another, if circumstances and mood combined. For of stuff common to us all, but buried deep, are heroes made.

At a New England boarding school, for example, a sled bearing five girls veered out onto the ice of a lake. The ice broke and four pitched into the water. The fifth girl, Ann, sent a boy for help and then squirmed on her stomach toward the hole, pushing the sled in front of her. One and then another of the girls was drawn out. It grew dark, but again she went out. The third girl was too numb from cold to hold on. Ann reached for her, the ice broke, and she was plunged into nine feet of water. She caught hold of the sled and, forcing it into the water underneath them for support, held the girl until help came. She begged them to let her dive for the fourth and was heartbroken because she had saved only three of her friends.

A man named Wheeler took two friends up in his airplane. A wing fell off, the plane crashed on a landing field and burst into flames. While both passengers crawled clear and a mechanic beat out the fire on their clothes, a young farmer named Bailey dove in to pull out Wheeler, screaming beneath the wreckage. He pulled him out a foot or two, stopped to beat out the flames on himself, dove in a second time and was blown back by an explosion. Yelling to the mechanic "Grab

my left hand" he reached in with his right and had Wheeler almost clear when the skin sloughed off his hand. He dove once more and with both raw hands grabbed his man and drew him out. He and the mechanic beat out the flames, but Wheeler died that night and Bailey was laid up for a month. The Commission helped him on his farm.

Down south a baby fell into a well hole 80 feet deep and only 14 inches across. A colored boy named Plato, so tiny he could fit into the hole, volunteered to go down on the end of a rope. With bare feet and hands he wormed his way, sharp rocks cutting his face and nearly putting out his eyes. He grabbed the baby by the shirt, but halfway up the shirt tore and the child dropped down again. At the top Plato wiped the blood from his face and offered to go down head first so he could "grab her good." Shaking with chill, with blood pouring from his nose and his numerous cuts, he brought the baby back. When told he deserved a medal, he grinned and said: "All Ah wants is a pair of shoes!"

A miner, knowing a dynamite charge is about to be detonated, protects with his body a friend pinioned beneath a rock and is killed by the blast. A little girl saves her friend on a railroad trestle and is herself killed by the train. A young truckman sees a runaway sedan heading downhill toward a crowd of children. Leaving his truck, he leaps to the running board of the sedan, smashes the locked window with his fist, and steers the car onto the sidewalk and into a wall. Stunned and bleeding, his only comment is: "Hero nothing — I got kids of my own!"

Such are the stories that daily reach the offices of the fund. Others might be cited in ten foreign countries where Carnegie later established hero awards. What has the fund done for us here? It has not only brought recognition and aid to heroes but the wide publicity has led to some realization of the dangers in our work and play, and has stimulated organized effort to prevent accidents and promote safety. Still, the world is a place of perils, and today and for many tomorrows, some of us will die to rescue friends. In a flash your life may become, as Stevenson describes it, "a thing to be dashingly used and cheerfully hazarded . . . like an affair of cavalry."

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ALL EDUCATION does today is develop the memory at the expense of the imagination. — Owen Johnson

THE TALK C

Excerpts from

Form

NEWS of accomplished subway employes continues to turn up. A Miss Jones tells us that as she got off to change from a local at 14th Street, she could see the express waiting and, making a dash for it, just managed to get into the last car. A friendly-looking guard had been watching her, and after the train was under way, he came in and stood beside her. "Listen," he said. "You don't run right. You're supposed to run on the balls of your feet — like this." Then, somewhat to the astonishment of Miss Jones and the other passengers, he ran up and down the car, displaying perfect form in spite of unfavorable conditions. "See?" he said, on his return. "*That's* how to run. I used to be a sprinter. I *know*. Now, *you* run flat-footed, like this." Again he ran up and down the car, giving a pretty good, but mortifying, imitation of how Miss Jones had run for the train. The train had by now reached her stop. "Let's see *you* try it," the guard said, as she left the car. So, as the train started up, she ran beside it for a little while, on the balls of her feet. "That's more like it!" he shouted, as he disappeared into the tunnel.

Delicacy Note

PEERING into a parked sound truck the other day to see what the inside looked like, we saw this sign next the driver's seat: "Please do not swear in the presence of the amplifier."

Sold Abroad

UNTIL a few years ago, copies of magazines unsold at the newsstands, which may be returned to the publishers unpaid for, constituted almost a complete loss — publishers used to sell them to junk dealers for two or three dollars a ton. Then along came a young man named Robert Nelson, who agreed to dispose of the waste paper of several publishers. One time, he found himself stuck with 50,000 returned copies of one magazine which, because of a drop in the wastepaper market, he was unable to sell except at a loss. Brooding about this, he suddenly thought: "Why not ship them to England?" The idea worked. Eager Britons bought all the magazines, netting Mr. Nelson a penny a copy, ten times what the highest wastepaper market could have brought him. Since then, exporting old magazines has been a profitable sideline of his business. Their frayed edges are clipped, and they are shipped to agents in all parts of the world where English is spoken.

Mr. Nelson also does a brisk

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trade with England, China, Russia, and Japan in bound books of colored comics. Mickey Mouse is the favorite among Orientals, while the English go for Little Annie Rooney. The English call Mr. Nelson's magazines "Yanks' Magazines," and buy them in their equivalent of five-and-ten-cent stores. At the moment their preference is for Western stories; a few months ago it was mystery and horror stories. South Africa and South America like stories about aviation, while Australians go in for athletic publications.

For the Kiddies

A SCRIPT recently submitted for Station WOR's "Junior G-men," a kiddies' program in which a band of tots solve crimes which have baffled their elders, was O.K.'d except for the phrase "He has a heart of stone." "You can't expect a child to know what that means," the program director said. He thought for a minute and then said, "Change it to 'He's a yellow rat'."

And a visitor to a local studio reports that when he was taken to a room just vacated by the cast of a children's program, he saw on the sound-effect man's table a badly crushed ripe cantaloupe. "What was that used for?" he asked his guide. "It was a sound effect," he was told. "A man's head being bashed in with a hammer."

Pension

OWNERS of smart-looking dogs sometimes rent their pets out to photographers for use in style photographs. A dog gets the same pay as a person. The owner of a well-groomed dachshund named Martha recently received a check for $9.90 for Martha's services, and with it two enclosures. One memo said: "For rental of dog, $10." The other was a pay slip which noted a deduction of 10 cents, "for Federal Old Age Pension." You can imagine how secure Martha feels, with not a worry in the world after she's 65!

Patent of Nobility

THE Noblemen's Club, which several months ago set out to clear the scene of phony titles, and establish the legitimacy of real ones, is doing fine. The roster now includes some 40 noblemen, with new recruits coming in at the rate of two or three a week. Applicants for membership are required to submit all sorts of credentials: army officers' commissions, university diplomas, family documents. If there is any doubt about the matter, the Club corresponds with the applicant's homeland, with heraldic organi-

zations, and with other members of the nobility who might know him. Once past these tests, he is eligible for membership. He pays $5 a month dues, and in return receives a card attesting his nobility: useful in impressing headwaiters, tailors and well-to-do widows. The Club tries to find for members "dignified employment" with hotels, banks, travel agencies, and other places where prestige counts; and also helps by securing discounts at hotels and restaurants.

Baron Giorgio Suriani Castelnuovo, the Club's president, says it was impostors such as Prince Mike Romanoff and Lord Ernest Desmond who were responsible for the organization of the club. Suriani and a few of his fellows figured out that there were about 8000 spurious titles in use here, and only 400 genuine ones. The Club will investigate free of charge any nobleman about whom you have doubts.

A Cure

A WOMAN who takes dogs seriously says the most trying time she ever had was with a cocker, a dog so sensitive that if anybody patted any other dog in the family, or even any other person, he would throw a fit. The woman always kept a bottle of ether in the house, and when the dog was seized with convulsions she would give him a whiff. He would wake up feeling O. K., and would be O. K. until another dog was patted, or until the master patted the mistress, when the whole dreary scene would be reenacted. The woman finally gave the dog (and the ether bottle) to a friend with a fairly undemonstrative household.

Here a religious angle creeps into the story. The dog's new owner was a Presbyterian lady, married to a Christian Science gentleman. The dog had a fit the very first day (some friends came in for tea and nobody gave *him* any tea). The lady whipped out the ether bottle, but her husband snatched it out of her hand. "I'll handle this," he said, and with that pulled the twitching animal into his study, closed the door, got out Mary Baker Eddy, and began to read in a quiet voice. His wife, terrified, tiptoed away. Half an hour later she put her ear to the door again, and could hear the dog still moaning, the husband still reading. After a while, though, the door opened, and there were the cocker and the Scientist, both O. K. The dog has been fine ever since, and anybody can pat, or pet, anybody.

Bird Menu

THE near-extinction of the horse in the city has posed quite a question for the English sparrow, but living creatures are adaptable. The other morning

we saw a sparrow who lives in the vicinity of a garage getting a good meal for himself from the honeycombed radiator of an incoming car: a trip in the country had netted quite a haul of butterflies, moths, and other hors d'oeuvres, and the bird had spotted it instantly. He may even have been hanging around, waiting for the car to show up, for all we know.

Flood Note

A FRIEND with a Social Conscience, hearing that a group of refugees would be brought to a near-by church, got into her car and rushed to the spot. Soon a truck appeared laden with people. Clinging together on the edge of the crowd were an old man and an old woman.

"You two," she said, "would you like to come home with me?"

After a hasty consultation, they said they would be delighted; and she took them to her house, gave them a good meal, and showed them to the guest room. In a few moments the little old lady appeared. Very humble she was, and most grateful for all the attentions she had had, but would my friend be good enough to answer one question?

Of course she would.

"Well, then, please tell me who *is* this old man I'm supposed to sleep with?"

Illustrative Anecdotes
— X —

ONE MORNING I watched a couple of cowpunchers going out to bring in a wild steer from his range in the mountains. They took along one of those shaggy little gray donkeys — a burro. Now a big three-year-old steer that's been running loose in the timber is a tough customer to handle. But these cowboys had the technique. They got a rope on the steer and then they tied him neck and neck, right up close, to the burro. When they let go, that burro had a bad time. The steer threw him all over the place. He banged him against trees, rocks, into bushes. Time after time they both went down. But there was one great difference between the burro and the steer. The burro had an idea. He wanted to go home. And no matter how often the steer threw him, every time the burro got to his feet he took a step nearer the corral. This went on and on. After about a week the burro showed up at ranch headquarters. He had with him the tamest and sorriest-looking steer you ever saw.

— Arthur Kudner in *The Atlantic Monthly*

¶ "England's battles are won on the playing fields of Eton" — Duke of Wellington

The Old School Tie

Condensed from Esquire

Edward Acheson

THAT VISIBLE sign of all inner grace, the Old School Tie, ranks as one of the most potent institutions in British life. Ghastly as its color scheme often is, this bit of neckwear serves as a caste mark of the ruling class. Further, it constitutes within its folds an inflexible code of ethics; it supplies its wearers with an unquestioned philosophy of life; and, most important of all, it gives the Empire an all-pervading method of government.

Its methods are indirect. But by means of "influence brought to bear" it makes Prime Ministers in England, and war outside; it directs foreign policy and most of the stock companies; it fashions Society in its own image and society to its own ends. Verily, it has been said — "the web of British destiny is spun with the threads of the Old School Tie."

The actual cravat is usually not highly intriguing. Eton, for example, contents itself with a black tie crossed by diagonal blue stripes; blue with white double stripes for its great rival, Harrow — just the sort of ties anyone might purchase in an uninspired moment. But *anyone* doesn't. "Suppose," we asked a very special Old-School-Tie clerk, "a forgotten man tried to buy an Eton tie? It's a mistake anyone might make." "Not a gentleman, sir," he smiled.

But even among gentlemen the idea attracted imitators in droves. Regiments adopted distinctive neckwear, one design for officers, naturally, and another for men. Clubs have ties — boating clubs, cricket clubs, fox-terrier clubs. Even hospitals and business houses have ties. The Tank Corps has one, and pretty bad it is, too, combining brown, red and green. Its wearers, with sentiment, translate it, "Through mud and blood to the Green Fields."

Against unauthorized wear a number of these ties have been patented; the Bank of India tie, for example, which displays white elephants on a blue background. Indian potentates were quick to get the idea and a number of them have neckties of peculiar design registered for their exclusive use — sort of a one-man Old-School idea.

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(Esquire, April, '37)

Yet all these are but comparatively unimportant variations on the central theme. The Old School Tie alone is the recognized badge of the Ruling Class, and its power is practically unbelievable. Witness Stanley Baldwin, ironmaster, Prime Minister of England and graduate of Harrow, who wrote, "When the call came to me to form a Government one of my first thoughts was that it should be a Government of which Harrow should not be ashamed. I remembered how in previous Governments there had been four or perhaps five Harrovians and I determined to have six. . . . I will, with God's help, do my best to live up to the highest ideals of the school."

Just picture the riot that would break out in the United States if a President announced that he was determined to appoint to his cabinet at least six old school chums from, say, Groton or Andover. But six of Mr. Baldwin's old schoolmates were slated for cabinet posts avowedly because they *were* his old schoolmates. True, Mr. Baldwin finally appointed only five from Harrow while including six from Eton. But the principle is unimpaired. Here are two preparatory schools, out of some 150, between them supplying 11 members of the Baldwin cabinet of 21.

Nor is the present instance isolated. One third of all Cabinet Ministers in the last 100 years have come from either Eton or Harrow, as have 12 of the 19 Prime Ministers. Today His Majesty's Ministers, numbering 58, can boast 25 Eton and Harrow men; of the 55 ranking officials in the foreign service Eton alone claims 28, as well as 10 of the 34 Governors and Governors-General.

The House of Lords fairly shimmers with the better Old School Ties, as do exclusive clubs, bank directorates, boards of charitable foundations and other institutions. In every field of endeavor or privilege the Old School Tie — if it be the right tie — wins for its wearer an inside track; if the tie is wrong or absent, the chances are infinitely against the contender.

Strangely enough, the "Great Public Schools" whose graduates wear the Old School Ties are strictly private. Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester and about seven more "Great Public Schools" enroll about 6000 students — roughly one fifth of one percent of the male youth of the nation — and draw their clientele exclusively from the wealthiest elements in the British Empire. Yet this tiny group habitually rules the country. Over the last century "Old Boys" of the "Great Public Schools" have occupied exactly half the seats in the House of so-called Commons.

The proper Old School Tie is an almost infallible Open-Sesame to

a career. Yet the number of applications for admission to these schools is not enormous. A prospective student will rarely apply unless he be pretty well assured that he will be accepted; for to be turned down is fatal. In London today one of the wealthiest, most charming of the young business men was "turned down by Harrow"; that was 20 years ago; but it is still the first thing that you are told about him — in whispers.

The proper procedure for a doubtful parent is to approach one of the all-powerful house masters, and do a bit of "talking around the subject." In discussing the Derby or morganatic marriages, the house master may toss in the interesting fact that the school lists, oddly enough, are chuck-a-block full. The sad but wiser parent will then approach a house master of a second-flight institution and the Ruling Class is relieved of the necessity of "looking out" for the boy.

Since the "Great Public Schools" are prep-schools, not universities, and this winnowing process takes place when a boy is 10 years old or less, selection can't be on the basis of ability. In fact, no such attempt is made. The future Old Boys are chosen, first, from a limited financial class: not every English family can afford $1000 to $1500 per annum to educate even its whitest hope. And secondly, from a limited social class, since the sons of Old School Boys are given preference.

It follows that the chief by-product of the system should be snobbery of such colossal variety that it must be seen to be believed. Take the gentleman who wrote to the London *Daily Telegraph*, suggesting "that it would be a good thing if the Old Boys of our Great Public Schools made it a rule invariably to accost anyone of whatever age whom he sees wearing his School Tie: this might prevent those who have no right to wear these ties from attempting to assume a virtue which they lack."

Lacking that virtue, educated outside the charmed circle, a man must be a Disraeli or a Labor Leader to "make good." Old Grammarians (from Chelsea Grammar School), Old Stoics (from Stowe School), Old Beghians (from St. Bee's), Etonians, Harrovians, together with a few thousand other "Public School Boys," all start with an inside track. If they "play the game" they will be "taken care of."

And if there is another war the Old Etonians will make the recruiting speeches, and the Old Harrovians will command in the field. For these are the traditions of the particular Schools.

So there stands the Old School Tie, placidly running the Church Bazaar and the Empire, foreign trade and the village cricket match.

Modern Pied Pipers

Condensed from Review of Reviews

Henry Morton Robinson

THE APPALLING fertility of destructive pests has given rise to a new profession — the scientific exterminator, a combination of entomologist, chemist, and sanitary engineer. Operating under state license or stringent municipal regulations, he is a specialist in the use of deadly salts and lethal gases, and a student of the habits of various obnoxious creatures.

Chief among these is the rat. Carrying bubonic plague, paratyphoid, and hydrophobia, rats have killed more human beings than all the wars since Christ. Last year the Department of Agriculture estimated that they destroyed $200,000,000 worth of property in the United States. Add to their proverbial fertility (a pair of rats if unmolested can produce 350,000,000 offspring in three years) the fact that rats have a remarkable intelligence and a memory as tenacious as an elephant's, and one sees that the rodent-control expert has a formidable foe.

Rats cannot be seduced by obvious poisons, carelessly prepared. The metallic flavor of arsenic, for instance, quickly warns the rat of danger, and after a single sniff he leaves the bait untouched. A veteran exterminator tells me that there are sometimes official "taster rats" who sample questionable food. If it contains poison, the death of this taster rat serves as a warning to his fellows. Sometimes they drag their dead comrade along the tribal runways, communicating the danger to the whole rodent community. Apparently, too, rats build up an immunity against many toxic substances. No single poison, says my exterminator friend, remains effective long.

Seeking a poison fatal to rodents but harmless to other animals, chemists finally found it in powdered red squill, a Mediterranean bulb which is a powerful emetic. Rodents have a "one-way throat"; they can swallow, but cannot regurgitate. Other animals who take red squill save themselves by vomiting, but the rat, denied this relief, dies. After a couple of bad experiences, however, rats become suspicious and will not touch food contaminated by squill. So exterminators lay down a heavy barrage of squill during the first attack.

Bacteriologists have always dreamed of finding a virulent dis-

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ease germ which would wipe out the whole rat race in one epidemic. But when such an organism was found — the Danysz bacillus — the danger of its spreading to human food was considered so great that authorities warn against its use.

Your lethal bait, to be practical, must do more than just kill the rat — it must get him out of the house. The standard poisons now used by exterminators, barium carbonate and thallium sulphate, are successful in this. Both being tasteless, the rat eats his fill before he suspects the worst, then desperately seeks the outer air. But in the hands of amateurs these drugs are fearfully dangerous, and should be used only by experts.

The way of a rat with a trap is one of the marvels of animal psychology. Exterminators have watched rats through peepholes and seen them experiment with spring devices. A foxy old rat will either ignore the trap altogether or diligently set about solving it. A favorite method is to knock it against a wall until the trigger is released, then leisurely devour the bait. If caught by the foot or tail, the rat gnaws off the imprisoned member; if he can't do it himself, his friends help him. Old grandfather rats have been observed giving demonstrations of trap-springing to youngsters, with the result that rats are rarely caught in traps set by amateurs. In expert hands, however, a well-baited, skillfully placed trap will do excellent work. To obtain maximum results, exterminators set several traps simultaneously. Rats often vanish from quarters where they are so firmly discouraged.

Perhaps the most cordially loathed of all vermin is little *Cimex lectularius*, the bedbug, whose proboscis is one of the most efficient instruments ever designed for cutting tissue and sucking blood. He can fast for months if necessary, become parchment-thin, yet still be able to go to work. Though it has never been proved that he carries germs, his rôle of tormentor and his tremendous fertility are reason enough why he should be vanquished. Householders who seek to thwart him by placing pans of kerosene under the legs of their beds sadly undervalue his intellect. He climbs to the ceiling and parachutes down on his prey.

So now exterminators gas him with deadly hydrocyanic fumes. In the hands of the layman, the use of cyanide may be suicidal. It has a high penetrating power and seeps through cracks and crevices, wafting murder in its breath. In three states it is the legal means of executing convicts. No living thing can survive this lethal gas, though strangely enough it is harmless to anything that is not alive. It will leave no trace in

a glass of water; fruit and candy are often gassed with cyanide for worms, and large flour mills fumigate with it for weevils.

I watched a fumigator while he prepared a house prior to "shooting the gas." After sealing doors and windows with gummed paper and posting warnings outside the house, he donned a gas mask, and worked down from the top floor to the cellar. Into every room he tossed cyanide-generating disks and quickly shut the door. On leaving the house he sealed the door from the outside, took off his gas mask and stood guard for six hours. Meanwhile every bedbug, roach and rat in the house was being destroyed. If carpet beetles are afoot, 24 hours of fumigating are required. For fumigating an ordinary residence a reputable exterminator usually charges from $25 up.

Another prime pest, the cockroach, is best subdued by sodium fluoride, a highly toxic powder which looks so much like ordinary baking powder that New York State requires that it be colored Nile blue, to prevent tragic mistakes. It is forced with pressure guns into the obscure crevices the cockroach loves so well. Sometimes exterminators employ the roach bane which was discovered during the war when a regiment of Allied soldiers went to sleep, in their usual louse-ridden condition, in a field of Rumanian chrysanthemums — and awoke to find every body-louse dead! The soldiers were puzzled until a native told them that the pollen of this chrysanthemum was a powerful insecticide. Laboratory research has purified and concentrated this dust; known as pyrethrum, it is today one of the exterminator's most effective insecticides.

Although there is a high correlation between filth, poverty and vermin, no one is exempt from insect pests. They hitchhike into the most fastidious homes on food and clothing, and, to keep the upper hand in the ceaseless war against them, the finest of hotels, apartments, and office buildings have contracts with exterminators.

Government pest-control campaigns sometimes reach vast proportions. A Department of Agriculture project, which affected 747,608 separate premises in Texas, Alabama and Georgia, required nearly a million pounds of appetizing little sausages dosed with red squill, tons of poisoned grain, and 400,000 traps. An amazing total of 7,500,000 rats were destroyed. Drives conducted by the Biological Survey in Tacoma, Minneapolis, Louisville, Shreveport, New Orleans and Baltimore have wiped out whole armies of rats.

But more important still were the permanent preventive measures. City dumps and garbage

heaps were cleaned up, and sanitary systems of sewage disposal were devised. Docks, mills, private homes and offices were ratproofed, then billed at cost.

Sporadic campaigns, however, no matter how successful, are not the answer to the problem. Pest-control experts agree that 100 million rats would perish in a year if man would re-design his buildings on ratproof patterns. To multiply, rats must have shelter in which to breed and store food. The use of concrete and steel in foundations, or wood covered with galvanized sheet metal, is strongly recommended by the Department of Agriculture. Wire mesh should protect all cellar windows; there must be no "dead spaces" between walls. Ratproof construction may be more expensive in the beginning, but it is shrewd economy in the end. Not until ratproofing becomes regular practice will this ruthless enemy of man be truly controlled.

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What Are Your Chances?

IN *The American Magazine*, Louis I. Dublin, Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. statistician, tells the fortune of a young man of 20, by the law of averages:

You have an even chance to live to be 69. During the last 100 years the average length of life has increased 20 years, and it will continue to advance a little more. Of all the children born this year, 75 percent will be alive at the age of 50, 25 percent at the age of 78.

Your sweetheart, who is now 20, will outlive you by three years, if she follows the average for women.

Your chances of getting a job are better than four out of five, and, as an average young man, you have a 50–50 chance of attaining an income adequate to a fairly good standard of life — $2000.

The chances are 9 in 10 that you will marry — and within five years. But you may not marry the girl you now love, because the average man marries at 25 and the young woman at 22. Your girl is only 20. She may be tempted to marry before you are willing or able to do so. The chances are always against a man marrying a girl of his own age or older than he is. After you get married, the chances of your escaping divorce are four out of five, although the rate is rapidly rising. You have one very good protection against it: to have children.

You will have half as many children as the average father of the past generation. He had six. You will probably have three.

You will die sooner if you don't get married. The home environment is more healthy. If you marry happily at 25, with a wife at 22, you will have three chances in four of celebrating your silver wedding anniversary.

Building a Personality

Condensed from Physical Culture

Harry Emerson Fosdick, D.D.
Pastor of the Riverside Church, New York

A CONSULTING psychologist told me recently that most cases of emotional maladjustment are due to the fact that people will not accept themselves. They resent their limitations. They want to be someone else. They keep daydreaming about what they would do if they had another's chance. And so, disregarding their own possibilities, they never make anything worth while out of themselves.

Well, anybody can find sufficient cause to dislike his own lot. William Wilberforce did not like himself. Diminutive edition of a man, Boswell went to hear him speak once and said afterward, "I saw what seemed a mere shrimp mounted upon the table; but, as I listened, he grew and grew, until the shrimp became a whale." That shrimp of a man never had good health. For 20 years, on doctor's orders, he took opium to keep body and soul together and had courage never to increase the dose. But more than any other Englishman, he stopped the British slave trade; and as one stands in Westminster Abbey beside the grave of "The Attorney General of the unprotected and the friendless," one sees that that sensitive, suffering life translated itself into a persistent, unconquerable sympathy for downtrodden people that a lusty hulk of a man in perfect health probably never would have felt.

The most stimulating successes in history have come from persons who, facing some kind of limitations and handicaps, took them as part of life's game and played splendidly in spite of them. Once when Ole Bull, the great violinist, was giving a concert in Paris, his A string snapped and he transposed the composition and finished it on three strings. That is life — to have your A string snap and finish on three strings.

As soon as a man begins to accept this positive technique for handling his handicaps, they present themselves to him as opportunities always challenging, sometimes fascinating. Rebellion against your handicaps gets you nowhere. Self-pity gets you nowhere. One must have the adventurous daring to accept oneself as a bundle of possibilities and undertake the most interesting game in the

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world — making the most of one's best.

In a battle with the Saracens in Spain, so the story runs, the Scots threw the heart of Robert the Bruce ahead of them and then with all their might fought toward it. That is the method of procedure. Take charge of your life, hurl some ideal and hope ahead and then fight toward it; organize your living around a purpose. Many folk fail to become personalities because they think that life is something we *find* instead of something we *create*. The fact is that existence is what we find. The big business of being a person is to take existence and so organize it around our plans and purposes that it becomes a life.

A friend of mine landed in Boston a half century and more ago. His old Scotch father had told him that he was of less than average ability. He began his life in America as a foundryman and he roomed over a saloon. Such was his existence to start with. What he made of it, however, was a great life, for he turned out to be George A. Gordon, one of the best scholars Harvard ever graduated; for over 40 years in the Old South Church in Boston, his pastorate was one of the most notable for intellectual quality and spiritual influence in the annals of American churches. His existence was what he found; his life was what he created. Often the best friend a man has is not comfort, but the challenge of antagonistic environment to awaken his slumbering soul.

> PRIMARILY, democracy is the conviction that there are extraordinary possibilities in ordinary people and that if we throw wide the doors of opportunity so that all boys and girls can bring out the best that is in them, we will get amazing results from unlikely sources. Shakespeare was the son of a bankrupt butcher and a woman who could not write her name. Beethoven was the son of a consumptive mother, herself daughter of a cook, and a drunken father. Schubert was the son of a peasant father and a mother who had been in domestic service. Faraday, one of the greatest scientific experimenters of all time, was born over a stable, his father an invalid blacksmith and his mother a common drudge. Such facts as these underlie democracy. That is why, with all its discouraging blunders, we must everlastingly believe in it. — Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick.

At least three factors enter into the achievement of this sort of personality. First, imagination. Great living starts with a picture, held in some person's imagination, of what he would like some day to do or be. Florence Nightingale dreamed of being a nurse, Edison pictured himself an inventor; all such characters escaped the mere shove of circumstance by imagining a future so vividly that they headed for it.

Look at John Keats: orphaned in early boyhood, pressed by pov-

erty, lacerated by the cruelty of his literary critics, disappointed in love, stricken by tuberculosis, and finally shoved off the scene by death at 26. But with all his ill fortune, Keats' life was not driven by circumstance. From that day when, a youth, he picked up a copy of Spenser's *Faërie Queene* and knew beyond doubt that he too was born to be a poet, Keats' life was drawn by a masterful purpose which gave him a lasting place among the world's renowned. "I think," he said once, "that I shall be among the English poets after my death." He got that picture in his imagination, and to him it was like the heart of Robert the Bruce to the fighting Scots.

Hold a picture of yourself long and steadily enough in your mind's eye and you will be drawn toward it. Picture yourself vividly as defeated and that alone will make victory impossible. Picture yourself vividly as winning, and that alone will contribute immeasurably to success. Do not picture yourself as anything and you will drift like a derelict.

Second, common sense. There is no use in a round peg's imagining itself fitted in a square hole. As a matter of fact, many people flounder around pitifully before they discover the true direction of their lives. Whistler, the artist, started out to be a general and was dropped from West Point because he could not pass in chemistry. "If silicon had been a gas," he said, "I should have been a major general." Sir Walter Scott wanted to be a poet and turned to novel writing only when Byron outshone him in his chosen field. Phillips Brooks failed as a teacher before he turned to preaching. Study yourself and use your head in picturing your goal. But whether with wisdom or without, pick a goal; don't drift.

Third, courage. Real personalities always have the kind of faith that produces courage. When his generation was against him, Richard Wagner had faith in his music, and it overcame the world. After centuries had borne unimpeachable testimony to the devastating virulence of yellow fever, a little group of American medical men in Cuba had faith that it could be conquered, and it was. Charles Darwin worked for 20 years in a little English garden succeeding and failing, trying and keeping on because he had faith that he had found a clue, and he conquered. Faith is not credulity. It is creative power. It is vision plus valor.

Imagination, common sense and courage — even a moderate exercise of these will produce remarkable results. If a man is primarily after wealth, the world can whip him; if he is primarily after pleasure, the world can beat him; but if a man is primarily growing a personality, then he can capitalize anything that life does to him.

Mendicant States, and Our Tax-Free Privileged Class

Westbrook Pegler *in* New York World-Telegram

ACCORDING TO the best figures available in Washington, there are now 4,891,000 employes of the states, counties and municipalities, drawing more than three billion dollars a year, who don't pay a cent of federal income tax on their salaries. There are also about 1,500,000 federal employes who are exempt from the state income tax, if any, in the states where they live — a tax borne by people in private pursuits who, in some cases, make less money than these guests of the community.

These exemptions are protected by a series of Supreme Court decisions which hold that the government cannot tax a state or vice versa. Now, I hesitate to hang out my shingle as a constitutional expert; but I can read, and the income tax amendment doesn't make any exception for salaries drawn out of the public treasury. It says "incomes from whatsoever source derived"; but the Supreme Court has exempted a large class of citizens from the burden of the income tax.

The Supreme Court's stand rests in an ancient and fine-drawn decision given more than 100 years ago which didn't foresee the income tax at all and dealt with an entirely different sort of case. The succeeding Courts have used this as a precedent to deny the plain language of a constitutional amendment and throw the weight of the income tax on less than 2,000,000 people to the profit of the public employes, many of them drawing high salaries met from taxes.

Moreover, there are many mendicant states, always around with the tin cup to cadge money out of the national Treasury in loans which never will be repaid, which refuse to adopt state income taxes of their own. If they had such taxes they would not need to prey so heavily on the government, and these borrowings represent, in effect, precisely the menace which the Supreme Court undertook to thwart when it pointed out that the states must not be allowed to devour one another.

New York, for example, has a heavy income tax, while Illinois has none; so New York makes an effort to pay her way, while Illinois, in case of trouble, simply rattles the cup.

Yet there has been so much sentiment about the great emergency that federal money is shoveled out to relieve distress in states which could meet or, anyway, make a better showing with their local problems, if they had their own income tax. The southern states have, in this way, grabbed a disproportionate share of federal money.

Gradually and surely state government is throwing up the sponge and delegating its troubles, though none of its rights, to the nation and, in a measure, to the superior members of the great sisterhood.

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The Horse-and-Buggy Farmer

Condensed from The American Mercury

Frank Money

WHILE his southern and western brethren have been jostling round the federal trough, demanding benefits and handouts, the thrifty Yankee farmer has stood his embattled ground, asking for little and getting less, but operating an independent agriculture that has earned, without government assistance, the highest *per capita* income of any group of farm states.

New England received none of the benefit payments on wheat and cotton and only a small portion of the AAA corn-hog reduction subsidies. Despite this, the New England agrarian conquered the Depression. He conquered it because of his conception of farming. He has long viewed his farm primarily as a home and a source of living; he has grown a variety of crops so that the farm should first of all feed his family. The Westerner, however, has considered his farm a purely commercial venture; he specialized in grain or livestock and depended upon its sale for support.

This divergence is partly explained by a difference of spirit in the original settlers. New England was colonized by people who came looking for homes; the West was opened by adventurers bent on the exploitation of the nation's richest agricultural region. The Yankee got his third-rate farm only after laboriously clearing the land; he grew to depend upon industry and thrift for whatever he earned. But the Westerner got his rich lands for the taking. So it has come about that from the West always rises the clamor of something for nothing from the government, a cry the southern cotton planter has recently taken up. The New Englander, however, has continued to solve his own problems himself.

In Colonial times the New Englander raised cattle, sheep, horses and hogs, both commercially and for home use; he grew most of the grains; he produced vegetables and fruit for home use. When the development of the fertile West threw an abundance of meats and grain upon the market, the Yankee's small, thin-soiled fields could not compete. But he did not lobby in Congress for a solution of his difficulties. Instead, he modified his system of farming.

Giving up the commercial production of beef, pork, horses and grain, he went into dairying with

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(The American Mercury, April, '37)

a vengeance. He took up commercial poultry-raising; he produced fruits and vegetables, especially potatoes, for the market. Note that he still diversified, but in new channels. Today, as a result, the farms of New England furnish employment and homes for more than 600,000 people.

The average Yankee farmer has approximately 100 acres, mostly in woodland and pasturage; only from five to ten acres being tilled annually. The small size of the average New England farm — just half the average for the United States as a whole — carries the advantage of owner-labor, personal oversight, and personal interest. Over 80 percent of New England farms are owner-operated; only 40 percent are so classified in the West North Central grain states. Quite probably the Yankee owner was born on this selfsame farm or within ten miles of it. He expects to spend his life there, and plans for gradual and steady improvement. He raises much of his own food, and his cash income in most cases comes from several crops; even in bad years at least one crop is reasonably certain to show favorable returns and keep his home intact.

Unlike the western farmer, the New Englander did not expand his holdings in boom times in the speculative hope of doubling his income. He improved the farm he already owned, and saved the rest of his money. If he had not had a sound investment in his farm and some money in the bank, he would be in the same financial condition today as the western farmer who overexpanded on land bought at $200 to $400 an acre when livestock and grain were selling at an all-time high.

Can the principles of Yankee farming which have proved successful for upwards of 300 years be applied with equal success elsewhere? His thrifty attitude toward money, his resistance to speculation, are unquestionably sound. His diversification of crops, which among other advantages permits the spreading of labor over the year, has been found practicable where it has been tried. Reliance upon a single crop courts disaster from two directions. Unfavorable weather may so reduce the yield of a crop as to make the year's work a cause of bankruptcy. On the other hand, a year extremely favorable to a particular crop may cause a surplus which forces the price below the cost of production.

The crux of America's agrarian problem might be worded this way: if you put a man on a piece of ground and tell him to get a living or die, he will live. But if the same man is told to run a farm as a successful business he is immediately confronted by complexities of management not directly concerned with tillage of

the soil; he meets such problems as marketing, such unpredictable factors as price, and he must face the competition of other men engaged in his business; he must not only have farming ability, he must know something of the principles of business and must expose himself to the gambles involved.

Yet southern and western farmers cling to the business idea, protesting that diversification would interfere with the raising of their particular cash crop. The answer to their objection is also a partial answer to the question of surplus. While a Yankee farmer is busy growing his own food, he is not contributing to a surplus of wheat or cotton or hogs. And what the Yankee farmer grows provides him with a sound and generous menu — vegetables, fruit and berries; dairy products, poultry, and often home-grown beef. These are eaten fresh in season and preserved for winter use. Adoption of a program that would furnish the 32,000,000 farm population with a home-grown abundance of such staple foods could be accomplished without subsidy, and would relieve more want than has any single New Deal measure.

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Text for Better Sermons

SERMONS are often criticized for their lack of spiritual quality. Yet do we not expect too much of our ministers? If we valued a fine sermon for what it is — a creative effort on a par with a fine essay or lecture — we would no longer expect a minister to produce one every Sunday.

A much better plan would be for the churches to allow, encourage or even require that their preachers deliver the best sermons of other preachers, as well as their own best and most inspired ones.

How much better if, after the hymn-singing which congregations like so much, the minister should say, "I will now give you Phillips Brooks' interpretation of faith as expressed in such and such a chapter and verse," or, "I shall give you today a comparison between Jonathan Edwards' and Harry Fosdick's ideas of personal religion."

What if the church organist were required to play only music of his own composition? Are not the cases parallel to a great extent?

Then, from time to time, the minister could give his own interpretation of a certain subject, and everyone would know that this sermon had been born out of weeks of subconscious thought and compelling interest, not hurriedly made amid the distractions of a particularly busy week. — "A Westchester Organist," in the N. Y. *Herald Tribune*

Time Clock No. 1135284

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly

Gene Richard

[GENE RICHARD — it is his real name — is an automobile worker 23 years old. He is probably more sensitive to the strain of routine operations than the average automobile worker; before entering the factory he had some slight experience as a professional musician. Again, he is not typical because he is more articulate in expression than most of his mates, few of whom could express the tensions which harass them.

The public, aware that the automobile industry pays high wages and maintains high factory standards, has been mystified by the degree of heat generated in its labor relations. A recognition of these nervous strains may perhaps bring a measure of amelioration.

—The Editors of *The Atlantic Monthly*]

THE DAY is only beginning and the men are wandering quietly into their places. The shop is beautiful. Machines, blue steel, huge piles of stock. Interesting patterns of windows are darkened by the early hour. This is the impression one gets before he becomes a part of the thing. The beauty is perceivable then.

There is a shrill note. It is impersonal, commanding, and it expresses the entire power which orders the wheels set in motion. The conveyor begins to move immediately. Mysteriously the men are in their places and at work. A man near me grasps the two handles of the air wrench he holds all day long. He leans forward to each nut. One nut — two nuts — one motor. It is not necessary for him to change his position. The conveyor brings the next motor to him. One position, one job all day.

Noise is deafening: a roar of machines and the groaning and moaning of hoists; the constant *pssffft-pssffft* of the air hoses. One must shout to be heard. In time the noise becomes a part of what is natural and goes unnoticed.

"Watch your quality today, men," says Tommy, the squat line foreman. We are working so fast I don't see how anyone can think of quality. The old fellow next to me seems to be having trouble keeping up. He is supposed to run in a bolt on a clamp that I straighten and tighten with a hand wrench. When he gets behind, I get behind, too. I take his ratchet wrench and do the added operation myself. I'm younger and he's probably quite tired. He looks at me with mild appreciation.

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Men about me are constantly cursing and talking filth. Something about the monotonous routine breaks down all restraint. The feeling of isolation leads one to the assurance that his confidences will never escape. The man who works next me on the other side speaks, without a trace of conscience, of his more intimate relations with his wife. We work on and on with spurts of conversation. Suddenly a man breaks forth with a mighty howl. Others follow. We set up a howling all over the shop. It is a relief, this howling.

As the long-anticipated whistle blows for lunch the men burst into the aisles. There is a rule: "No running." Some of the men have developed a lunch-hour walk which is hard to distinguish from a run.

In spite of the poorly regulated lives of these men, many gain weight. There are a great number of big massive hulks. I seldom see a man with a well-proportioned body. Some have a high left shoulder while the right droops. Some have large gnarled hands, the fingers of which fail to respond readily. Many hands lack a finger here and there. A protruding belly is almost the rule with the men who have been here long. The stomach muscles become relaxed and deformed from standing long hours in one position. There is a prevalence of halitosis.

After lunch the shrill whistle blows. It works as well as a whip. There is a rustle of clothing, a dropping of feet, and a prayerlike flow of voices as we go down the stairs.

This afternoon I am transferred to the rod department. My job is to weigh the rod and stripe its end with paint according to the colors indicated on the scale. The color is posted on the indicator instead of the weight, so all the operator needs to know is one color from another. As I take one rod off the scale, I put the next one on. While the scale is coming to rest I paint the small end of the first rod with a stripe corresponding to its weight. No time is lost. One soon gets so he can take a rod off the scale before it comes to a rest and predict where it will stop. To paint 5000 rods a day this is almost a necessity.

As I am painting the end of the rod I realize that I am not conscious of what I am doing. My accuracy surprises me. I seldom make a mistake, yet I never have my mind on my work. Perhaps this is why I am able to obtain accuracy, because my subconscious is more capable of this monotony than my personality.

Sometimes my thoughts will not hold me down. I think about all the mean things I have done, and all the things about myself I disrespect. Or I grow angry at some person out of my past. My thoughts go on and torture me. They are

thoughts which I think are not sane. I want to think them through until they satisfy me but I cannot, because my work is constantly bringing me back to consciousness. Some days, though, I have two or three pleasant topics for thought. Then I am at peace.

I have gained one thing from this hell. I have learned discipline. I can concentrate for an hour on one subject. But my efforts are fast losing direction. I have lost contact with anything to think about.

I have worked long hours this week. Each day I go to work in the dark and leave in the dark. I have not seen daylight since Sunday, and it is Saturday afternoon. I feel strangely unimportant and insignificant. I realize how unimportant personal worth is here. When I come in the gate in the morning I throw off my personality and assume a personality which expresses the institution of which I am a part. There is no market for one's personal quality.

When a man insinuates here by any action that he is an individual, he is made to feel that he is not only out of place but doing something dishonorable. One feels that even the time he spends in the lavatory is not a privilege but an imposition. He must hurry back because there are no men to spare. The only personal thing required of me is just enough consciousness to operate my body as a machine. I am a unit of labor, and labor is cheap. There is no market or appreciation of my worth except my self-respect. I struggle to keep it.

When four-thirty finally arrives we get word that we are working until six. We are all sullen, grieved at this policy of detaining us without consulting us. We take to hollering to build up a morale which will help us to lick the last hour. Finally we are walking out, punching our cards. Laughter is now sincere but weary. It is dark on the outside. I am so dulled that I have gotten here without realizing it. I stop — I ponder. I can't think where I parked my car: the morning was so long ago.

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Answer to the Watch Problem *on page 24*

¶ You get there first, and I miss the train. I will try to arrive a short time before 4:05 by my watch; but 4:05 by my watch is 4:15 train time. You will try to arrive a short time before 3:50 by your watch; but 3:50 by your watch is 3:45 train time.

Requiescat in Pace

Condensed from The New Yorker

Morris Markey

"I'VE GOT a release on this one," said the detective sergeant on assignment at the New York City Morgue. "Number 48,227."

"O.K.," said the superintendent. "We'll send him up on this afternoon's boat. But I thought that woman from Indianapolis was going to identify him."

"She kept coming back and looking for nearly a month," said the detective. "Finally made up her mind it wasn't her Willie."

The superintendent drew a slip of paper from a filing cabinet and pinned it to the "Release for Burial." It contained the information that Number 48,227, found dead of asphyxiation in a rooming house, apparently suicide, was male, white, about 28 years old, dark hair, blue eyes, five feet eight inches tall, weight 154 pounds. Hands not accustomed to manual work. Thirty-four dollars and seventy cents found on a table. Good clothes. No papers or other means of identification.

"It would save a lot of trouble if eggs like this would write down their name and address," remarked the superintendent. "Take that woman from Indianapolis. All that trouble and worry just because the description sent out sounded like her Willie boy. She must have had a nice trip east, all right."

Down in the cellar, the attendants sewed Number 48,227 in a sheet. In the vast room more than a hundred lay beside him in long ranks, but none of these were touched with the air of mystery that lay upon him. Their names were known, for they were the pauper dead gathered from all five boroughs of the city. Some had crept with solitary misery into the city hospitals, and died there. Some had died in the dreadful squalor of the tenements. Some were dead-born infants from Bellevue Hospital next door. About a third lay apart, and small crosses were imprinted on their shrouds. They were the Roman Catholics, and Number 48,227, having worn a scapular when found, and not definitely a suicide, belonged among them. Presently a long line of stretcher-bearers began their journey through a dim corridor and down a ramp to the deck of a squat, weathered boat, painted black.

The trip up the East River toward the narrow channel of Hell Gate was long and very slow.

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(The New Yorker, October 17, '31)

Deep in the hold, the ancient engines chanted a dirge in monotone. Against a sky that was warm and blue our flag whipped at half-mast. Coming into Hell Gate we passed close to a tugboat, and the man at the wheel lifted his hat stolidly from his head as we drew past.

Hart's Island is at the beginning of the Sound — low, flat and featureless. There are a few old buildings huddled at one end, the grass is green. It has been the Potter's Field for the town since 1869; and 336,987 are buried there. We came into the slip and the unloading began.

It was not long before Number 48,227 was placed among the little crowd of still forms which lay on the grass by a long trench, at a considerable distance from the larger number who had not held with the Church of Rome. A priest in black vestments hovered over him for a moment, and very quickly he was lifted to the bottom of the pit. His motionless companions were lifted down to lie beside him, as close as the attendants could contrive, and soon men with shovels were covering them from the bright day.

No man of God at all stood over the others to repeat the formulas. Seventy of them were lifted rapidly into one mammoth grave, and the shovelers were at work immediately. "The Catholic Church has consecrated the ground for its communicants," said the superintendent, "and they send a priest up twice a week. Nobody volunteers to give a ceremony to the others, and it is not the city's obligation."

Burials are conducted every Wednesday and Saturday. About 8000 a year are interred in the long trenches, and of these nearly 500 are unidentified dead. About six bodies a week are disinterred and given over to relatives for burial in private cemeteries. But very rarely does this befall one of the unidentified dead. Generally, the bodies are taken away by people who have grown a little more prosperous since the day their dead kin were taken to the Potter's Field.

In one spot on the Island there is an enclosure and the only monument that appears on all that level stretch. It is the reservation for pauper dead among veterans of the Civil War. Every year, on Decoration Day, representatives from posts of the G.A.R. hold ceremonies at the foot of the small granite shaft, and on this day alone in all the year music sounds across the silent green.

The boat was leaving for the city. And down at Police Headquarters a clerk was going through the routine which would permit the City Treasury to take over the $34.70 that Number 48,227 had left behind when he decided he had enough of living.

Speed Up Your Reading

MACAULAY read a book so swiftly that he seemed to turn the pages almost without pausing, taking in at one glance all that was in them, and yet carrying away all that was worth remembering. You can cultivate this gift by practice. Force yourself to read more rapidly than feels comfortable. Make a note of how long it takes you to read a page, then try to cut down your time on the next. For practice, read light literature — love stories, mystery stories, anything that carries you so fast that there is no chance to dilly-dally. Although you will be bothered at first by not grasping the matter you are reading as well as is your wont, disregard this and it will right itself with practice.

To aid this practice of fast reading, two psychologists, Dr. Goodwin Watson and Dr. Theodore Newcomb, have formulated five simple rules: eliminate whispering, pointing and movements of the lips and hands; relax your muscles; try to see phrases, sentences, even paragraphs at a glance; do not let your mind wander — if you find yourself thinking of something else, write down a note about it to be taken up later; try to anticipate the author and see whether he is developing the idea as you would expect; then it will seldom be necessary to read every word.

—James Bryce, *University and Historical Addresses* (Macmillan); Robert S. Lynd, quoted in *The Wilson Bulletin;* Leal A. Headley, *Making the Most of Books;* Richard Abbott in *Woman's Home Companion*

I HAD a lesson in the art of reading when I was young that has always remained in my memory. Dr. Jowett, Master of Balliol College, Oxford, said to me, when we were discussing the merits of various books, "You will never be a reader till you learn the art of skipping." I was profoundly shocked, and told him that from my earliest years I had been taught that it was like cheating at cards to leave out a single word of any book I was reading. Pointing to the books piled upon his crowded shelves, he said: "Do you mean to assert that every word in all these volumes is worth reading? You must choose in life what is *worth* and what is *not* worth your attention, and few authors would be so pretentious as to claim that every word they had written was worth reading." From that moment I skipped several of the sunsets, many of the comments, and most of the reflections of half the books I read.

—Margot Oxford (Countess of Oxford and Asquith), *More or Less About Myself* (© 1934, Dutton)

IT IS ALL very well to read a light novel straight through at a sitting, but never pursue such a method with a subject you are trying to learn, *unless you are so keenly interested in it that you cannot put the book down!* The best way to read studiously is to stick at it for five or ten minutes and then stop to think what you have read. If something the author has said confuses you or seems contrary to fact, go back and read the passage over, thinking about the doubtful point as you do so. Keep up this method and sooner or later you should be reading as fast as your eye and brain can travel.

—Walter B. Pitkin, *How We Learn* (© 1931, McGraw-Hill)

Crashing the Capital

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly

Jim Marshall

FOR BACHELORS, the national capital is a paradise. There are ten eligible girls to every man, a heavy preponderance that is unique in America. So bachelors — and widowers or husbands who have left their wives back home — may attend several parties every day, starting in the afternoon when they taxi to a de luxe hotel for cocktails and a couple of whirls. Then they have their choice of dinner invitations, and wind up the evening either at a dance or the theater. Many of them indulge in this sort of rounding six days a week. And if the cocktails and the juleps flow too freely, many offices in Washington have an infirmary where the victim can spend the morning after on a cot. Some of the infirmaries after a big party night have to hang out the SRO sign.

To snare the few available men the competition is terrific; and here's where a few smart women, with photographers, modistes, milliners, restaurants and florists as their fellow enterprisers, make a Big Business out of the struggle to crash society.

The gay set in Washington is made up chiefly of departmental secretaries, executives and officials of a thousand and one bureaus — political appointees almost to a man — and their wives and growing children. They are all fairly well paid, uncontaminated by trade, and often by work of any description. A great majority of them were fairly large frogs in small puddles back home. In the capital they soon find they're about as important as another hole in a Swiss cheese factory.

Let's look at a typical case:

From the Midwest comes a politician to fill an appointive job his senator has got him. With him comes his wife and daughter. The family holes up in a Washington apartment that costs twice as much as the same thing in the old home town, and tries to stretch the new salary over living costs in an expensive city. Back home where Father was a big shot and Mother ran a sort of rustic *salon*, they were in the papers every day or two. In Washington, nobody pays any attention to them.

After a few days of isolation, Mother begins to worry. It is hard to make friends. Besides, there's Lucy. Well, just as Mother is about to give up and hit out for home, her telephone rings and

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(Collier's, October 31, '36)

a cultivated feminine voice speaks her name.

"I have been intending," throbs the voice, "to call you for days. But the whirl of society here, you know how it is . . ." Mother peps right up.

"Your daughter," the voice goes on. "I have heard about her — such a charming girl. We must arrange a little party for her, let her meet some of the other dear girls in the capital."

It's heavenly music to Mother. The voice is chanting on: "Well, then, say we invite 11 girls as Lucy's guests. A little luncheon at the Grand De Luxe Hotel — about $2 a plate, eh? And some cocktails, of course — you know how young people are these days. Flowers, naturally. I will arrange for a note in the society columns. They will want Lucy's picture. Shutta and Lenz, down on the avenue, make such attractive ones."

Before she realizes it, Mother has agreed to spend about $250 — including a new frock, hat and shoes at an "exclusive little place" where they'll treat Mother right if she just mentions the voice's name — and a bit of financial loss for the voice if she doesn't. The voice will also collect a fee from the hotel, the florist and the photographer.

The guests at Lucy's first party are girls who got their start in the whirl the same way Lucy now is getting hers. They half-realize they are being used as bait by the social secretary, but they don't mind. They get plenty of parties as a reward, and Mother is glad to have newspaper clippings to send to the society editor of the home-town paper.

Lucy's first luncheon being a success — though the cocktails cost more than Mother thought necessary and there was only a one-column picture of Lucy in the paper — the social secretary calls up to say that Dear Lucy made such a fine impression, and wouldn't it be nice if she could be hostess at a tea-dance at the Imperial Colossal one afternoon soon?

"But I don't know any young men here," sighs Mother. "And neither does Lucy."

The voice laughs softly. Yes, it is hard. So few men, so many girls. But she'll see to it that there will be three charming men for every girl, in the best Washington tradition.

"Of course," explains the voice, "many of the best young men are from really good families, but they are students and have little money. So we older folks must come to the rescue. We usually give the boys a trifle, $5 or $10, for expenses — a dress suit, flowers, taxis. I *know* you understand."

It is not long before Lucy is being referred to by the social

secretary as "one of my girls." Such a girl may easily be worth $250 to $500 a year in commissions, and social secretaries are always trying to steal girls from each other. Yet without the social secretary, Lucy would languish like a prairie flower in a heat wave, her chances of meeting anyone "worth while" in the capital small. The whole business is quite legitimate, fills a human need, and does for thousands of outsiders who flock to Washington something they couldn't do for themselves — it crashes them into society.

The social secretary works closely with the press agents for all sorts of regattas, flower shows, exhibitions, conventions and "events" that are going on all the time. In the course of a year Lucy will doll up in a dainty silk sailor suit as a regatta hostess, in a smart new street frock to greet delegates to the convention of the Amalgamated Horseshoers of the World, in white organdy as a flower-show usher.

After a year of this sort of thing Mother has spent a few thousand dollars. Father has sold part of his interest in the brickyard back home and Lucy is in society up to the crystal necklace, and maybe engaged.

And maybe not.

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The Common Sense of Frankness

RECENTLY Samuel S. Leibowitz, a lawyer famous for his skill in cross-examination, was defending a man in a murder case. The wily attorney knew well the value of frankness with a jury. When his client took the stand the first question Mr. Leibowitz asked was, "What has been your business?"

"Professional pickpocket," the man replied.

"If the jury should acquit you, what will your business be in the future?"

"Professional pickpocket," was the prompt answer.

"My client was acquitted," said Mr. Leibowitz. "He should have been, as there wasn't enough evidence against him to convict. But if he hadn't given honest answers to my questions, the opposing counsel would have dragged it out of him on cross-examination. Then the jury wouldn't have believed any of his testimony, and we might have lost the case."

— William McElligott in N. Y. *World-Telegram Magazine*

Your Civil—and Uncivil—Servants

By One of Them

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

I AM ONE OF those "nasty men" who comprise what some of our citizens call the un-Civil Service — one of those officials chosen, apparently, for their ability to annoy the public.* I am a Customs Inspector. As such, I am willing to concede that discourtesy is prevalent, not only in our own department, but in nearly every branch of the Civil Service. I should like to show, however, that the fault is not entirely on the individual officer's side, but something much more fundamental.

First of all, the public is not wholly blameless. I am stationed on the Canadian border. Some time ago a District of Columbia car rolled up. Now no inspector likes to see a D.C. car. In it may be an official who looks unfavorably on any inspection of his effects, or maybe some friend of an official whose complaint would receive instant attention. On the other hand it may be a big shot in the Customs Bureau, and then you'll be sorry if you don't look him over carefully. It's a case of being damned if you do and damned if you don't.

When this car arrived I inquired first if its occupants were all American citizens. The head of the family replied with some heat, "I am sorry to say I am. I hate to think I am an American when I have to answer the damn fool questions you fellows ask." Obviously this gentleman was not making the tactful approach he would be likely to use in almost any other situation. And it is a strange commentary on America that I could be sure he *was* a citizen simply because of the unpleasant attitude he took.

I am willing to grant that ordinary people are generally honest; yet it is surprising to learn with what coolness many of our upright citizens can lie to a Customs officer. Here on the border people aren't ashamed of smuggling; they're ashamed of getting caught. The average citizen seems to favor the tariff law in theory, as it applies to the mass of people, but when it hits him he seems to think he is an exception.

It is human nature for a person to resent the examination of his effects. But remember that the average inspector gets no par-

*See "The Crime of Coming Home," by Morris Markey, condensed from Harper's Magazine in The Reader's Digest for November, '36.

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ticular thrill in pawing over somebody's dirty clothes, and usually does it simply to protect his job. I know one inspector who passed a respectable-looking family without examination — and upon returning home the man complained to the department that the Customs Service was inefficient because of the lax examination he received. The Bureau found out who was on duty and the inspector was jumped on for his negligence.

Such incidents indicate unhealthy conditions in the service. If our employes are ill-mannered, it is primarily because the morale of the outfit is well-nigh nonexistent. And after nearly ten years of service I believe that the ills of the Civil Service are basically the same in all departments. Consider, for example, political "pull." In my own case, after taking an examination, I heard nothing of an appointment for several months. Following the advice of friends, I got in touch with a local politician and soon afterward had my job.

Or take the case of Mr. X, a war veteran who took the examination and became No. 10 on the list of eligibles. For months he waited while several positions were filled. Then he inquired where he stood; to his surprise he had moved down the line to No. 25. The explanation was that those who had been behind him had qualified as disabled veterans, thereby gaining five points' preference and mounting the ladder ahead of him. Advised by his Representative in Congress, he went to a doctor and secured a certificate stating that he too was partially disabled from some ache which might have arisen from war service. Armed with this, the Congressman was able to have Mr. X moved up to No. 3 and his appointment came through quickly.

Naturally after similar introductions to the service many men seek promotions through political pressure; and just one promotion due to "pull" will produce a host of dissatisfied men. Our federal system, by the way, has no examinations for promotion. Most officers cynically believe that it "isn't *what* you know, but *whom* you know that counts." I have seen men suspended from duty on charges get off scot free because they knew a Congressman. Another man tried for years to secure a transfer, but in vain. Then a talk with the proper politician quickly turned the trick.

Another weakness is the lack of training. Once I went to work for a large corporation in a clerical position. My first two weeks were spent in their school of instruction. Practically all large cities today spend time and money to train their police and firemen. But the Federal Government does

things differently. When I was appointed I received a badge, I signed the oath of office, and presto! I became a Customs Inspector. In lieu of training I was advised to study the Tariff Law and the Customs Regulations, both couched in those charmingly simple phrases common to government publications. Experience was my only teacher and today I am still woefully ignorant and still resentful of the fact; and most of the officers of my acquaintance feel as I do. No wonder some of the appointees adopt a hard-boiled attitude to hide their ignorance. Bawling out a luckless citizen will sometimes fool a man into thinking he is efficient. It will also generate public dislike for government officers.

In fairness to the Customs Bureau I should state that a correspondence school of instruction was established in July, 1935. Unfortunately in 19 months after its establishment we had only three written lessons, covering only one of 41 subjects. At that rate the question is whether an officer will get his diploma or his pension first.

Closely allied with the lack of training is the lack of capable executives. The Collectors of Customs, each in charge of a district, are presidential appointees for the same reason that postmasters are — patronage. Usually they have had no experience in this type of work. Most of them try hard, but they just haven't the necessary ability; only a few of them would qualify as office managers for a small business concern.

It's an old saying that the good die young, but in the Civil Service they don't die, they resign. As Dorothy Thompson wrote, "Our Civil Servants take it for granted that if offered a better job they should quit. In England that is almost regarded as disgraceful. But here if a man shows special ability he is almost immediately withdrawn by private enterprise. The result is that the incompetent ones stay and business gets the good ones."

Overtime is another annoyance. Nobody minds working a few extra hours without pay when "the needs of the service demand," as they say in headquarters; but when it happens week after week it seems like a complete nullification of the 44-hour-a-week law under which we are supposed to be working. Much of the overtime is due to poor management and most of it would be quickly eliminated if the Government had to pay for it. As it is, nobody worries over it except the poor devil who is working.

The next major complaint is with salaries. My salary is just the same today as when I started to work — $2100 a year. Now if I was worth this when I began to

work, I'm either worth more now or I should be fired. I believe the men would be better off if they began at a lower salary and received an increase each year. Until some means of rewarding efficient service is put into effect the morale will continue at a low ebb.

Truly might there be graven over the doors of our federal buildings, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here." No one can look forward with any certainty to improvement in either salary or position. The lack of training means that we have no opportunity to prepare for a more responsible position. The inequality of our salary arrangements makes us feel that there is little use learning anything anyway. Throughout the force there is a cynical feeling that the man who does the least gets along the best. In other words, he who does nothing makes no mistake.

The United States has always offered to its citizens, to a greater degree than any other country, the opportunity to climb the ladder of success. Paradoxically, to its own employes it offers less of this golden opportunity than other great nations. I am not referring particularly to the financial returns. Schopenhauer said, "The State cannot pay men with money, but with honor." But the honor of holding a government position here is just about nil.

I love my country. I like to work for it. But I should like a position which would inspire enthusiasm instead of lethargy. I believe that the conditions I have pointed out could be changed without any great expense, so that our Civil Service — like that of England — would attract men of capabilities instead of men who have failed in other lines of work, so that it would be a service respected by the average citizen instead of one cordially detested.

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The Hole in the Doughnut

So That's How It Started!—VII—

An old New England sea captain, one Hanson Gregory, gave the modern American doughnut its hole. The date of the great contribution was 1847. The captain was a boy at the time. Watching his mother fry doughnuts, he noticed that the centers of the cakes always seemed doughy, and suggested eliminating this part before the cakes were cooked. Laughingly she followed the suggestion and the result was so satisfactory that she never went back to the old way. He method was copied by others until it spread over the whole country

— Adapted from the *American Restaurant Magazin*

¶ Do the thousands of rolling homes now swarming on the highways betoken a New Way of Life?

The Truth About Trailers

Condensed from Fortune

IN RECENT articles about automobile trailers you will find mentioned Roger W. Babson's prediction that within 20 years half the population of the U. S. would be living in trailers. Gilbert Seldes has said quite as flatly that "we are facing a movement of population beside which even the Crusades will seem like Sunday school picnics." Others predict 1,000,000 trailers on the road by the end of 1937 and 3,000,000 people living in them.

But a study of the facts dispels such notions. Though trailer making is America's fastest growing new industry, the trailer itself is still only a gadget, and two out of three that you see on the road are homemade contraptions. The whole factory production last year did not exceed 35,000 units, and the *Automotive Daily News*, trade paper for the motor industry, recently estimated only 160,000 trailers on the road.

Even so the trailer, beyond question, is excitingly portentous. In increasing numbers people are taking to the road. Retired people with pensions. People who have no pensions, no jobs, only the will to drift in the hope of finding odd jobs. Wheat harvesters, cotton pickers, journeymen mechanics, and factory workers are rolling to and fro with the jobs and the seasons. At Logan, Utah, a number of students at the State Agricultural College are rusticating in a trailer rookery. California blames trailers for dumping 50,000 children into its schools. In Florida, on New Year's Day, they were crossing the state line at the rate of 25 an *hour*.

The trailer idea seems to have been born in England around 1909. Glenn Curtiss, the aeronautical engineer, appears to have built the first one in the U. S. in 1917. But the Ford of what is now called the trailer industry is Arthur G. Sherman, inheritor from his father of the well-known Sherman Laboratories of Detroit, which compound vaccines for colds, pneumonia and other ills. Deciding in 1929 to take his wife and five children on a camping trip, he had a carpenter help him build a boxlike affair on wheels with windows, folding bunks and a coal-burning stove. The edifice aroused interest wherever it went and Mr. Sherman had his first experience with what he calls

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trailer-tappers — strangers who rap on the door and ask if they may take a look.

Convinced by this curiosity, Mr. Sherman risked $10,000 and started building trailers. The first one he exhibited at the Detroit Automobile Show in January, 1930, and sold it on the spot. Last year he sold 6000 "Covered Wagons" — one out of every six factory trailers built that year. Three competitors, not close but coming up fast, are Silver Dome of Detroit, Palace Travel Coach of Flint, and Schult Trailers of Elkhart, Ind., their prices sighted near Sherman's: $645 to $1260. Such trailers are still a luxury for the average family and the builders admit it. Families in the low-income brackets have enough trouble as it is supporting cheap cars. So builders are emphasizing the $800 to $1200 models and aiming at the well-to-do.

The Rolls Royce of trailers is the Curtiss Aerocar. Some have cost $10,000. Such trailers have been built for Arthur K. Bourne (Singer Sewing Machine), P. K. Wrigley, William K. Vanderbilt, Henry L. Doherty, C. A. Munn (Palm Beach's "most eligible bachelor"), who for the most part use them as playthings. Mr. Munn's has three toilets, including one in a sort of "servant's quarters" for the chauffeur.

An extremist in the field is William Bushnell Stout, designer of the Ford trimotor plane, the Scarab car, and the exterior of Union Pacific's streamline train M-10001. He believes that prefabricated shelter for the masses, when and if it comes, will sneak into the real-estate drama behind the false whiskers of the trailer. Accordingly he is trying to market a mobile metal house which can be towed, folded, behind a small car and which, with a few yanks, can be pulled into something three times as big as the ordinary trailer — a flat, complete with shower, kitchen, light and heat, folding beds, Venetian blinds, weighing two tons and costing about $2600.

Already trailers have irked a number of municipalities. Palm Beach won't allow trailers to park more than an hour within the city limits and some western towns have hung "pass on" signs against the oncoming caravans. Detroit doesn't know what to do about 100 trailer families that have squatted in the city, some in high-tax, restricted residential zones. Lansing, Mich., is frankly worried about its trailer-dwellers, 1800 of them, the result of a housing shortage and the vigor of an enterprising salesman with the slogan, "A rolling home gathers no mortgages!" Real-estate men are wondering what will happen to houses; hotel men see business rolling past their doors, highway officials are worried over the clogging of the highways. According

to the American Association of Motor Vehicle Administrators, if trailers continue to multiply, they could become within two years "the greatest menace on the road."

The trailer now is in danger of being overwhelmed by restrictive statutes. It has been estimated that some 10,000 laws regulating them will be laid down by state and local councils this year. A good many of these laws will have to do with safety measures — brakes and lights on the trailer, safety chains between it and the tow car. At present the authorities do not know whether to proceed against the trailer as a vehicle or a house. In all probability, states will seek to impose property taxes on it. Other laws are intended to establish minimum standards of living and sanitation in trailer camps, a really pressing problem, since an epidemic couldn't get off to a more blazing start than in some of these crowded rookeries.

In recent months a few good camps have been opened up in various federal and state parks and there are also some municipally-operated camps. Cheapest rates are $1 a week, for water, toilet facilities and a tiny triangle of ground. Electric current is extra.

As might be expected, Florida has shown the way in the development of these caravansaries. The camp at Sarasota, for example — biggest in the U. S., capacity 1000 trailers — has a community hall for dancing and bridge, shuffleboard and horseshoe courts, hot and cold running water, a spacing that allows some elbow-room between trailers. Most elaborate camp is one on Miami's Biscayne Boulevard (rates $5 to $10 a week). It has a capacity of 300 trailers, is nicely landscaped with palm trees and hibiscus bushes on every lot. There is a game room with slot machines, a post office, bar, and a bus to take the children to school. (Florida charges trailerites $4 a term for a grammar-school, $8 a term for a high-school student.) In some camps doctors, themselves residing in trailers, have hung out their shingles.

Yet all this talk of the trailer as the future home for millions excites a snort of disparagement from almost any of the trailer builders, who want their product to be a vehicle, not a permanent address. "What we're selling," rumbles Mr. Sherman of Covered Wagon, "is a vacation." The builders know, better even than their customers, that no trailer is really housing. It's just a family kennel on the prowl. "Apart from every other consideration," Mr. Wolfe of Silver Dome argues, "the lack of privacy and room would soon have the average family at one another's throats."

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That Little Place in the Country

A Veteran Broker's Advice

as told to

John R. Tunis

Condensed from The Baltimore Sunday Sun

So YOU WANT a little place in the country? All right, I'll give you the benefit of my 32 years in selling country property. But, first of all, just what do you want: An isolated farm where you can retire? Or an old home for week ends and the summer, a place to fix up, while retaining its charm and atmosphere? Or a new place with modern improvements such as houses built four or five years ago lacked?

Before you start looking, be sure you know what you can spend. Building, and especially rebuilding, costs more than one expects. Have you enough cash and credit so that you won't have to stop the repairs halfway?

Next, an honest broker can save you time and money. Ask a reputable city real estate firm to recommend some broker who belongs to the real estate board in the locality you are considering. If you don't like his looks, find another. Beware of the slick salesman who talks continually. The quiet broker, who says little unless asked a question, who tells you the drawbacks of a place, is the man you want.

Trust the broker to find what you like, but spend plenty of time investigating personally before you buy. It may save you years of disappointment afterward. The most important thing about a house is something folks often fail to consider: its location. I'd say location was 65 to 70 percent of the value of most property. Good location sells many poor places, but bad location kills some mighty nice ones. A careless purchaser may buy a lovely place, only to wake one morning when the leaves are off the trees to find himself across from the town sewage-disposal plant. Yes, this actually happened. Or the stream you were going to dam up for swimming flows under Farmer Brown's barn a mile upstream, and a stench comes from it whenever dry weathe sets in. Be sure, too, that there no airport or trunk highway pro jected for the vicinity.

I'd list the items that make

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(The Baltimore Sunday Sun, March 28, '37)

location desirable in this order: First, distant view of water or mountains. Second, big trees near which a house is or can be situated. Third, water on the place: pond, stream, or lake frontage. Next, long road frontage which may enable you to sell a parcel and get some money back.

Watch the water supply. No dug well can hold out through dry seasons such as we have been having, so your well must be drilled. It will cost, roughly, about what the neighbors have paid for their drilled wells, but if you are on higher ground or on a ledge, it may cost more. Water is the first thing that will be asked about if you want to sell or rent, so count on spending $1000 for drilling, pump, and a 1000-gallon tank. Get a good driller with first-class equipment, one who knows the locality. Contract for a 24-hour flow of six or seven gallons a minute.

Now we come to the house. If it's an old place, there are sure to be lots of repairs. Visit the cellar first. Probably it will need a cement floor and a coat of waterproofing cement on the walls. Poke a jackknife into the sills, those big beams on which the foundation rests. If they are moist or crumbly, beware. See if the uprights supporting the first floor are solid and in good condition. Jump up and down on the floors to test their rigidity.

Look carefully at the chimneys. Against my advice clients once bought an old house and didn't check the chimneys. Their first fire went through the broken masonry and the whole place was ablaze in no time. Get into the attic and watch for damp beams and crossboards. They are signs of leakage.

Is the plumbing brass? It isn't in most old houses, and that means clogged pipes and more money for new plumbing. Are the windows different sizes? If so, there will be expense for special screening, curtain rods and fixtures. Are the floors double? Old houses have only one floor and the celler light shines through to the living room. This may seem quaint, but dust from the furnace and drafts in winter aren't.

Unless you are on a city main, which isn't likely, the cesspool or septic tank should be examined. I'll never forget some clients who bought a house, forgetting this entirely necessary item, and the terrible moment during the Fourth of July week end when the sewage plant refused to function.

A contractor or architect should look the place over before you sign up. If he advises you that it is going to cost more than it is worth to fix the place up, look elsewhere. Visit the town clerk and check on the tax rate and possible future assessments. Visit the school to see if it is what you

want for your children and find out if the school bus goes past your door. Most country roads are cleared in the winter, but check it. Find out what telephone and electricity will cost, if there is no connection. If there are no poles along your road, you can count on $25 a pole from the nearest line.

Never close the deal until your attorney has had 30 days to search title. It is an excellent thing to have your property surveyed, and the $100 to $500 it costs will be well spent when you have squabbles with your neighbors — these do happen — or you want to plant bushes and trees along the property line.

Renting a place for a few months or a year is the best possible way to know it. The other day I was showing two clients around when we passed an old house with a "For Sale" sign out. They wished to see it, so we stopped. It was the worst type of house, very old and only partly fixed over.

Well, they went wild about it and wanted it then and there. They loved the old fireplaces, the ancient beams, the wide floorboards, the ivy-covered well. When I showed them that the plumbing was worthless, that the water tank was rusty and clogged, that there was no air space over the second floor, they made excuses for all these drawbacks. Finally, I induced them to rent for the summer instead of buying. When fall came, they were mighty glad to get out from under.

When you buy a place in the country, then, watch four things. The location. The water supply. The house. And, most of all, the purchaser. The worst person you have to contend with is not a crooked real estate agent or a dishonest owner, but yourself.

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Speaking of picturesque speech, the following invocation was delivered by the Rev. Jim McCoy, opening a prayer meeting in a Georgia turpentine camp:

"Oh Lawd, give Thy servant dis mawnin' de eyes ob de eagle, and de wisdom ob de owl; connect his soul wid de gospel telephone in de central skies; 'luminate his brow wid de sun ob heaven; turpentine his imagination; grease his lips wid possum oil; loosen his tongue wid de sledge hammer ob Thy power; 'lectrify his brain wid de lightning ob Thy word; put 'petual motion in his arms; fill him plum full ob dynamite ob Thy glory; 'noint him all over wid kerosene ob Thy salvation and den, deah Lawd — set him on fire!" — Mrs. George L. Rex

¶ Colonel William Procter created job security in his soap plants

99.44% Security—and Efficiency

Condensed from Liberty

Frederick Tisdale

I HAVE ASKED many working men what is the principal cause of strikes. A typical answer is, "The thing we want most is steady work, without layoffs. Every man wants to be sure of enough regular pay to take care of his wife and his kids."

The late Col. William Cooper Procter understood this tragic need for "job security." It impelled him to develop a plan guaranteeing 48 weeks' work a year for each Procter & Gamble employe participating in it as long as he lives or until he retires on pension; a share in the company's profits, both in outright bonuses and in stock dividends; old age, disability and death benefits in addition to those now required by law; and a 40-hour work week. As a result, Procter & Gamble stands today, on its hundredth anniversary, in a class almost by itself as a big business where labor ructions are almost unknown.

The firm takes its pick of labor; t's a common saying that "You've ot to be good to work for Procter Gamble." A typical case will plain this popularity:

Joe Flynn goes to work as soap cutter at a wage of $1500 a year. During his first two years he and the company decide whether he'll stick. Then, if he joins the profit-sharing plan, he must set aside $75 a year for P. & G. common stock, which is bought at the market. The company donates an equal amount the first year, but while Joe's payments remain at 5 percent of his earnings, the company's contribution steadily increases. During the purchase period of six years, Joe has paid $450 for stock worth about $1090.

Henceforth, the company pays him increasing profit-sharing bonuses, quite apart from his stock dividends. These bonuses amount to 8 percent of his wages after the sixth year, rise to 15 percent after 15 years, and continue at that rate as long as he keeps working. At the end of 15 years the company has given him $2160, not counting his stock dividends. Joe has fewer worries than a Rockefeller. Since he has a personal interest in company earnings, he enjoys working up ideas that speed production and cut costs. With soapbox economists and soreheads generally, he has no truck.

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To date, 5535 of Procter & Gamble's 5700 eligible employes are enrolled in profit sharing. They own or have subscribed for 141,-155 shares, worth (March 1), $8,-804,000. Above their regular stock dividends, the profit sharers received $677,000 last year.

Procter & Gamble was one of the first companies to go on a five-day week, and worker benefits are numerous. If our $30-a-week soap cutter gets sick he is paid $20 a week for a maximum period of a year; if he retires, at 65, he gets a pension up to $60 a month; if he dies his heirs are paid $1000. Employes contribute one percent of wages toward disability protection. But the company accepts the entire burden for pension and death benefits. To top it off, the company recently announced that a week's vacation with pay will be granted every worker after two years of experience.

Matters affecting labor are threshed out with the employes' representation committees whose members are elected by the workers. These representatives not only help smooth out the little everyday frictions which might mean real trouble later on, but also bring up and discuss the major problems of wages, hours and overtime.

All these things make P. & G. employes a body of unusually contented workers. These are instances of men who rose to wealth through their stock purchases, but who took their lunch boxes every day and continued in their jobs. Some veterans got in on the cellar floor many years back. With the Big Bull Market, P. & G. stock multiplied through split-ups, and earnings skyrocketed. One gnarled blacksmith received more in a month from his stock than he made in a year when he first came to the company. Envious companions figured that his dividends alone were about $14,400 annually. The slump changed all that, but even now it is not uncommon for men to receive from profit sharing and dividends as much as they make in wages.

Col. Procter was one of the first industrial captains to accept full responsibility for his employes. In 1886 he inaugurated a wage bonus plan for profit sharing, thereby shocking the business mores which classed labor as a commodity. The scheme was discarded because too many employes looked on the twice-yearly payments as windfalls to be immediately blown in on roaring celebrations. In 1903 he introduced a profit-sharing plan involving stock ownership. Twelve years later he added pensions and other benefits. In 1923 he upse orthodox management theorie by announcing guaranteed er ployment.

Some of the Colonel's ow

executives were suspicious of the idea, since it involved a complete revolution in soap making. Like its competitors, P. & G.'s charts showed violent activity in the spring and fall, stagnation in between. This was because the company sold through jobbers who placed 6-month orders at certain times. Col. Procter took a bold step. "We will level that off," he decreed, "by selling direct to retailers as well as through jobbers. Estimating our year's sales, we will divide the result by the number of working days. Every plant will be given a quota and must stick to it. The backbone of our program will be a new and powerful sales organization."

Results have been spectacular. At an evenly geared pace, men work better, and so do machines. The statistical seers at Cincinnati become apologetic if their forecasts of demand vary over one percent from actualities.

During the slump, P. & G. couldn't throw its labor overboard even if it had wanted to; a considerable percentage of workers had been guaranteed employment, and others had rights less explicit but no less real.

The company made one wage cut of 10 percent and reduced the benefits of its profit-sharing plan. Paint-up and clean-up activities were stimulated to make work. Sometimes the plants operated more on determination than on orders. For six months during 1932, soap was made and stored because demand had shown a marked decline. Then came the grim day when the management tensed its jaws and wrote off a $9,000,000 loss on inventories. To increase the number of jobs, the company cut its work week from 50 hours to 40 in 1932. Now wages have recovered to a point where 99 out of 100 employes get more for 40 hours' labor than they got for 50 hours in 1929; and employment is about 10 percent ahead of 1929.

The enlightened policies of Procter & Gamble have by their consistent humanity united the workers' interests with those of the company, resulting in 99.44 percent employe efficiency. Why are there not more men in the land imbued with the spirit of William Cooper Procter?

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W. S. GILBERT once said of a certain man: "No one can have a higher opinion of him than I have — and I think he is a dirty little beast."

— *London Opinion*

Machine Fever

Condensed from Country Gentleman

Paul de Kruif

IT'S HISTORY how the Austrian Dr. Julius Wagner-Jauregg by one terrific experiment changed fever from man's alleged enemy into a powerful friend — by daring to inoculate dangerous malaria microbes into nine doomed human derelicts, suffering from syphilis that had developed into general paralysis of the insane.* Malaria's fierce fever brought three of these doomed nine back to health and work. It was unprecedented.

There followed exciting experiments all over Europe and America; and they demonstrated finally that it wasn't malaria, *as a disease*, that fought the corkscrew microbe of syphilis. No, it was the *fever*, the heat stoked in the sufferers, that did the trick. So why not invent a safe, quick, short, not-too-drastic fever, instead of inducing malaria's fierce ordeal?

Here was a grim challenge to researchers. They knew that, if you fevered a syphilis sufferer at the first sign of his insanity, then followed that with a moderate, safe arsenic and bismuth treatment, the chances of cure were better than eight out of ten. Better yet, if you fevered him when he was still sane, when his only portent of danger was the positive test in his spinal fluid, then chances to save him rose to mighty near one hundred out of every hundred! And in our country were hundreds of thousands of these unfortunates for whom insanity and horrible death were lurking.

This was what searchers Walter M. Simpson and Fred K. Kislig of Dayton, Ohio, saw clearly back in 1931. It set them at five years of hectic, dangerous experiment to find a safe fever, a machine fever to permit turning the heat in the sufferer's body on and off at will. For the money and for engineering insight, the two searchers had to thank famed Engineer Charles F. Kettering of General Motors.

To stoke their first fevers, they used a powerful short-wave broadcasting unit. It produced a tremendous sweating. But the electric energy would arc in the sweat pools and add burns to the patients' suffering. So — it was Kettering's hunch — hot air was used to blow over these sweating people and evaporate their perspiration, thus avoiding burns.

They worked 18, 20 hours at

*See "The Pale Horror," The Reader's Digest, April, '33, page 25.

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stretch, saving the lives of many. A nine-year-old boy, blind from eye syphilis innocently gotten from his mother, was cured, sent back to school with good vision. A human wreck, driven to repeated attempts at suicide by the pain from spinal-cord syphilis, was again strong and at work.

Still, the fever machine was cranky, undependable. One day the short-wave apparatus broke down at the beginning of a treatment. Desperate, the doctors kept the patient in the cabinet with nothing but the hot air playing over his nude body. Nonetheless, his fever went up! That was the beginning of the simple air-conditioning cabinet — with humidity and heat controllable and no short waves — with which in Dayton and in some 20 hospitals elsewhere machine fever is gaining lifeguarding momentum, experimental still, with many paths uncharted, but admittedly a powerful death-fighter.

But the machine's the least part of it, says Dr. Simpson. It's the new kind of doctor, the new kind of nurse. Not for an instant during the four, six, sometimes eight or more hours the patient passes through his ordeal does a nurse leave him unattended. Her fingers never stray far from the bounding pulse at her charge's temple. Her eyes hardly leave the trembling needle on the big dial wired to a rectal thermometer accurate to within one tenth of one degree — that tells exactly how this threatened one lies dozing, or smoking, or humming a tune maybe, safely, within one degree of a fever that would mean death.

At Dayton more than 600 people have been subjected to over 20,000 total hours of a fever within three, or two, or one degree of death. Of all these only one died — a doomed man rapidly going blind. Of 27 patients with early general paresis who have passed through the fever machine, 21 are completely well and working. Without fever they would be dead or insane. Seven syphilitic people, not yet insane but with tests of spinal fluid ominously positive, were given this fever treatment and are all well.

No longer, then, need a victim of early syphilis come once a week for almost two years for treatment with the standard arsenic and bismuth dosage. For there is now a chance to experiment toward a much surer, shorter, safer way to wipe out the microbe of syphilis. Ten sessions of machine fever — one a week, hardly ever more — are enough to check the menace. An hour or two after his fever has cooled, the patient is back home, can work, none the worse for his ordeal.

It is strange that the microbe causing gonorrhea has also found its most formidable enemy in the

fever machine. Each year in this country, nearly a million fresh infections with gonorrhea are discovered. Because of gonorrhea, one fourth of all children in institutions of the blind live in lifelong darkness. An enormous amount of the invalidism of wives is due to gonorrhea innocently acquired from their husbands. Among the most awful forms of human suffering is the deforming rheumatism due to this disease.

More than 40 years ago it was discovered that its evil little bug was peculiarly sensitive to heating. Today, if we had enough fever machines and enough trained nurses and doctors, we could promise nine chances out of ten of cure within two or three weeks' time. This certainty of cure is absolutely unprecedented.

For still other serious afflictions, machine fever brings hope. In treating St. Vitus's dance, violent rheumatic fever, "intractable" asthma and certain serious eye infections, the fever machine may still have use even after the two great social plagues of gonorrhea and syphilis are vanquished. But the machines are expensive. To help hospitals in this respect, General Motors Corporation is constructing 100 fever machines, to be leased without profit to hospitals having trained personnel to operate them. And already 12 hospitals are prepared to train the new type of doctor and nurse to man this equipment.

So machine fever, in less than 10 years, has come of age. The number of sufferers who have been given new hope, health, strength will soon reach into the thousands.

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Toward a More Picturesque Speech

How Else Would You Say It?

SHE'S the plot of his life's story (Lewis Orvis Harvey) . . . In her single person she managed to produce the effect of a majority (Ellen Glasgow) . . . She was permanently waved both as to hair and figure (Cornelia Otis Skinner)

HE'S NOT a singer — he's a vocalamity (Sheila Barrett) . . . She's a Hollywoodbe (Elita Wilson) . . . High hatiquette (A. P. Herbert) . . . A human "gimme" pig . . . The hay fever sneason (Roderique Waldo)

PERSONAL as pain (V. F. Calverton) . . . Frivolous as meringue (W. S. Ethridge) . . . As quick as wings (Joh Gunther) . . . Useless as pulled tooth (Mary Roberts Rinehart) . . As thin as a book-mark (Cha W. Ferguson) . . . As fat as a bubl (Tchaikovsky) . . . Inviting as a turne down bed (Clara Mae Hoobler)

HOW PERRY WON JAPAN

CONDENSED FROM "THE GREAT COMMODORE"

EDWARD M. BARROWS

JAPAN, long before Commodore Perry's time, had been burned in the fire of European exploitation and religious dissention. Casting out the foreigners, it lay, closed and mysterious, under the spell of an Imperial edict: "Let none, so long as the sun illuminates the world, presume to sail to Japan . . . on pain of death." By penetrating that mystery, Perry altered the destiny of the Orient.

The Great Commodore — a comprehensive biography of one of our first naval heroes — includes this story of his exploit in Japan, ferreted out of libraries and government repositories, and colorfully told.

© *1935, and published at $3.75 by The Bobbs-Merrill Co., 724 No. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.*

HOW PERRY WON JAPAN

FEW EVENTS of the tumultuous early history of the Republic have remained so submerged and hidden from the public eye as Commodore Perry's Japanese Expedition. To most Americans Perry is a minor historical figure; yet it is significant that he is hailed by the Japanese as a spokesman of a new era. And no historian today can overlook the mighty importance of the first Japanese Treaty, or of the man whose energy, foresight and sheer tenacity of will made that treaty possible.

Matthew Calbraith Perry — member of a family of naval officers whose service dated back to John Paul Jones — alone among the naval men of his period conceived the navy not only as a weapon of war, but as the spearhead of American commerce. In his voluminous government reports, he is constantly dwelling upon the commercial possibilities of the shores to which his varied cruises took him, and his grasp of the subject shows a breadth of vision almost statesmanlike. In Japan his theory received its highest vindication, and it is in recognition of this that Perry holds his high place in the estimation of the Japanese today.

Such a far-sighted conception of the navy as a pioneer of commerce is understandable when we recall that, while Perry was growing in stature in the service, the trading ships of Yankee adventurers were penetrating the Seven Seas, opening new markets and urging us on our first steps toward world influence. The renowned Yankee clippers were boldly matched against the ships of England for the tea trade between the English factories in China and the great importers of London and Liverpool. They returned to their home ports laden with silks and spices, Chinese lacquer, porcelains and pottery, brass and metal-work of a craftsmanship far beyond Yankee skill. New Bedford whalers ranged to the far ends of the earth — 685 whalers were registered under the Stars and Stripes in 1845 — and on their long cruises they ofte found it necessary to touch various harbors for repairs or su plies. In these contingencies th always found a welcome in any habited port, with one exceptic

Extending from the tip of the Aleutian Islands, more than halfway down the seaboard of Asia, lay the islands of Japan. The inhospitality of these people to foreigners of any kind was incredible. Desperate whalers rendered unseaworthy by storm, or down to their last ounce of provisions or water, had sought safety on Japanese coasts only to be hustled unceremoniously out to sea again, and compelled to make their way to the friendlier shores of China or the Philippines.

Occasionally ships' crews were cast away on the Japanese coast. Those who ever returned brought with them strange tales of a splendid and ordered civilization, and still stranger stories of the brutalities of the inhabitants toward their involuntary guests. They were locked in prisons, and barred from seeing their surroundings until they could be sent to the port of Nagasaki, where the one Dutch ship permitted a yearly visit by the Japanese could take them to China or Java.

Worse still were the stories of the degradations to which Christians in Japan were submitted in the name of their religion. Six sailors of the American whaler *Lagoda*, ast away in Japan in 1846, were nducted to a large cross laid on e ground, and forced to stamp on it. When one of them pro-sted, he was seized and forcibly agged across it. The Dutch admitted to similar indignities, and their accounts left no doubt that the ceremony was a Japanese mode of displaying contempt for Christianity and its devotees.

Thus the islands of Japan, stretching nearly 900 miles along the Pacific water front, were a fearsome barrier to safe navigation. American shipping was growing weary of giving the Japanese coast a wide berth through dread of shipwreck. Whalers were clamoring for the right to purchase needed supplies in Japanese harbors, and protection from their inhumanity to castaways. Steam navigation was penetrating the Orient, and the problem of coaling stations was looming large.

Moreover, Japanese trade was opulent with possibilities. The Dutch had found it worth their while for two centuries to maintain a factory at Nagasaki under the most degrading and extortionate terms, just for the privilege of sending one ship a year to that nation. Japanese junks occasionally appeared in Chinese ports, and there the merchants of America had tantalizing glimpses of a commerce of limitless attractions. Though England, France, Russia, and Portugal had attempted to make friendly visits to Japan with warships, and though all had been superciliously rebuffed, the American Congress in 1845 passed resolutions that "immediate measures be taken for effecting commercial

arrangements with the Empire of Japan."

COMMODORE PERRY'S expedition was the third attempt authorized by the Resolution of 1845. The first, under Commodore Biddle, was treated with open contempt by the Japanese authorities, and requested to vacate Japanese waters. The second ended at Macao, the American naval base in China, when its leader, Commodore J. H. Aulick, was suddenly relieved from command.

It was not until March 24, 1852, that Perry received his formal orders of appointment and began to lay his careful plans. He interviewed New Bedford whaling captains and sailors who had been castaways in Japan. He availed himself of all the literature dealing with Japan then extant, and this reading convinced him that diplomatic errors had been made in previous negotiations. The Japanese had their own court customs, and it behooved uninvited guests to respect them. Perry perceived the unalterable caste foundations of the Japanese social order. The Mikado, descendant of the Sun, could not deign to take notice of anyone whose rank was not next to his own; all intercourse with the lower ranks must be conducted through high-born subordinates. To deal with the Japanese diplomats on equal terms, Perry created a facsimile caste system among his officers, reserving for himself a special superior caste, with the title "Lord of the Forbidden Interior."

While he confided in his immediate superiors, the Great Commodore was discreet enough to keep any inkling of this Grand Panjandrum business from the notice of any stray Congressman who might make a laughing-stock of him and ruin his plans. There was criticism aplenty throughout the fleet when Perry's High Court system went into effect in Japan, but by that time Congress was out of reach. Afterward the whole diplomatic world applauded this stratagem.

Perry also determined to take as presents to the Mikado specimens of all the finest products of American civilization — among them a small-scale locomotive and train, telescopes and scientific instruments, and the latest American miracle, a complete telegraph outfit — to show the Japanese the wonders they were missing by barring themselves from the world without. For the ultimate in magic grandeur, he relied on the huge machinery of his paddle-wheel steamers.

After nearly a year of bafflin delays in preparing and outfittir Perry's flagship *Mississippi* v ready. Other ships assigned to expedition were still either dockyards or scattered over ocean, with the Navy Dep

ment's promise to hurry them to Macao as rapidly as possible. Finally, on November 27, 1852, the historic Japanese Expedition, consisting of one ship, sailed quietly from Norfolk and headed eastward.

Down Under

IN ORDER to understand the state of mind the Great Commodore encountered when he appeared off the Japanese coast, as well as the reasons behind Japan's inhuman policy of isolation, it is necessary to examine the conduct of Perry's European predecessors in Japan three centuries before.

Spain and Portugal had been the maritime nations of that day and Christendom was Catholic. In 1497, to keep the two nations from annihilating each other in their bloody rivalry for Eastern commerce, Pope Alexander VI had large-handedly divided the world into two parts, donating the western part to Spain and the eastern to Portugal. Portugal's gift included what is now China, India and the Malay Archpielago. Spain's comprised the Americas, and the Pacific islands up to and including the Philippines. For a ittle group of upstart heretics on ıe North Sea the Pope had noth- g to offer. They were Protestants, ıd had no place in an ordered orld. So the two grateful nations c about happily with trinkets, cannon balls, assorted strong drinks and missionaries to bring civilization to their new possessions.

Three hundred miles from the Chinese coast, on the borderline between these two spheres of influence, lay an enigma that for a long time neither nation would risk investigating — a strange, incomprehensible group of islands of vast extent, peopled with a race whose ways were legendary even with the Chinese. They were said to be warlike, cultured and wealthy beyond imagining.

Mischance gave the Portuguese their first opportunity to get at the truth of these marvels. About 1542 a Chinese junk bearing three of them was wrecked off the southwest tip of Japan. They made their way to a coast village and revealed themselves apprehensively to the villagers. To their surprise they were received with cordial curiosity by the Japanese. They found an orderly, prosperous, peace-loving and intricately governed people whose culture had much in common with the Chinese. They lived under an elaborate caste system, at the top of which was the Mikado. But while the Mikado was revered as a sort of materialized god, he could not be approached by ordinary mortals, and could never leave his palace. At the time the Portuguese appeared, the real power had been acquired by hereditary nobles, one of whom ruled as

regent for the Mikado, with the title of Shogun. Under this confusing institution of the shogunate, decrees were ordained by the Shogun and signed by the Mikado, who had become a powerless symbol.

The early Portuguese, however, were not concerned with methods of government. Trade for their own enrichment, and conversion to Christianity in acknowledgment to a generous Pope, were their sole objectives. A trading post and a mission were established at Nagasaki. The Jesuits took control of missionary affairs, and conversions were made by the thousands. The Japanese showed themselves eager for Western goods and Western ideas, and for a while the Pope and the trader had no cause for discontent in Japan.

But soon from Manila the Spanish Franciscans and their allies, the Dominicans, against whom the Jesuits had for decades bespattered Europe with Christain blood, began to cast jealous eyes at their brothers in religion on the Yellow Sea. A shipload of their missionaries landed at Nagasaki. All Orders now began to divide their time between proselytizing and poisoning the minds of nobles and people against each other. The Japanese looked on with puzzled suspicion. Surely all these squabbles and intrigues could not be carried on in the name of the Prince of Peace!

Now a worse complication arose. In 1600, the Dutch arrived in Japan and set up a port at Hirado. The Japanese welcomed them as they had the Portuguese and the work of conversion developed into a triangular fight — Dutch Protestants, Jesuits and Franciscans.

In the struggle for supremacy which followed, traders and religious cults lost all sense of self-respect. They degraded their religion and shamed the culture of Europe to Oriental eyes. The Dutch convinced Hdieyoshi, then Shogun, that the quarrels of the Catholic orders were causing their expulsion from Europe. "If the princes of Europe will not tolerate the quarrels of these priests," replied Hideyoshi, "why should I?" He summarily forbade further efforts of the missionaries in Japan, and decreed that the three Orders should be expelled forthwith. The discredited missionaries began to foment trouble among the people. The Shogun retorted with wholesale persecutions and massacres of the Christians.

Thus the Dutch Protestants gained a sorry triumph over the Catholics. Next, by their abject groveling for the sake of trade they cost Christendom the fe shreds of toleration that remain The climax came in 1638 when a final outburst of Christian p secution several thousand helpl converts took refuge in an old c

tle on a promontory overlooking the sea. The Shogun's forces tried to dislodge them, without success. The Shogun then turned to Keockebecker, the Dutch factor, and insolently ordered him to send a Dutch cruiser out to bombard the Christians from the sea. And Keockebecker did it. For 15 days he dropped cannon balls upon his besieged co-religionists, till the besiegers were able to carry the place by assault and massacre the survivors.

This final outrage put the finishing touch on the Japanese regard for white civilization and all that it stood for. Late that year of 1638 came the edict, "For the future, let none, so long as the sun illuminates the world, presume to sail to Japan, not even in the quality of Ambassadors, and this declaration is *never to be revoked* on pain of death."

For their treachery to white civilization, the Dutch claimed exception to this edict and begged the right of exclusive monopoly on European trade. Contemptuously they were ordered to Nagasaki, where they were cooped up on a tiny island at the harbor's mouth, and forbidden to communicate with anyone except selected members of the despised merchant class. To their barricaded island the Dutch ship was permitted a yearly visit. It could land only specified articles under heavy guard. The captain must bring extravagant presents for the provincial rulers, and he must commence operations by doing homage to the governor of the province on his hands and knees.

For the rest, Japan passed out of the family of nations. Its shores were forbidden for approach. Japanese ship construction was rigorously constricted to a prescribed type that would swamp if it attempted the high seas. An effort to leave Japan meant death. Even fishermen swept away by storms were not allowed to return. Castaways on Japanese shores were either imprisoned or put to death. So far as human endeavor could accomplish it, Japan's isolation was complete. And so it remained, a brooding mystery of somber romance, until July 8, 1853.

Lord of the Forbidden Interior

On April 6, 1853, in Hong Kong harbor, the *Plymouth*, the *Saratoga* and the store ship *Supply* greeted the *Mississippi* with noisy salute. The long voyage was safely accomplished and the great adventure lay directly ahead. While the final work of outfitting went forward at Macao, the Commodore was fêted and entertained by the representatives of the rival nations of Europe. Despite their hospitality, a polite pessimism over his chances of success was everywhere apparent. Bluntly put, all wished

him a pleasant voyage and a disastrous outcome.

While in China, the Commodore arranged for Wells Williams, a missionary and an eminent authority on Oriental affairs, to join the expedition as interpreter. Soon afterward, the squadron sailed for the Liu Chiu Islands off the southernmost tip of Japan — the last port of call before reaching the Japanese coast.

It was Perry's purpose in stopping here to prepare Napha harbor as a future base and coaling station, in the event of armed conflict with Japan. Landing parties were sent ashore to explore the island and negotiate for supplies. They found the natives suspicious and evasive, but willing to sell supplies, for which the Americans paid in gold and Chinese cash.

On July 2, 1853, the little fleet of four ships left Napha and bravely set their course for the bay of Yeddo (or as we know it, Tokyo) — knowing little of the mysterious people beyond the horizon, sure only that their reception would be inhospitable.

AT FOUR O'CLOCK on the morning of July 8, the fleet crept cautiously into Yeddo Bay. Through the shoreward mist black shapes emerged. They were fishermen out for an early start, and as soon as they caught sight of the ghostly flotilla, they put back with all speed toward Yeddo. For the first time their eyes had beheld a fire-breathing ship, mammoth beyond their dreams, moving directly against the current *with sails furled.*

The morning grew brighter, and wondering crowds could be seen, running along the shores and shouting their astonishment and panic. The junks increased in number, and several of them approached with the evident intention of communicating with the flagship. Here the Commodore tried out the first of the policies he had decided on for dealing with the supercilious Japanese. The junks were ignored and the squadron sped forward.

On the left the town of Uraga nestled in an inlet. The low fortifications on the headlands were alive with soldiers, plainly preparing for action. The Americans stood to their guns with taut nerves.

Then suddenly a swarm of guard boats, each manned by 30 naked oarsmen, formed a ring around the fleet. An officer held up a scroll of paper which he tried to deliver on board the *Susquehanna*, now flagship of the fleet, but the deck officers refused to receive it. The *Saratoga* was viciously beset The Japanese threw lines aboar and even attempted to climb by the chains. The determir American sailors stood them with pikes. Then just as a f seemed inevitable a voice c

from one of the boats: "I can speak Dutch." This boat was allowed to come alongside, and the interpreter demanded to see the head of the squadron.

This of course was refused. The Lord of the Forbidden Interior, he was told, was of such high rank that he could be approached only by the highest dignitaries in Japan. But the ingenious Japanese found a compromise. The Vice-Governor of Uraga was in the boat; would the American chieftain delegate a subordinate of equal rank to confer with him? After some intentional delay, the prayer was granted, and Vice-Governor Saboroske, with his Dutch interpreter, stepped aboard, the first Japanese official to be received on an American warship's decks *on the Americans' terms.*

By this seemingly tinpot triumph, two points were immediately established. The Americans ended forever the insolence with which foreign emissaries always had been received. The Japanese for the first time were given a basis for negotiation that they could understand. This was caste.

In the conference Saboroske was told that the Lord of the Forbidden Interior bore a letter from the President of the United States to the Emperor of Japan, and he desired that a day be appointed for the high American Dignitary personally to deliver it to the Emperor.

Saboroske answered that his government could receive foreign communications only from Nagasaki, where the Dutch factory was located. He was answered that under no circumstances would the Americans negotiate at Nagasaki. To have yielded would have meant that negotiations must be conducted on the terms of insult and subordination which the Dutch always had endured.

At this point Saboroske agreed to transmit the Commodore's wishes to his superior and the conference ended.

Early the following morning two large barges approached from Uraga. A Dutch interpreter hailed the flagship to announce the arrival of Yezaimen, Governor of Uraga and the highest dignitary in the countryside. In deference to his higher rank two captains received him. The Commodore withdrew to his cabin.

The Governor was an imposing figure. He was taken at once to the Captain's cabin for a ceremonious conference, which was long drawn out through the need of sending formal messages at every step to receive the will of the invisible Lord of the Forbidden Interior.

The Governor opened with the announcement that this conference was useless. The President's letter must be delivered to the Dutch at Nagasaki and an answer transmitted through the officials

there. His position was flatly repudiated by the Americans. Perry would deliver the letter in person, on the shores of Yeddo Bay, to a court official with credentials direct from the Emperor. Where was this letter? Yezaimen was shown the magnificent gold and rosewood box prepared in Washington, with the President's letter reposing therein.

Yezaimen's manner changed at the sight. Evidently he was dealing with no barbarians. He became cordial and made an offer for the first time of water and refreshments if the fleet stood in any need. Another case of a seeming triviality turning the balance because Perry understood the Japanese. The Governor went ashore to seek further instructions from Yeddo. The debate was still even, but the strategic victory was with the Americans.

THE FOLLOWING SUNDAY afforded the Great Commodore his chance to give the Japanese an impression of Christian ritual in which trampling on the cross bore no part. Great crowds milled along Uraga's water front and gazed incredulously at the mammoth fire-boats, from which swelled a chorus of men's voices in solemn chant:

"Before Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy."

On the decks of the *Susquehanna* the crowds ashore could see 300 sailors in Sunday dress drawn up in ordered ranks, while panoplied officers on the quarterdeck gave a devout observance to the day. The word went everywhere that these were Christians worshiping their God. In the afternoon a Japanese barge, with striped awnings to show the high distinction of its owner, attempted to visit the flagship. Three or four grandees, languidly waving their fans, asked permission to come aboard. With all courtesy they were told that this day the Christians devoted to the service of their Deity, and that no visitor could be received. They bowed politely and retired.

Grand Pageant

ON THE following day, three impressive looking barges were seen bearing down on the *Susquehanna*. Yezaimen, richly clad in silk, had come with the fateful decision from Yeddo. With awed reverence he presented a ponderous document wrapped in velvet and enclosed in a box of sandalwood.

It was the credential of the Imperial messenger, sent aboard for Perry's inspection. To it was affixed the seal of the dazzling Son of Heaven himself. The Emperor' messenger proved to be an offic "of very high rank, equal to th of the Lord Admiral" — the mous Prince Toda of Idsu, F Counselor of the Empire.

The meeting had been set for the following day, and all that night the curious Americans listened to the sound of hammering and of reverberating timbers. The watchers followed the mysterious lights of strange junks, heavily laden, plying toward the village.

Sunrise revealed a scene of fantasy. The whole shore was lined with ornamental screens of cloth, decorated with huge scarlet flowers and blazons of the imperial arms. In the midst of the screens could be seen the three pyramidal roofs of the Pavilion of State, newly erected for the occasion. Lining the shore, 5000 Japanese soldiers were drawn up in orderly divisions, each with its distinctive uniform of gay colors and polished armor. Before them more than 100 government patrol boats were arranged in parallel lines. Every vantage point on the hill was crowded by the Japanese populace, gathered by the tens of thousands to observe the barbarians.

The landing signal was now hoisted from the *Susquehanna*. Fifteen boats, with the American colors at the stern and bluejackets at the sweeps, put off from the two ships. Their crews disembarked nd, armed with muskets and dearms, formed along the shore. ne hundred marines wheeled o line on either side of the arf, facing the sea. A brigade nearly 200 sailors followed, and two bands brought up the rear. Both sailors and marines were big men, carefully selected for size and martial appearance, and a ripple of wondering admiration shook the smaller-statured Japanese.

Now the order "Present Arms!" rang out. The barge with the broad pennant swept up to the wharf. The oarsmen held their sweeps erect; the solitary epauletted figure in the stern arose and stepped ashore. Perry had landed in Japan.

The band struck up, and the brilliant procession proceeded from the beach to the pavilion. Yezaimen and his interpreter led the way, followed by the marines and sailors. Then came the Commodore, preceded by two ship's boys bearing, in an enclosure of scarlet cloth, the gold-inscribed rosewood boxes in which were laid the Commodore's credentials and the President's letter, written on vellum and bound in blue silk velvet.

On a dais in the Pavilion of State sat two figures, impassive, grave, immovable. They were Prince Toda and his confrere, Ido, Prince of Iwami. They were intelligent-looking, elderly men, according to the Commodore, both richly dressed in silk brocades in which gold and silver figures had been worked. On the entrance of the Commodore, these two figures rose with statuesque formality, after which they resumed their seats and neither

spoke nor moved again throughout the conference.

The Commodore, solemnly laying the letters upon the lid of a lacquer box, announced his intention of leaving soon for Macao and of returning the following spring for the answer to the President's message.

The Japanese wished to know whether all four vessels would return.

"Probably more," answered the Commodore, "as these are only a portion of the squadron." This information was received in noncommittal silence, and the interview was over. The procession re-formed. The Commodore was escorted to his barge and soon after was rowed to his flagship, to become the Lord of the Forbidden Interior again.

A slight delay at the wharf revealed the unremitting Japanese watchfulness. The government boats drew in closer and the Japanese soldiers crowded up alertly around the American troops. Throughout the proceedings, in fact, a tense wariness had pervaded both forces. The shotted guns of the steamships remained trained on the crowds during the interview inside the pavilion, while the guard boats of the Japanese sculled suspiciously to and fro. The countryside was alive with trained Japanese soldiers, the forts were manned and ready, and the pick of Japan's cavalry was massed on the higher ground behind the pavilion, ready to dash forward at the slightest misunderstanding. The dauntless little group of Americans, alone in that narrow harbor, understood perfectly their danger.

For three more days the American squadron remained in the harbor, making surveys necessary for the safe entry of a larger fleet. During this time courtesy visits between government boats and warships became common and developed into visits of pure friendship. The Americans delighted the Japanese with their compliments and their hints of wonderful presents to be given out on the return voyage. Then, with bands playing and ships' companies waving farewell to their friends, the squadron again sailed through the passage that but 10 days before they had entered with such trepidation.

Behind the Screens

SIX MONTHS passed before Perry again saw the shores of Japan. In those six months, the Oriental merry-go-round whirled rapidly. Bizarre events re-shaped themselves and took on colors that changed the whole complexion of his cruise.

As winter closed in, Perry, his base in Macao, received d turbing evidences that Europe l been too much encouraged by success. Late in November French frigate *Constantine* s

denly left Macao. Longshore rumors had it that the *Constantine* was speeding to Japan in order to follow up the American entry before Perry's fleet could assemble and sail. Next came Admiral Pontiatine with a Russian fleet, stating that his government had instructed him to accompany Perry on his return, and coöperate in the opening of Japan.

It became clear to the Great Commodore that the Europeans approved so highly of his venture that they were going to lose no time in securing all the benefits for themselves. He changed his plans for postponing the return to Yeddo until spring, and anxiously sought to assemble the scattered fleet at the earliest moment possible.

In January, 1854, the entire Asiatic Squadron reassembled at Napha. Here Perry was handed a dispatch from the Dutch Governor-General, Van Twist, in Batavia, which aroused his suspicions. The Japanese Government, it appeared, had requested the Dutch to inform Commodore Perry of the death of the "Emperor" of Japan; also to convey to the American Commodore the Japanese regrets that the mourning customs of their country required official negotiations to be indefinitely postponed. It would be useless therefore for Perry to return to Japan.

In spite of the expressed goodwill of the Dutch in furthering his mission, the Great Commodore was aware that his success would shatter that thrifty nation's two-century monopoly in Japan. Furthermore, there had been no evidence of the Shogun's ill health when the fleet left Yeddo Bay only six months ago. Deciding that the letter was a Dutch ruse, played possibly with the connivance of the Japanese, he sent an answer to Van Twist, extending his heartiest sympathy to the Japanese in their calamity but saying he assumed of course that they would realize the importance of his mission, and so arrange their obsequies as not to interfere with his negotiations. With this dubious alibi, he hurriedly put to sea. In three days he lifted the rock-girt promontory of Cape Idsu, now gleaming white with the snows of a stormy winter.

WE MUST LEAVE the fleet groping its way through the storm to Yeddo Bay while this narrative doubles back on itself. In the premise that stirred him to action, the Great Commodore was wrong. The Shogun Eyeyoshi actually had died soon after Perry's departure from Yeddo Bay. All over the island of Nippon, priests and nobles pointed out that his death was a visitation of the gods for permitting the American barbarians to land. They were trying accordingly to incite the people to maintain the old

policy of exclusion. Yet throughout Japan there was at this time a submerged but growing liberal party which favored the opening of the Empire to world trade and influence, the abrogation of the powers usurped by the shogunate, and the restoration of the Mikado's authority.

The first move of the shogunate after Perry left the harbor was to call a convention of the "Ronins," the whole upper class of governing nobles — about 400 in number. No Shogun had dared assemble the Ronins for almost four centuries, since thereby he must put himself dangerously in their power.

The question before the Ronins was simply put: fight or treat with the Americans? At first the majority was overwhelming for continuing the exclusion policy. Thereupon the nation tried to prepare for war. The people, led by the nobles, were aroused to a frenzy of patriotism. Temple bells were cast into cannon. New fortifications were thrown up around Uraga, and an immense army enlisted.

The attempt was a dismal failure. It showed only the hopelessness of trying to oppose a modern battle fleet with the best that medieval Japan could achieve. The government abandoned the preparation in bewildered despair, in the midst of which Eyeyoshi suddenly died. A crisis now faced the nobles: if the shogunate yielded to Perry, their own power would be weakened and that of the liberal party strengthened. Yet it was evident that they could not successfully oppose Perry by force of arms. Thus Perry's visit was the first of the death blows to the rule of the shoguns.

Eyeyoshi's successor was his son Iyesada, thirteenth of the Tokugawa line, and last of the shoguns of Japan. The new Shogun acted vigorously. He declared at once for peace and, if it proved unavoidable, for a reasonable treaty with the Americans. American procedure and customs were studied. Hayashi, a liberal scholar of highest rank and a professor at the University, was appointed Chief Commissioner under Prince Toda to negotiate the treaty with Perry when he arrived.

Although the Great Commodore never knew it, his chief work was finished before his augmented fleet had ceased battling the frozen seas outside Cape Idsu. The rest was only a matter of sparring for advantage.

Strange Negotiations

On the wintry afternoon of February 11, while the new Shogun's advisers imagined Perry and his fire-ships safely out of the way on the China coast, dispatch riders hurried through the streets with the startling news that the American ships were anchored

the harbor, 12 miles up from Uraga.

The news upset the tentative plans for Perry's reception, and threw the whole Empire into confusion again. As for Perry, unaware of the hullabaloo behind the screens of the Flowery Kingdom, he never knew to his death how deeply he was indebted to the European powers for making him inadvertently catch the Japanese half prepared.

Once more the bay sprang alive with government patrol boats, their striped flags fluttering in the icy wind. Two of them came alongside the flagship, now the *Powhatan*, and four Japanese officials came aboard.

The main business was to induce the Commodore to go back down the bay to Uraga where other officials were waiting by the Shogun's orders to "treat with the Americans." But Perry would not go to Uraga. The Lord of the Forbidden Interior would consent to meet the Commissioners on the shore opposite the anchorage, and if that were not satisfactory, he would move his squadron up to the harbor of Yeddo. But he would not turn back.

For a week the picayune debate continued, the Great Commodore as usual having his own way. Perry's correspondence and his journal both show that he was all along aware that the debate was merely an endurance test in diplomacy.

March 8, 1854. The fleet was astir at daybreak in a frenzy of excitement and anticipation, for this was the day set for the formal meeting ashore.

At the last moment the meticulous Great Commodore found another Japanese attention not to his liking. On shore the familiar screens had been set up, this time completely enclosing the newly-built pavilion and forming a narrow lane down to the landing-place. Perry fancied that the screens were meant to bar him from seeing the village, and he sent word that until they were completely removed he could not think of landing. Wells Williams, the interpreter, softened the demand to a suggestion that it would please the Commodore much more if the Japanese removed the screens so that he could see their beautiful scenery and become acquainted with the faces of the inhabitants. Promptly and courteously, the Japanese removed the screens, which they had only meant as a compliment to the Commodore after all.

When the screens were removed, they revealed an animated and picturesque scene. Bands of flag-bearers, musicians, musketeers and lancers maneuvered over the plaza between the pavilion and the shore. In the hills behind the pavilion, the mounted bodyguard of the Japanese High Commissioners stood motionless as if on

parade. They remained there, rigid as sculpture, throughout the ceremonies.

On a signal from the *Powhatan*, flotillas of boats put off simultaneously from every ship, carrying 500 officers, seamen and marines, conspicuously armed, ashore.

From the *Macedonian* thundered a salute of 17 guns as the Commodore embarked from the *Powhatan* in his barge. As he stepped ashore the united bands struck up *The Star-Spangled Banner*, to the delight — and it is to be feared the amusement — of the Japanese. The marines presented arms, as the Commodore was met by a group of Japanese nobles in full regalia. Salutations were exchanged; then the entire party entered the pavilion. Commissioner Hayashi opened the proceedings by handing the Shogun's reply to the President's letter. It was courteously worded, implying great friendship and avoiding any definite statement about anything, except that the Shogun having recently died, his successor could do nothing. The Japanese would, however, gladly supply the Americans with sufficient provisions and fuel to aid their immediate departure.

This equivocal document was not translated at the time. Perry was to grasp its meaning in his cabin on the *Powhatan*, after the Commissioners were out of reach of his temper. On the present occasion he merely received the document, and offered one of his own — a copy of the American-Chinese treaty which he proposed as a basis of a treaty with Japan. The Japanese announced that this would be given their early attention, after which the conference adjourned.

For the next three weeks the conversations continued. The Japanese policy was simple. They wanted the Americans to go and leave the situation as much like the old days as possible. They were prepared to yield what they absolutely must, and they confused all concessions with enough equivocation and evasion to afford grounds for inaction later on. This procedure forced Perry to weigh every detail with crystalline exactness. It became as important to establish the exact number of feet the Americans could walk unattended in a treaty village as to establish their right to go ashore at all. Otherwise he might find the principle of visitation conceded, without any provision for standing room on land.

MEANWHILE, all Yeddo Bay was agog with anticipation over the next feature of the negotiations. This was the landing of the presents. First, the Americans erected their miniature railroad with engine, passenger cars and tracks complete. The less educated considered the locomotive a habitation of demons and gave it wide berth, but the nobles were eager to try out the strange contrivance. Grandee after grandee took keenest delight in sitting astride the roof of the tiny passenger car, holding on desperately with half-shut eyes as he whirled around the circular track at 20 miles an hour.

Experimental messages were clicked out on the telegraph for the benefit o the mystified Japanese officials, w were allowed to communicate w their friends at the opposite end the wire a mile away. It was bey their comprehension. They watch for the wire to move and examined

to see if it were hollow. Finally, as the message was being clicked off, they set swift runners sprinting at full speed to catch the message in transit, and thus learn the secret. But the message invariably arrived first.

The Americans had also brought plows and other agricultural implements; samples of American vegetables with seeds for growing them in Japan; and a young arsenal of rifles, cannon, ammunition, swords and firearms. There were books, dressing cases, clocks, perfumery and articles of household and scientific use. And all the time the gifts were being displayed, the Japanese were eagerly studying the dress and customs of the fascinating barbarians. The fabrics of their uniforms, the metals in the small arms, the leather in the boots were all utterly strange to these people, and they set out to acquire a new education without loss of time, taking careful notes on mulberry-bark paper and forever making sketches.

It was next the Shogun's turn to stage a spectacle, with his gift of presents to the Americans. At the Treaty House the Commodore and his officers found the reception room filled with magnificent brocades and silks; porcelains of a beauty and delicacy far beyond the Americans' skill; boxes, tables, trays and goblets finished in the secret lacquer of Japan.

Three gifts excited intense curiosity. One was a bundle, wrapped in mulberry-bark paper and elaborately ed. Opened, it was found to contain dried fish wrapped in seaweed. An- ier consisted of four small dogs of a e Japanese breed. The third com- sed several tons of rice, stacked on e beach. These quaint gifts, the Americans learned, were symbols of the Shogun's highest esteem, as, since earliest days, the gifts of a Japanese potentate to his favorites must include dried fish, dogs and rice.

THE LONG DAYS of negotiation drew gradually to a close. Details of the care of shipwrecked sailors were settled; reluctant permission obtained for consulates at the treaty ports of Simoda and Hakodate; terms on which American traders could deal with Japanese merchants were roughly outlined. Toward the end, Wells Williams suggested the "most favored nation" clause, common in diplomatic agreements, providing that any concessions granted thereafter to any other nation by the Japanese, automatically applied to the American Treaty. Thus, when the English, six months after Perry, negotiated a treaty giving England a much wider latitude than Perry's treaty allowed, these rights immediately applied to the United States.

The Japanese grasped these and other involved principles with a rapidity which puzzled the Americans. The cause for this alacrity was not known until many years later.

About 1838, a Japanese fisherboy named Nakahama Manjuro was cast adrift with some companions in an open boat. An American whaler rescued them and took them to Honolulu, whence Manjuro made his way to San Francisco. Here some Americans gave him an English schooling.

In 1850 young Manjuro was seized with a desire to return to his native land and tell his countrymen of the wonderful things that he had learned abroad. He persuaded a whaler to

take him to the Japanese coast. He reached shore safely, only to be arrested at once, and when the Japanese officials learned his story, he was confined in a dungeon for life. After three years in prison Manjuro, now in early manhood, was to his astonishment suddenly taken to Yeddo.

Perry had landed, and the Japanese were in dire need of early and secret information about American ways. Throughout the negotiations, unknown to Perry and his suite, Manjuro was placed in a hidden apartment, in close contact with Hayashi. Perry's letters were handed him, which he immediately translated. He translated the Americans' conversations so that Hayashi and his associates were aware of their opponents' feelings and views almost as soon as they were spoken. One wonders how much of the side remarks and badinage among the American officers he reported to his superiors.

On March 31, 1854, the Commodore and the Japanese High Commissioners ceremoniously affixed their signatures to the document which admitted Japan to the world family of nations, and pledged the United States and Nippon to "*perfect, permanent and universal peace*, and a sincere and cordial amity."

ON THE fourth of April the *Saratoga* left for Washington with the treaty for ratification by Congress and signature by the President. One by one other ships were sent to explore the new treaty port, Simoda. On the ninth, anchors were aweigh on the flagship, parting salutes were fired and the remainder of the squadron moved out of the bay.

But not to sea. The Commodore was determined to have a glimpse of the sacred city of Yeddo itself, and now in spite of the frantic protests of the Commissioners the *Powhatan* stood determinedly up the bay. Japanese interpreters boarded the ship when the Commodore's purpose was evident. Their faces indicated deepest dismay; they were of the military noble caste and they knew what would be their duty if they failed to dissuade this mighty barbarian from violating the waters before the city.

The *Powhatan* rounded the point and stood in full sight of the rooftops and the defenses of Yeddo. Then, as the ship relentlessly neared the inner harbor, the interpreters calmly prepared for death in the presence of the startled but still unshaken Commodore. One of them handed his cloak and his long sword to a midshipman, with the remark that his short sword was all he needed now to complete his life. The Commodore stared at him a moment, then turned to the helmsman and ordered the ship about. The Japanese Treaty had been accomplished without loss of a life, and he would no further risk this record, for the sake of anchoring before Yeddo. The feelings of those interpreters, recalled to life at the last second, must remain beyond description.

Thus ended negotiations which altered the whole destiny of the Orient. Within four years the treaty prove to be the death warrant of the Sh gun's rule in Japan. It paved the w for similar treaties with all of Eur — giving rise to changes in the po cal complexion of the Far East wh have been going on ever since.

Reader's Choice

Outstanding Articles in the General Magazines for May

The American Magazine

SLAVES OF THE FLOOD, by Stuart Chase — Devastating floods will grow worse unless we restore the American land to vitality and vigor, says Mr. Chase, who points out the reasons and the remedies.

TAXI! by Kay Burns — Adventures of the New York streets told by a taxi driver with an eye for human interest.

CRIME'S MASQUERADER, by J. Edgar Hoover — George Robert Gabor, quick-change artist who swindled thousands by his gentlemanly manners and impersonations of famous people before the G-men finally ran him down.

IT PAYS TO KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, by H. H. Nininger — Wherever you are, you may find treasure under your feet — Indian relics, meteorites, fossils, many things that people collect. This museum curator tells how to look for them.

NORMA SHEARER'S NOISY BROTHER, by Jerome Beatty — He got his chance when the "professors" were too slow in those early frantic days of sound pictures. Now Douglas Shearer is one of Hollywood's great, with the solution of many intricate problems to his credit.

WE NEED SOME FIRST-CLASS FUNERALS, by Robert Moses — The peppery park commissioner of New York, a former candidate for governor, tells what's the matter with the Republican party.

YOUR LIFE IN YOUR HANDS, by Howard Taylor — It's fun to read palms, whether you believe in it or not. Without the usual surrounding of hocus-pocus, a famous amateur tells you how to do it.

A NEW DRESS FOR THE OLD HOUSE, by Selma Robinson — How a young couple remodeled an old city house, with hints on how to adapt new ideas to your own particular problem.

The American Mercury

HOW TO SELL YOUR NOVEL, by an Editor — An inside view of the way books are selected for publication, with actual citations from editors' reports which are informing and amusing to readers as well as writers.

THIS MOTHER'S DAY BUSINESS, by Eugene Pharo — How the movement started by a Philadelphia spinster became ational, and how its founder now fights habby commercialization of the day.

AL FREEDOM TODAY, by Havelock — The extremes of prudery and are disappearing, and the chief sibility still centers in the home, he child inevitably reflects the atti- f its parents.

THE AUTOCRAT VS. THE CONSTITUTION, by Albert Jay Nock — A Jeffersonian attacks Mr. Roosevelt on the Supreme Court issue.

CORONATION CRAZY, by H. W. Seaman — An Englishman gives humorous hints to Americans who go to London for the coronation.

BASEBALL AND BALLYHOO, by Gerald Holland — Showmanship and promotion stunts which enliven the national pastime.

THE COST OF COMMUNISM, by Robert Byron — If we look behind propaganda at the actual facts, we find that communism — especially in countries other than Russia — costs more than it is worth.

FORUM and Century

A CHINESE SEES AMERICA, by Lin Yutang — The author of *My Country and My People* likes the rocks of Central Park and hot dogs; he dislikes gum-chewers, radio programs and space-saving devices, and adds salient observations about other American phenomena.

THESE FEMINIZED UNITED STATES, by Struthers Burt — The oft-repeated idea that America is run by women stirs Mr. Burt to stinging dissent. Women are still the victims of many things, from advertising campaigns to segregation at dinner parties. We could well trade some masculinity for a little intelligent appreciation.

MAYBE PARENTS KNOW SOMETHING, by Mary Everett — Parents are often better able to deal with their children than are the child psychologists.

HOPE FOR THE FARMER, by Russell Holt Peters — New industrial uses of farm products offer a possible solution to the agricultural dilemma, with soy beans now used in autos, cotton on roads, and alcohol as a power fuel.

CAN SCIENCE POINT THE WAY? by Arthur H. Compton — A distinguished scientist shows how the religious, philosophical, and scientific attitudes differ even though all are concerned with the good life. Science has a valuable contribution to make to the practical problems of society.

HOW TO WRECK YOUR SCHOOLS, by Milton S. Mayer — An exposé of the wrecking of the Chicago public school system by bankers and politicians.

WHAT IS INSURANCE WORTH? — A debate between Professor Edward Berman who criticises the insurance companies and J. B. Maclean who defends them against the charge that insurance costs too much.

Harpers MAGAZINE

QUEEN VICTORIA IS DEAD, by William Zukerman — The coming coronation may be the last in England, declares this writer, who says that the social power of the monarchy built up by Queen Victoria has been badly shaken.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S FEUD, by Frederic F. Van de Water — A ridiculous row with his scapegrace brother-in-law drove Kipling from his Vermont home and caused his bitter feeling toward America.

GHOSTLY PROCESSIONS IN HAWAII, by Antoinette Withington — Strange tales of processions of the dead, carrying lights and marching to beating drums, seen by many who have lived long in the Islands.

RUSSIA GROWS UP, by Maurice Hindus — Still holding to the core of its economic doctrine, Russia is nevertheless following more and more foreign, and especially American, social patterns.

GYPSY IN A TRAILER, by Konrad Bercovici — A world wanderer tries the trailer — and here is the first installment of his adventures as a tin-can tourist in America.

BELGIUM AND HOLLAND — ISOLATED? by Elmer Davis — The realities in the status of the small countries of Europe in the tense international situation.

IS A FARMER-LABOR ALLIANCE POSSIBLE? by R. G. Tugwell — It cannot be expected to arise from the lobbying organizations, nor will it come "naturally" from below. The chief hope lies in a political leader with vision and magnetis within one of the major parties.

LABOR ON THE MARCH, by Edward I son — Strikers sit down at their U. S. Steel recognizes unions, mov refuse to wear non-union hosiery, a public takes a new view of the wo rights.

Hearst's International Cosmopolitan

BOOM AHEAD! DON'T LET IT TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE, by W. M. Kiplinger — Personal advice as to how to handle your own affairs in the coming boom which, this observer predicts, will begin next year and last until about 1942.

PEACOCK PARADE — 1937, by Parker Morell — Brilliant and fabulous gems will flash in the coronation ceremonies, and many of them have tragic or romantic histories.

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND, by Grantland Rice — The popular fiction writer and Dutch Treat Club toastmaster is the month's cosmopolite, as seen by a famous sports writer.

WINDWARD AND LEEWARD ISLANDS, by Talcott Powell — The lofty islets which fence the Caribbean from the Atlantic are scattered fragments of Europe's ancient hopes in the New World, brought out of their slumbering calm by the cruise ship and the airplane.

BABE RUTH AND BASEBALL, by Paul Gallico — This installment of "Farewell to Sports" is devoted to the human story of the great slugger who never grew up.

I CHOSE CHARLESTON, by Clements Ripley — A Vermont writer picked the South Carolina city because its people drink Madeira and leave something in the decanter for next time.

IT'S YOURS — IF YOU WANT IT, by William Moulton Marston — If you don't have money, it's because you don't want it enough, says this writer who holds that our desires make us what we are.

Scribner's

DOROTHY THOMPSON, by Don Wharton — That "amiable and blue-eyed tornado," the first lady of American journalism, the wife of Sinclair Lewis, and the only woman who has succeeded as a political commentator.

SHARECROPPERS OF THE SEA, by Bertram B. Fowler — Fishing villages along the coast of Maine are falling into disrepair and their inhabitants into shiftlessness due to centralization of ownership in the fishing industry. Just north, in Nova Scotia, the fishermen have rescued themselves by coöperative effort.

AMATEUR NIGHT ON BEALE STREET, by Virgil Fulling — A vivid picture of that [illegible]eming Memphis street which gave [illegible] to the "blues," and of the vitality [illegible] Negro performers both inside and [illegible] the theater.

UP FROM PLANT LICE, by Harvey E. Parry — The adventures of Napoleon, the praying mantis, born in a New York apartment.

BREADWINNER OR BREADMAKER? by Dorothy van Doren — The "new woman" is not giving up her job to go home — at least not just yet, declares this writer who defends working women in reply to Mrs. Ralph Borsodi's article in a previous number.

GASPÉ THROUGH A TRAILER WINDOW, by Wesley Walker — A vagabonding trip through the picturesque peninsula in Quebec.

CHINA, by George Brandt — A globe-circling reporter writes his impressions of China, old and new.

Among Those Present

During the war ***Doron K. Antrim*** (p. 49) was a director of musical activities of the soldiers in the training camps, and since then he has edited and written for musical journals and contributed musical articles to general magazines. He is now editor of *Metronome*.

Bruce Bliven (p. 9) has been associated with *The New Republic* since 1923 — first as managing editor and, for the last seven years, as editor and president. He is also a popular lecturer and contributor to other magazines, and since 1927 has been the New York correspondent for the British *Manchester Guardian*.

Van Wyck Brooks (p. 25), one of America's most respected critics and literary scholars, was born in Plainfield, N. J., in 1886. He graduated from Harvard in 1907 and two years later published his first book, *The Wine of the Puritans*, which was pronounced a brilliant study. In 1923 he was awarded the *Dial* prize of $2000 in recognition of his having created a new critical viewpoint in this country. Among Mr. Brooks' works are *America's Coming-of-Age*, *Letters and Leadership*, *The Ordeal of Mark Twain*, and *Emerson and Others*.

Westbrook Pegler (p. 82) has been a sports editor, war correspondent, and roving commentator. Now, under the caption "Fair Enough," he writes a forthright and hard-hitting daily column for the New York *World-Telegram* which is syndicated in some 60 other papers.

Ernest Poole (p. 63) was born in Chicago in 1880, went to Princeton, and began his literary career in the University Settlement on the Lower East Side of New York City, writing about the slums. During the Russo-Japanese War he went to Russia as correspondent for the *Outlook*, and in 1914 was sent to Germany as war correspondent for *The Saturday Evening Post*. Mr. Poole is the author of *The Dark People* and *Nurses on Horseback* (both non-fiction), and several novels, including *Blind*, *The Avalanche*, and *His Family*, the latter winning the Pulitzer Prize for 1916.

Now a member of the Colorado bar, ***Olive H. Rabe*** (p. 43) practiced law in Chicago for more than 15 years, beginning on the staff of the Legal Aid Society, and later becoming a partner in the firm of Zimring and Rabe. She has handled a number of cases of national importance, including the Mme. Rosika Schwimmer citizenship case, which finally reached the U. S. Supreme Court.

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